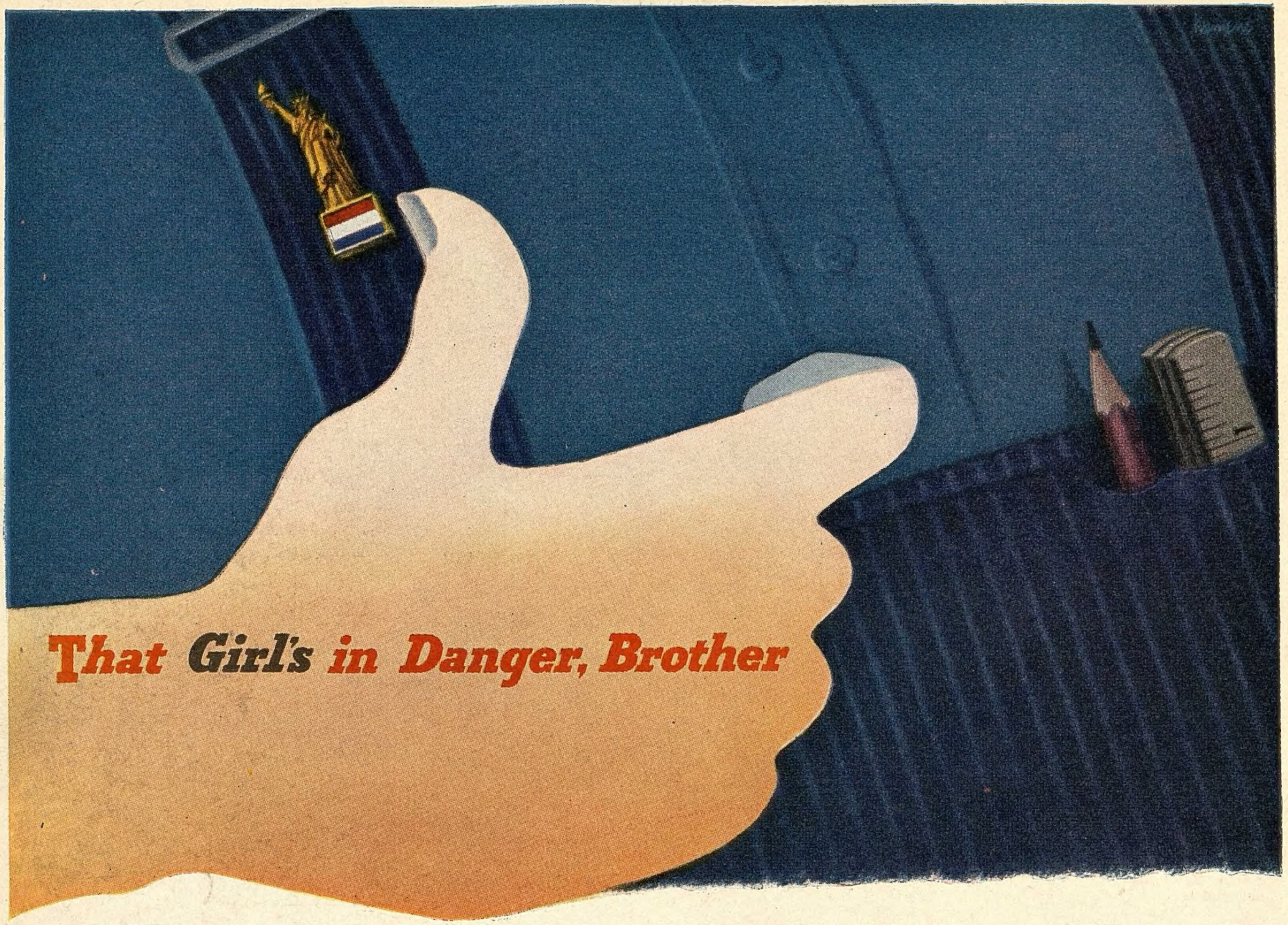
★ Liberty
JULY 25, 1942 10¢

HAS LINDBERGH CHANGED HIS MIND?

HERE COME THE FLYING TIGERS!

The Thrilling True Story of the A. V. G.

Brigadier General
JAMES H. DOOLITTLE
☆
Read the story
of Jimmy and Jo
in this issue



That Girl's in Danger, Brother

YES, that girl's in danger. And make no mistake about it. *Her* life is threatened—and that means *our* life. For she's more than a statue, more than just a symbol.

She's Freedom and Human Rights. She is us—you and me and one hundred and thirty million other Americans. She is all that we stand for and all that we've fought for.

The right of a man to start a business, the right of a man to choose his trade . . . educate his children, practise his religion . . . the right to live where we want, do what we want, think what we want, say what we want.

These rights haven't come easily. They've been hundreds of years in the making. They've meant blood and sweat and tears. They've meant wars and peace treaties, compromises, defeats, and victories. We don't want to lose these rights. We're going to fight as hard to defend them as we did to get them.

It's our job—yours and mine—to defend Her. It's our job to buy war bonds—to pay taxes without squawking. It's our job to raise morale . . . to build confidence. It's our job to cooperate completely with the government when it asks us to be careful with sugar, to conserve our woolens, to do *without* so that America can do *with!* It's our job to caution the hoarders and tell them to stop hoarding. It's our job to slap down the slackers, to put the appeasers in their place, to stop the rumor-mongers.

That's the job for *us people at home* . . . Every false report we spike is equivalent to sending a regiment into the field. Every pound of rubber, tin, sugar or whatever conserved—means more ammunition for our armed forces, more weapons to beat Hitler and Hirohito!

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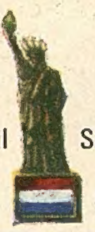

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The
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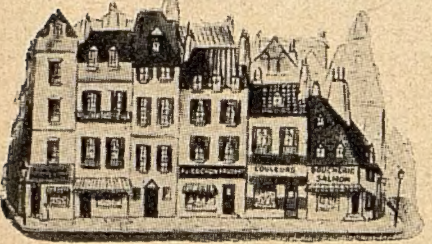
THE LAST TIME I SAW PARIS

by ELLIOT PAUL, who wrote "LIFE & DEATH OF A SPANISH TOWN"



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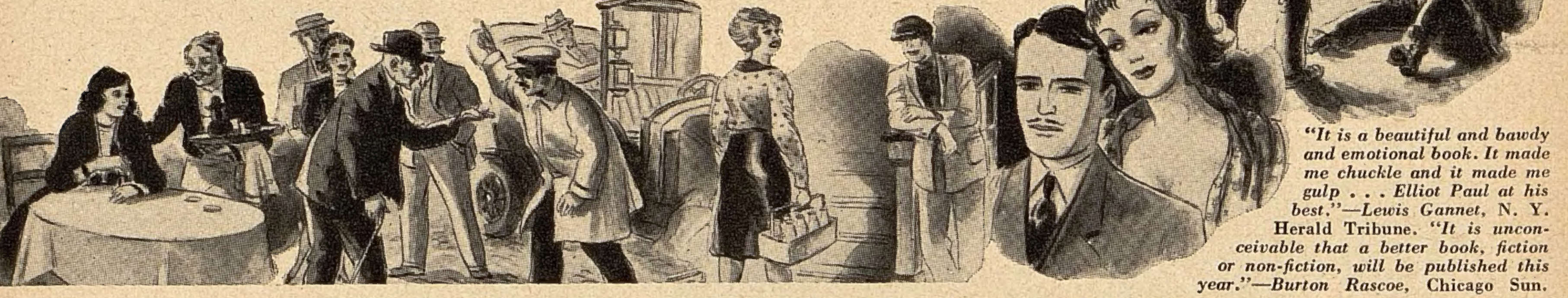
HERE are scores of fascinating characters—hotelkeepers, shopkeepers, workers, students, politicians, radicals, conservatives, clergymen; the respectable folk, the shady characters and the rogues who comprised this France in miniature. The reader will long remember Henri Juillard, the shrewd proprietor of the Hotel du Careau; Georges, the *garcon* who had a mysterious way with the ladies; poor Mary the Greek; Navet, petty conspirator, and his neighborhood henchmen; old Corre, the bug-eyed grocer; Noel, who stuffed animals; Milka and Stefan, the Communists; Mariette and her "girls," even l'Hibou, the bum who slept on the sidewalk, and many more. Here is captured the spirit of a happy people before the clouds of political disintegration overshadowed their lives and the invaders trampled their country. Lavishly praised by outstanding critics, this book is selling in the regular publisher's edition for $2.75, but you may have a copy FREE if you join the Literary Guild now! Read full details below.



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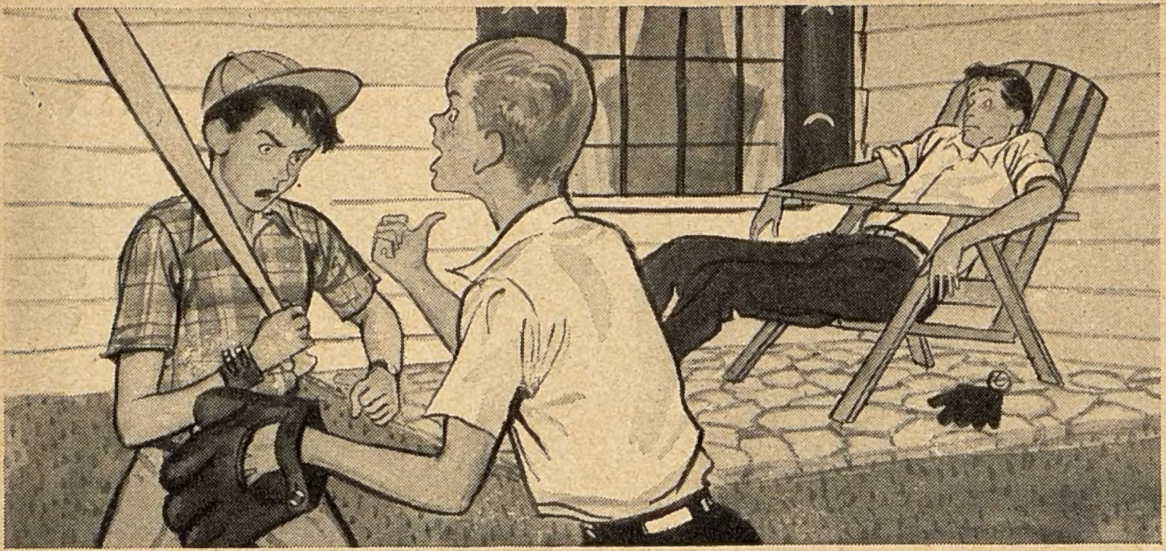
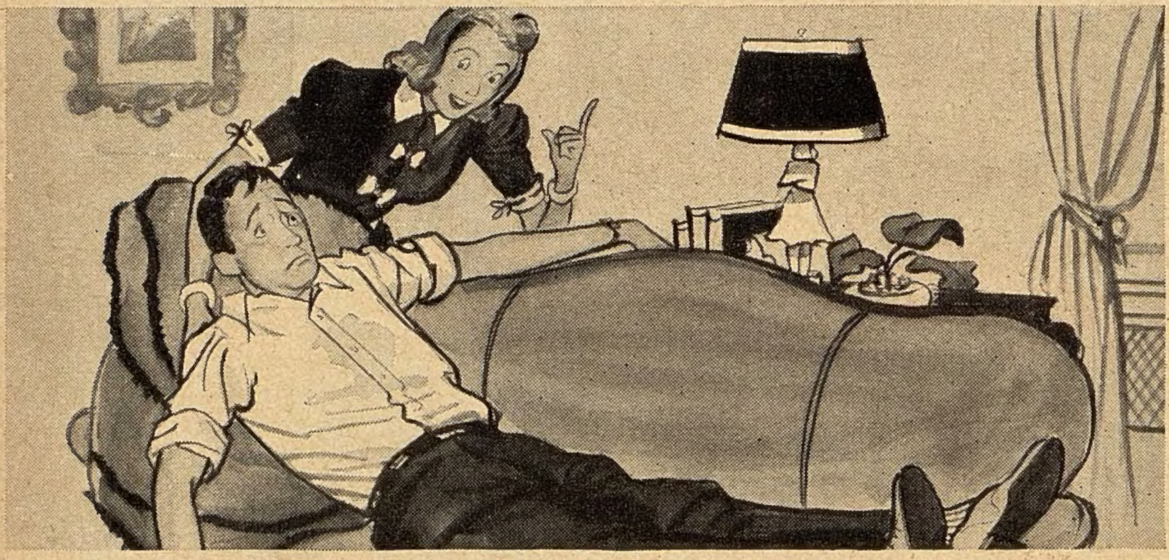
How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Siegel



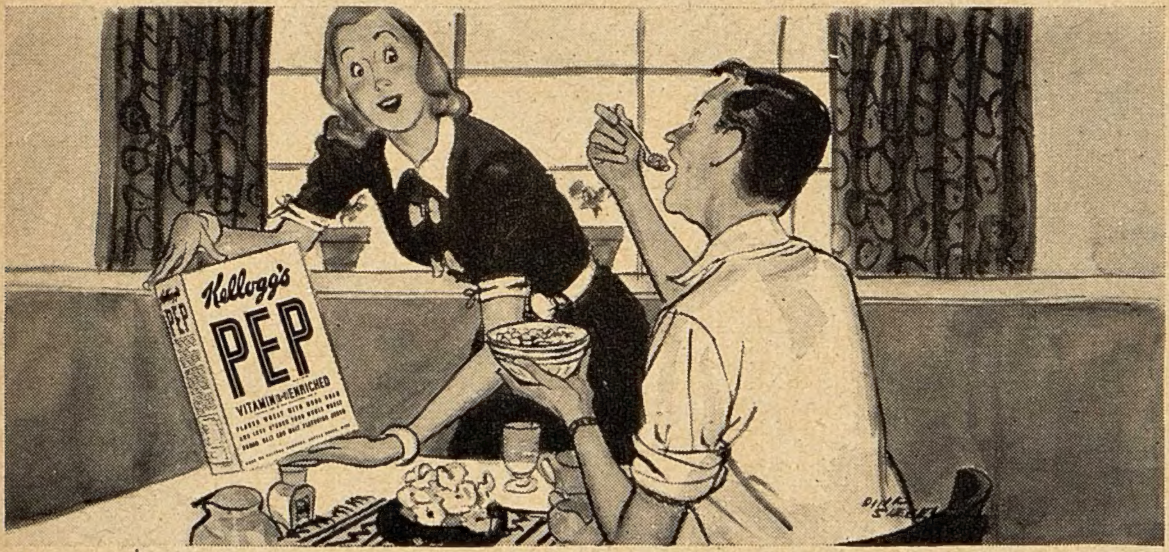
Butch: Yaah! And you said your old man was a hot pitcher. That fast one of his couldn't even bust a window.

Red: It could too! Guess Pop just didn't feel like throwing hard—that's all.



Pop: We-e-ll! Looks like I'm just getting too old for that sort of thing.

Wife: You and your long grey beard! All you need, Glenn Wiggins, is a little more—er—more *pep appeal*—that's all! You're not eating right. Probably the only thing wrong with you is that you aren't getting all your vitamins! And you're going to start in getting them—right this minute.



Wife: Can't have pep without vitamins, you know! And right in this crisp, crunchy cereal are extra-rich sources of the two vitamins least abundant in ordinary meals—B_1 and D! Yep—right in KELLOGG'S PEP, made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat!

Pop: Say—all your talk, and you never once said how *good* PEP tastes! Golly, if getting the *rest* of my vitamins is as much fun as eating KELLOGG'S PEP, that young fellow, Butch, isn't even gonna *see* my fast one!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

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THIS WEEK

JULY 25, 1942

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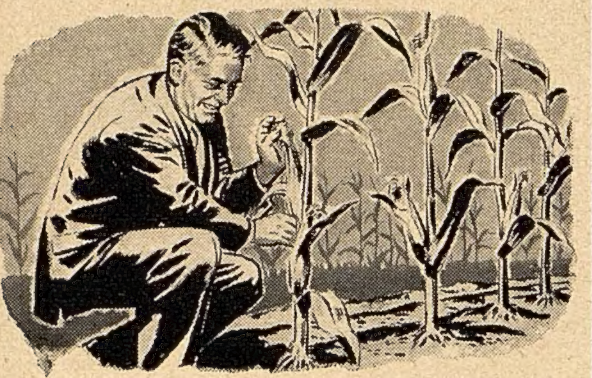
NEXT WEEK

AUGUST 1, 1942

THE PEOPLE'S VICE-PRESIDENT

Henry Wallace has been coming boldly into the limelight of late, making history for the office he holds. No longer does the "second in command" content himself with the time-honored privilege of presiding over the Senate. Drew Pearson and Robert Allen, authors of Washington Merry-Go-Round, call him "the most active Vice-President in more than a hundred years"—and tell you why next week in what we believe you will find the most illuminating and penetrating article about him that has been written to date.



AMERICANS WE CAN DO WITHOUT

is about a different kind of human being. Under this title the famous commentator, Walter Winchell, begins a hard-hitting, fact-revealing series on some still-dangerous enemies within our gates concerning whom he has assembled a dismaying array of evidence. He tells things he hasn't told before—things calculated to put every patriotic citizen on his guard.

WOMAN SOLDIER NUMBER ONE

is, of course, Oveta Culp Hobby, the recently appointed Director of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps. Few in Washington know her as well as Emily Newell Blair, who has written a fascinating close-up of her for this coming issue.

AND: For fiction, Sidney Herschel Small, Anne Homer Warner, and others; for sport, Bill Cunningham on Baseball's Dead-End Kids; for adventure, Walter Pentecost and his Flying Tigers again. Features, pictures, fun.
And plenty more. See you again next week!

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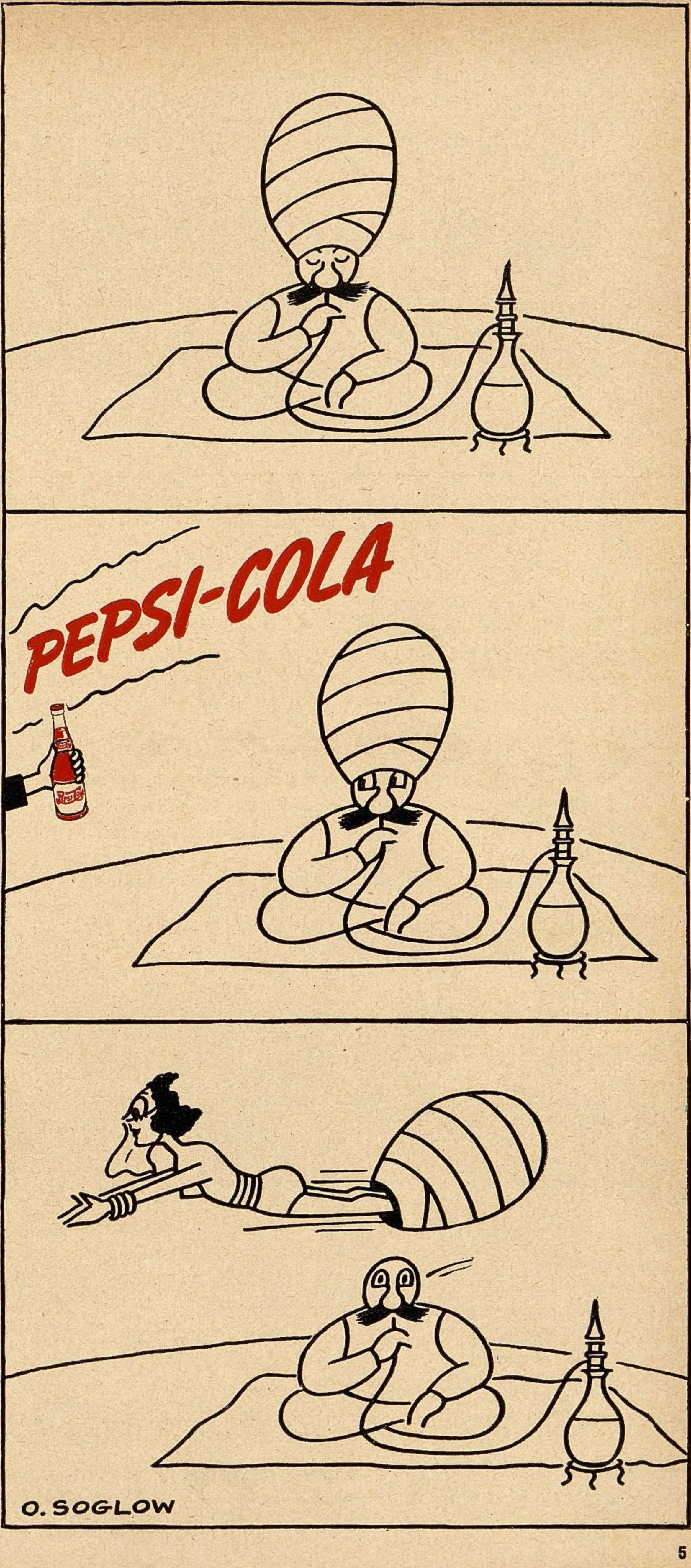

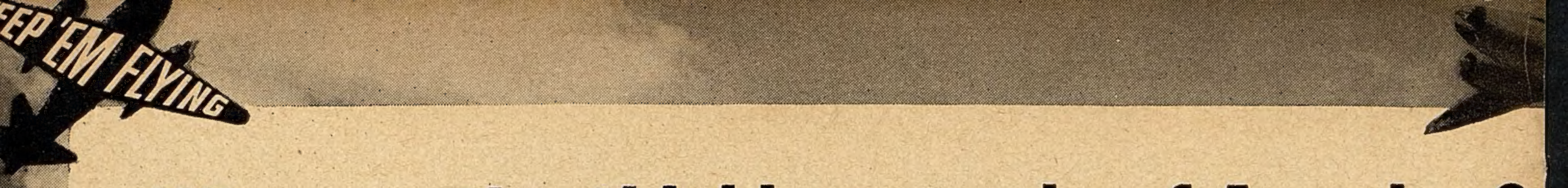

Who are the thinking people of America? Are they a class? If so . . . who belongs?

IF you can read this page and understand it and apply it to your own affairs, then—*you* belong. Let us take the second question first.

Is there such a thing as a thinking class? Is there an aristocracy of brains? Is there a basic biological difference between one head and another?

Clarence Darrow and Professor Foster once sat listening to a lecture on the brain by C. Judson Herrick, the famous biologist. Both Darrow and Foster had enormous, almost bulbous, heads. In a pause in the lecture, one of them hesitantly said:

"Dr. Herrick—uh—is it—uh—true that the size of the head has any relation to the mental capacity?"

And Herrick, who wore a six-and-seven-eighths-inch hat, looked at those two enormous bulbs and answered: "For personal reasons, I should say—decidedly *no!*"

Then Herrick went on to explain rather gently that there were thirteen billion neurons, or cells, in the human brain; that there wasn't any record to show that any too many of them were used very much; and that the potential was so great that it would be hard to withhold the *possibility* of thinking from any human being.

It is quite evidently not what he HAS, but what he DOES with it, that constitutes the thinker.

★ ★ ★

NOW, let us see if we can get some working definition of thinking by which we can define our own position in the thinking world.

Effective thinking might be defined as that process of, first, clearing the mind as far as possible from prejudices and preconceived ideas; and then, upon the basis of facts as we have them, arriving at conclusions as we see these facts.

Quite evidently the basis of thinking consists in first clearing the mind of prejudices and preconceived ideas—that is, as far as possible.

Joe the Dope says, "I don't like 'em." And you say, "What don't you like, Joe?" And Joe's answer is, "I don't know. I don't like."

Joe is evidently subject to an emotional and not a thoughtful response. If you were to press further, he would probably burst out with, "I do know. It's not the same in old country."

And here, of course, you would have the upsu of your preconceived ideas.

★ ★ ★

HERE is the next step. Our thinking must alw be conditioned by when we live, where we li and how we live. That is something that *nob* can get away from. It is not possible for us to th as our grandfathers thought. Our conditions different from their conditions. It is not possi for a German boy to think as our boys think. thinking has been regulated from the time he born to the pattern of how he *ought* to think.

Our thinking has also been conditioned, as have said; but with this difference:

We have been permitted to think. Which bri us to the last and final point. It would seem— scientists will please forgive us if we are stat premises of which they have not yet conclus evidence—it would seem that *permission* to th freely spreads the *possibility* of thinking.

It would seem the greater the freedom for thi ing, the more widespread that thinking become

We know that there is no aristocracy of bra Even our greatest thinkers seem to stem most from simple backgrounds that do not justify t rise to the attention of the world.

We also find there is no inheritance of unus thinking. You can take a Filipino boy with tw generations of native life back of him and put through school and college with the same gr as the boy with twenty generations of civilizat

But it is also true that forty years ago, under cruel and rigid domination of Spanish control, th were very few Filipino boys in our schools and versities—or even equipped to enter them.

While today, after MacArthur has been ca away and Wainwright has had to give up, you h a whole Philippine archipelago crowded with who won't give up, whose new-found freedo

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WE, THE PEOPLE

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precious to their minds that they *can't* give up.

From this, and from a thousand other illustra-ons, we must draw the conclusion that thinking as widespread as the freedom for thinking that gendenders it.

★ ★ ★

O when you ask "Who are the thinking people of America?" *the answer is you or you or you -God knows who you are or where you came from how you got to be that way. Pressure or oppor-nity or curiosity may have started you. But free-m made it possible for you to go on. You are idely spread through every rank of life. And your iet influence is the hope of America.*

If you are curious to know in each group just ho your thinkers are, all you have to do is to read these pages out in any of the tens of thou-nds of offices, spread them out in any of the tens thousands of labor halls, or any of the thousands of executive offices—and it won't take long to tell.

It makes no difference whether you're talking of labor or capital or our economic system or the attitude of the government—whatever the subject may be, you can always spot the thinkers in the group. For they will be the ones who will strive to rid themselves of prejudice, who will approach the facts as they see the facts, with free and open minds.

And to you, who classify yourself in the group of thinkers, it is of the utmost importance that you try to spread that thinking out.

For in the final analysis We, the People—we, the tens of millions of people—are going to decide what to do and how to do it with every one of the problems that confront us; or the decisions are not going to do us, the people, very much good.

Our hope of democracy lies with us, even though it may be a tougher job to think it out than to fight it out.

Liberty
JULY 25, 1942

"Where liberty dwells, there is my count
BENJAMIN FRANK

BE SURE TO READ
"Sleeping Beauty"
BRILLIANT EDITORIAL FEATURE
OF AUGUST TRUE STORY

STORIES TO REMEMBER

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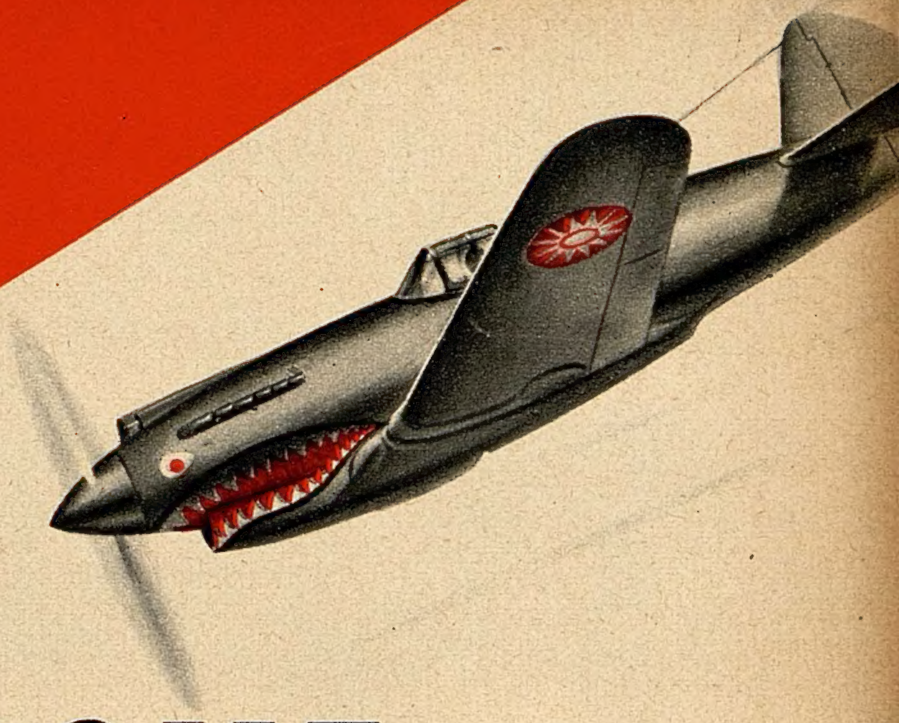


HERE COME THE FLYING TIGERS!

BY WALTER PENTECOST *as told to Alan Hynd*

Walter Pentecost recently completed a year's hitch with the Flying Tigers, having gone to the Orient to act in a supervisory capacity in the assembly and maintenance of the ships the Volunteers flew against the Japs. He is a short, wiry, redheaded Hoosier, born in Indiana in 1911. He studied engineering at the University of Southern California, has been a barnstormer and a specialist in pursuit aircraft in American aviation plants. When at home he lives with his wife and baby daughter in California. More information about him on page 58.

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

THE Hell's Angels Squadron was under the banyan trees at the edge of the flying field in Rangoon, all set to go to work on ten roast turkeys and ten barbecued hams. It was Christmas Day, about noon, and over 100 degrees in the shade. Christmas dinner was being spread out on wooden picnic tables that the ground crew had slapped together. Then the phone rang in the alert shack.

Squadron Leader A. E. Olsen, Jr., a prank-playing Chicago boy, bounced out of the shack and picked up the mike of the address system. "Take off the feed bags, fellows," said Olger, as we called Olsen. "Seventy-five of our little yellow brothers are headed this way."

Thirteen of the twenty-five pilots of the Hell's Angels Squadron—one of the three pursuit outfits of the American Volunteer Group—shot sad glances at the sizzling turkeys and the juicy hams and raced toward their P-40s. The balance of the squadron was grounded on Christmas; it was their alternate day off.

General Claire L. Chennault, commander of the Flying Tigers, sold the Chiang Kai-sheks on the idea of forming the group of American volunteers

"How close are those cockeyed heathens?" yelled Vice-Squadron Leader Parker Dupouy, down on the bulletin board as leader that day.

"Less'n thirty miles," said Olger, who was making some lightning calculations. He ducked into the shack again and picked up his conversation with one of our spotters hidden in a jungle outpost twenty-five miles from the field. Now he returned to the field mike. "You should be able to intercept the gentlemen from Tokyo about five miles to the southeast," he said. "They've got forty bombers and thirty-five fighters, and they're up about twenty thousand."

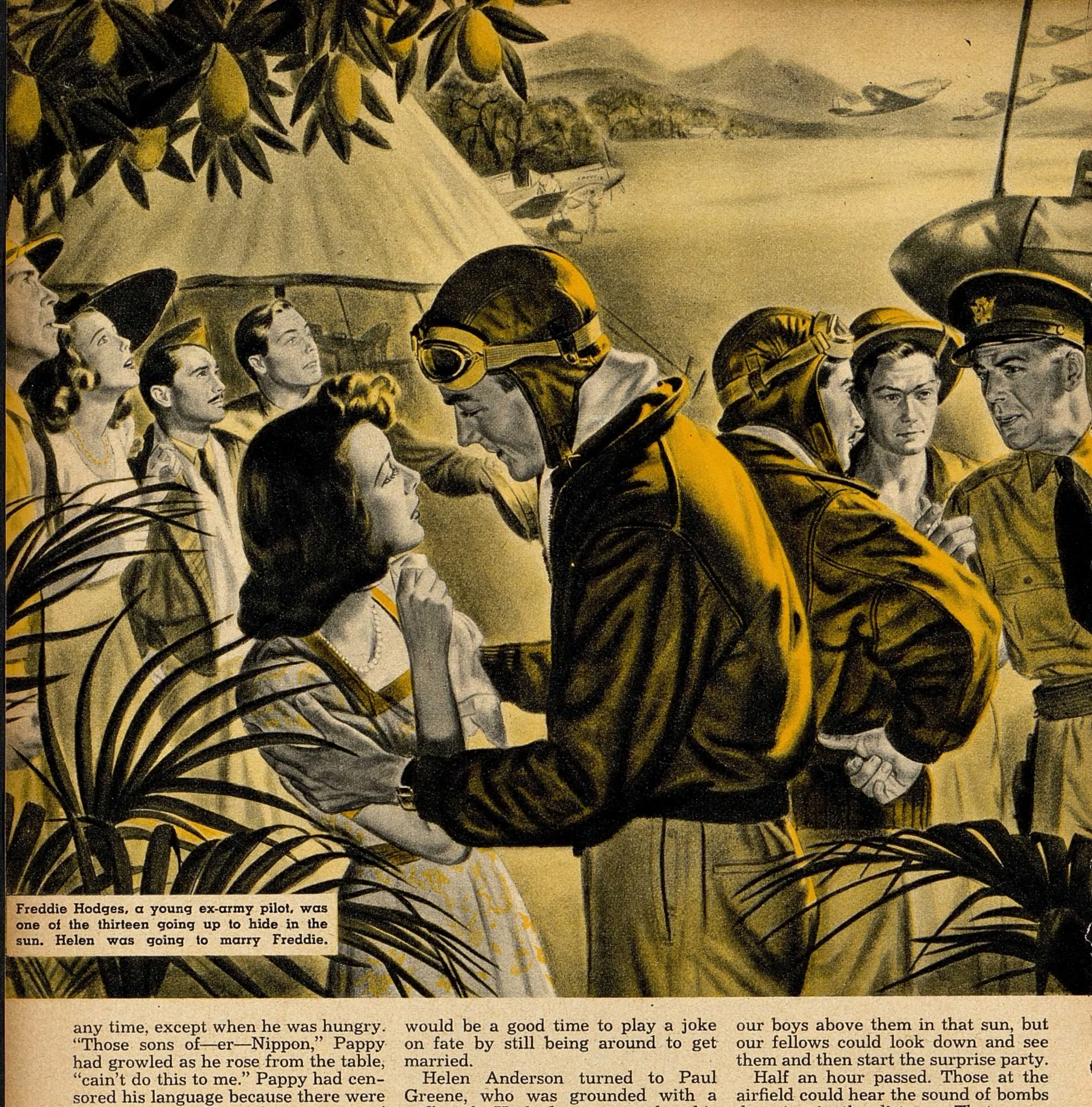
"We'll go up to twenty-two," the vice-squadron leader answered, "and lie in the sun until they're under us."

"O-*kay*, o-*kay*," said Olger, "but watch that cross fire. The Old Man'll be sore as hell if he loses any of you today." The same thirteen had been up two days before for their first tangle with the Japs over Burma. In forty-five minutes they had knocked thirty-one Nip ships out of the air—but Neal Martin and H. J. Gilbert, Jr., had met their end in cross fire.

ABOUT two minutes after the alert had come in, the boys began to light out in staggered line formation. Olger went to a radio mike in the shack so the boys could hear him through their earphones. "Good luck," he said. "Too bad you had to go just now; those other wolves under the trees look awful hungry."

"Tell those bums," came a voice through the radio loud-speaker, "if they don't save somethin' for us we'll strafe them."

The Curtiss pursuits were getting altitude at 1,800 feet a minute. Pappy Paxton, a lean, lanky Texan with a drawl a yard wide, had skipped breakfast that morning just so he could do justice to the turkey and ham. Pappy had gone up roaring mad. A raid was all right with him



Freddie Hodges, a young ex-army pilot, was one of the thirteen going up to hide in the sun. Helen was going to marry Freddie.

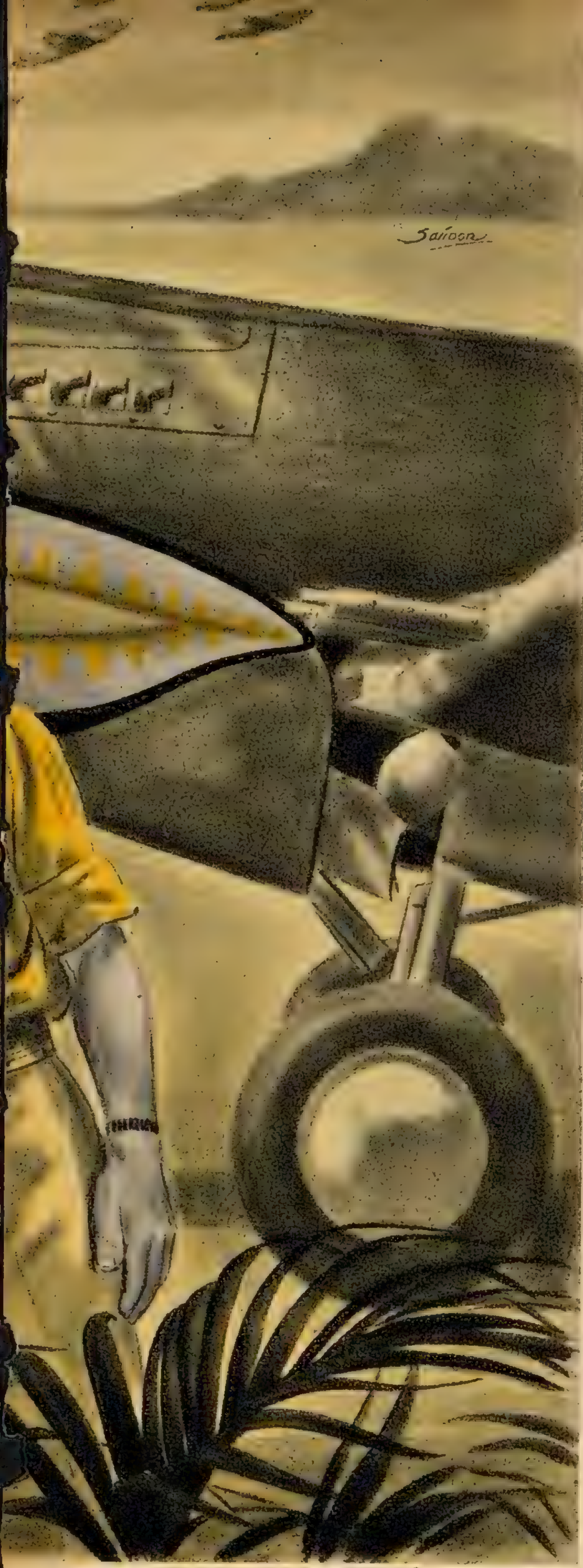
any time, except when he was hungry. "Those sons of—er—Nippon," Pappy had growled as he rose from the table, "cain't do this to me." Pappy had censored his language because there were ladies present. More than a score of American and English women who lived in Rangoon had contributed the food and come out to cook it. Now everybody was just standing around, not saying much of anything.

In the group watching the boys leaving was a girl in her early twenties—dark, innocent, and pretty. Freddie Hodges, a young ex-army pilot from Tennessee, was one of the thirteen going up to hide in the sun. This girl—Helen Anderson, who worked in a Rangoon department store—was going to marry Freddie. After a four-month romance, they had set their wedding day for April 1, if everything went all right. Freddie had picked the date. He said if he lived until April Fools' Day that would be a good time to play a joke on fate by still being around to get married.

Helen Anderson turned to Paul Greene, who was grounded with a stiff neck. He had gotten it when his ship had been shot out from under him and he had bailed out and been bumped around a bit in landing. The terror in her eyes asked the question that was in her mind. Paul, a dark Texan, grinned. "Don't worry, honey," he said. "He'll get back all right." Helen just bit her lower lip and looked up at Freddie and the twelve others.

PRETTY soon the P-40s were all out of sight. They were going pretty straight up to get their altitude first. While the sky was cloudless, the Burma noonday sun was so blinding that you couldn't see anything if you looked up against it. That was the idea of getting 2,000 feet above the Japs. They wouldn't be able to see our boys above them in that sun, but our fellows could look down and see them and then start the surprise party.

Half an hour passed. Those at the airfield could hear the sound of bombs dropping in the distance. That was a good sign. It meant that the big hens of the Japs were in trouble and dropping their eggs in the jungle short of their goal, which was our airfield, to lighten their loads and get away. The sound of planes blowing up in the air and in death dives was also clearly heard back on the field, where the turkeys, the hens, and the candied sweet potatoes had grown cold. That could be either a good sign or a bad one. There was no way of telling, when you couldn't see what was going on, who was going down. Yet not one of the pilots who stood around waiting figured that it was one of our boys when his keen ears tipped him off that somebody was being knocked out of the fight. Being



ILLUSTRATED BY SANDOR

outnumbered more than five to one didn't mean a thing to the A. V. G.

Olger was at the two-way radio in the alert shack. "Step on it, fellows," he said into a microphone that carried his words through the earphones of the boys in the air. "Everybody's hungry back here, and we don't want to start without you."

He didn't get any answer. That meant the fighters were either too busy to talk into their mikes, or that they were so high up they were wearing their oxygen masks. When they had their masks on they couldn't speak into their own mikes, though they could get everything that came through the earphones.

Everybody was grouped around the entrance of the shack. It was a quarter to one, forty-five minutes since the thirteen had left. News should be coming through to Olger any minute now. The A. V. G. flyers had been taught never to engage in long fights. The idea was to work methodically and get things over with in a hurry.

At ten minutes to one everybody stiffened when these words came through: "Dupouy reporting. We're coming in."

"Everything all right, Parker?" asked Olger. Helen Anderson was tearing a handkerchief to ribbons.

"Hell, yes," answered the vice-squadron leader. "We knocked the pants off 'em."

"How many'd you get?"

"Oh, I lost count. About thirty or forty, I guess. I got a couple myself."

"Bombers or fighters mostly?"

"About fifty-fifty. Listen, Olger. One of the fellows had to hit the silk. He's about three miles southeast of the field. Better send a jeep for him."

"Know who it is?"

"No."

THE big ships came in one by one, twelve of them, and the pilots hopped out and raced toward the food tables. "Lemme at that stuff," said Bob Headman, an ex-army flyer from Webster, South Dakota, who had come in with a mixed bag of three bombers and a fighter two days previously.

"How many'd you get, Bob?" asked Paul Greene.

"A thousand dollars' worth," said Bob. That meant he had bagged two, for the A. V. G. boys got a $500 bonus from the Chinese government for every Jap ship they brought down. But Bob was too busy to answer any more questions right then. He was working on a turkey drumstick. The other boys were making up for lost time at the tables, too, and in no mood to talk.

Olger was counting noses, and it developed that Pappy Paxton, the hungriest of the lot, had been the one whose plane had been shot from under him. But Pappy showed up in a little while, grinning and ravenous, in a jeep car that had located him on the fringe of some dense jungle three miles away. He didn't have a scratch on him. Neither did any of the others. Freddie Hodges had a bullet hole through that part of his canvas helmet that covered an earphone, but Helen Anderson made certain that was all that had happened to him.

When dinner was over, Freddie, Bob Headman, Parker Dupouy, and a few others went into the shack and started talking to Olger. In a little while they came running out, hopped into their P-40s, and were off again. Even with full stomachs they were still burning at the nerve of the Japs interrupting their Christmas dinner. They were off to Tavoy, 150 miles away, where they knew the enemy had an airfield.

They were back, grinning from ear to ear, in about two hours. Vengeance was sweet. They had caught the Japs by surprise, dropped down to within 100 feet of the ground, and sent incendiary bullets into about a score of ships on the field, exploding them. "I feel better now," said one of the fellows, who seemed to express the feelings of the others. "Who's going to the movies with me tonight to see Dorothy Lamour?"

Nobody—not even the squadron leader—got the full details of what had happened that day. The A. V. G. pilots were not as long on talk as action. They had bagged between thirty and forty Japs, averaging more than two apiece. That meant that everything had gone according to schedule, so there was nothing to talk about. Except Paxton losing a ship.

That was serious. Eight little yellow brothers had ganged up on Pappy, who used to dream of the day when he would be sitting on the front porch of a cottage on a California chicken farm even when he got in dogfights. You wouldn't think that a fellow would be blamed for getting the worst of it in an eight-to-one deal. Yet Pappy was charged with an error, although he had written his initials on two fighters and a bomber before they shot him out of the scrap. No A. V. G. pilot was ever supposed to let himself get sucked into a trap. Pappy would have to turn in a long report, explaining every detail of what had happened to him, so that the same thing would never again happen to any of the American boys fighting for China.

The working day was from dawn to dusk. When the colors of the A. V. G. flag, with its golden tiger on a dark blue background, were no longer distinct in the vanishing light, the flag was taken down. The thirteen boys who had that afternoon destroyed upward of fifty enemy ships called it a day and went into Rangoon to see Dorothy Lamour. Freddie Hodges wasn't in the least susceptible to Miss Lamour's charm. He went to the show with Helen.

The Yuletide activities were all in a day's work to the A. V. G., or the Flying Tigers, as they had come to be called. As it subsequently developed, Christmas was to be one of the duller and less exciting of the long series of incredible combat days that had just begun. The boys were just cutting their fighting teeth.

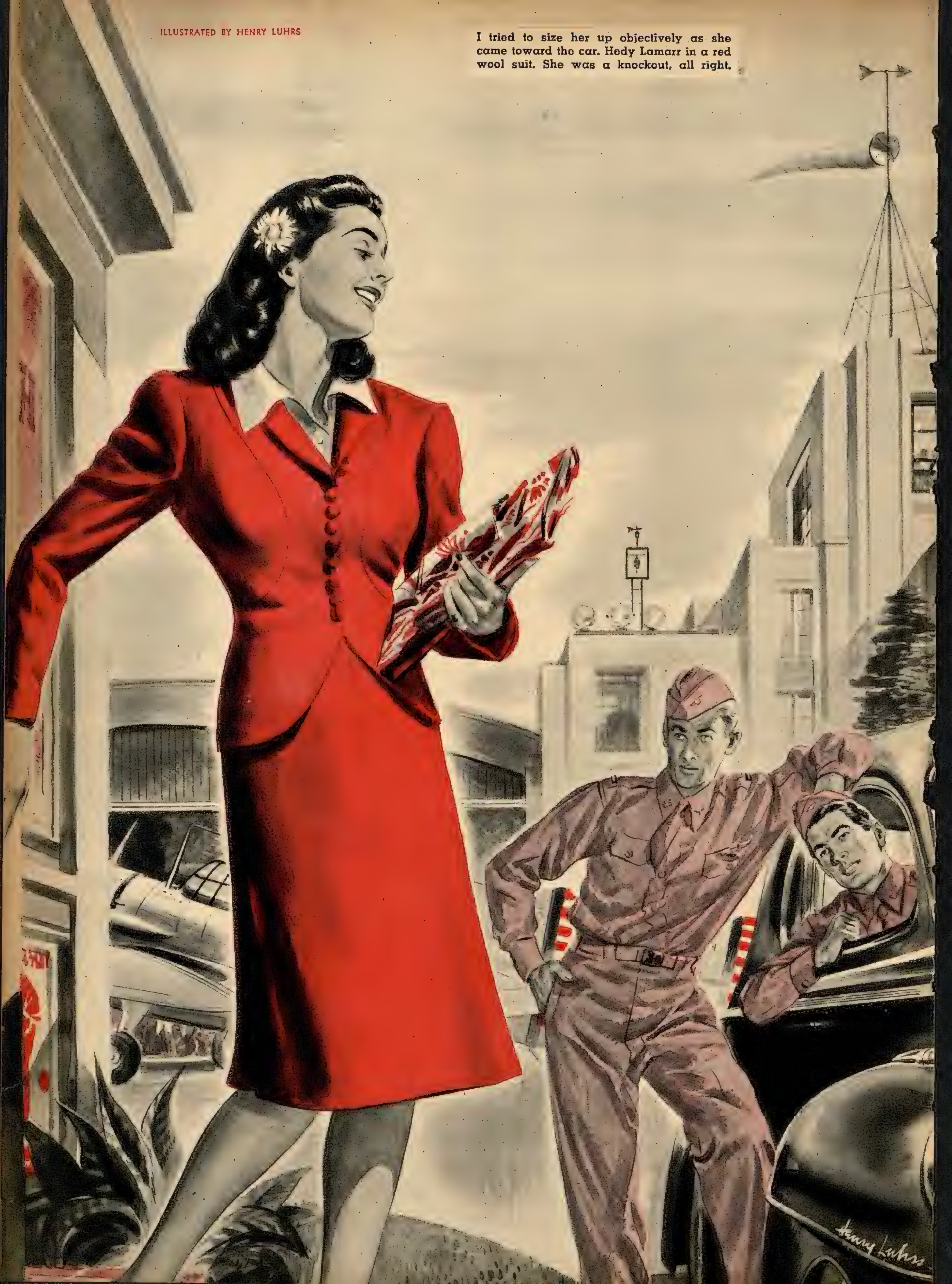
WE'LL have to turn the clock back five years to understand why the Flying Tigers are constantly in the headlines today. In 1937, Major Claire L. Chennault, a rangy and silent former Louisiana schoolteacher in his fifties, was walking around with an honorable discharge from the United States Army Air Force following a flying accident in Texas. In a quarter of a century of flying, the major had learned to make a ship do everything but talk. More important, he had always remained a teacher, with the knack of imparting his knowledge to others.

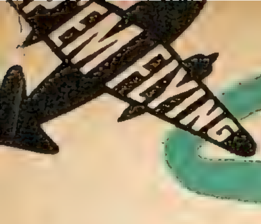
China's great Generalissimo, Chiang Kai-shek, heard that Major Chennault was at liberty, so he signed him up to take charge of the Central Aviation School at Hangchow. The result was that the Chinese Air Force, which had been taking quite a pasting from the Japs, began to turn the tables.

(*Continued on page 42*)

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY LUHRS

I tried to size her up objectively as she came toward the car. Hedy Lamarr in a red wool suit. She was a knockout, all right.





SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING

Wherein two wise guys and a girl discover again there is nothing as blind as love!

BY FAN NICHOLS

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

TOO smart, that was Betty Connor, a highly glazed dish who sang over a coast network in the morning and worked afternoons in the canteen here at the army air school where I teach flying. The repressed desire of my life was to turn her over my knee and spank her.

It went like this: You asked her for a date because she was gay and pretty and friendly. You took her dining, dancing; she got gayer and prettier and you got ideas. So you bought her an orchid, a bottle of week's-pay perfume, you took her home in a taxi.

At the door you said, "How about coming in for a nightcap?" And she said, "Oh, so you're a bill collector."

"Now, listen. I only thought—" you protested.

"Thought you'd paid room and board in advance?" she'd ask sweetly. "Sorry, no vacancies. Good night, soldier."

I ought to know. I've been there myself. Because there's no use denying that la belle Connor had me on the ropes for a long time—and I only got off when she shoved me right out of the ring.

"You jump to too many conclusions, Steve—all wrong ones."

"There are," I told my pal Woody later, "only three kinds of dames—the kind you marry, the kind you play around with, and the kind you leave strictly alone. Betty belongs in the last category." I concentrated on the meteorological chart just pinned on the board. I felt sick.

As if Woody didn't know. He was one of the large group of also-rans too.

"Furthermore," I said, "she's as easy to read as an altitude gauge. That gal is out for big game only. If I ever saw gold dust, it's all over that pan of hers. Just keep your eye on her, kid; you'll see."

Well, it didn't take long. Kip Adams was a natural for her next. Kip, whose dad had millions, who was a terrific flyer, and moreover one of the nicest, most modest guys you'd ever care to see, would be putty in a smart girl's hands. And was.

It happened almost before I had recovered from my own little setback.

I had just left operations and joined Kip and Woody in the weather room.

"I've been waiting for you, Steve," Kip said. "I thought I'd tell you and Woody—I'm going to marry Betty Connor, if she'll have me."

"You're kidding," I got out feebly.

"No." He looked as apprehensive as an AWOL private defying two M. Ps. Maybe that's how we seemed to him. Since the day he got his gold bars making him a second lieutenant and moved into officers' quarters we had established a protectorate over him. Woody had taught him to fly. I'd taught him precision and timing with acrobatics. He was now our equal, or better, in the air. But on the ground this poor little rich boy was a pushover for a touch or a sob story, just a big-hearted kid who loved everybody.

"Listen, Kip," I said. "Betty's not the kind of girl you want to marry."

"She's the kind I'm going to marry."

"O. K., O. K. When do you query the babe?" Woody wanted to know.

"Tonight, if I get a pass."

"What makes you think she'll marry you?" Woody again.

The kid got as red as a stop light. "She kissed me last night. She said I was sweet."

"Patrol in five minutes," Kip mumbled and escaped us.

I scowled at the chart, seeing a pert mouth and a pair of laughing black eyes instead of air currents. Betty.

"Look, Woody," I said. "We can't let her get away with that. He's a hell of a swell guy but he's dumb about women, and she'd murder her grandmother for the life insurance. Besides, he's our pal, isn't he?"

"Sure. You ought to be able to figure a stall. If you were back in the studio, hatching scenarios, you'd figure something."

"I'm a flyer, remember?" I said. "I packed my typewriter with my civvies. And don't get me excited. I've got to herd three eaglets through Cuban Eights and Falling Leaves this afternoon."

"I'm not kidding."

"Then why don't *you* sell him the idea of soloing through life?" I jabbed. "You sold everything from brushes to steam shovels before the draft got you."

"Well, it didn't take her long to find out the kid's old man owns a tank factory."

"Look, Woody," I said. "This is corny. I mean you and me scheming to get Kip out of the clutches of a gold digger. What the devil!"

"O. K., O. K. But the kid is a natural for combat and you know it. Good eye, good timing, no nerves. When he's turned loose on the enemy he'll run up a new record. He'll be shoving off soon. He ought to have his mind on his work. And besides, he's too nice a guy—"

"Check," I said. "All right, I'll play Machiavelli. The outline would go like this—first we find a nice wholesome girl and pray she can side-track him. If that doesn't work we'll try to talk him out of marrying. That probably won't work. So we'll try to get Betty sold on one of us."

"Lord knows, you tried that, Steve!"

"O. K., O. K.," I went on. "Then we can appeal to her better nature. She might have one. If not, we'll try to get rid of her some way. . . ."

I GOT through that afternoon about four o'clock and headed for Betty Connor and coffee at the canteen.

"Well, well, if it isn't Lieutenant Stephen Kane in person," drawled the voice of the Crunchy Cereal girl who sang to you every A. M. at 8.30. "I suppose you're all worn out from working all day over a hot ship." She whisked a cloth over the counter.

"Coffee, and cut the chatter," I growled.

"Sugar or vitriol?" she said.

"How about a date tonight?" I said on inspiration, putting point three before point one in my program of sabotage.

"Cunning, aren't you?" She whisked her black hair and laughed. "Your friend Woody asked the same thing about an hour ago. Maybe I'm a bird brain, but I can add two and two. It won't work, lieutenant. I've a date with Kip and I'm keeping it."

"Why?"

"Because he isn't a wolf."

She went to the cash register, punched a key, rang up the No Sale sign. I watched her matchless underpinning trek to the kitchen. The O. D. came in, took the stool next to mine. "Look," I said in a hurry. "Kip Adams was sick last night. Something he ate. Up and down all night. I think he ought to rest tonight instead of going in town."

Betty slid the coffee at me. The O. D. looked at her then at me. "So it's serious with Adams, eh?" I nodded. "No pass tonight," he said.

After evening mess Woody caught up to me outside. "Well, I dug up a nice girl, Steve. Mary Schofield. She's coming out about seven, so get hold of Kip and bring him over to the service club."

"All right," I said. "Here's your chance to practice landing on Betty's doorstep. You take her a message from Garcia, then offer to substitute."

The wind had grown colder, rougher. Rain again tomorrow, I thought, and damned the spring weather. I felt a bad mood coming on. Wind and a clear sky did it to me. Made me think of the pilots already gone, getting a chance to practice the stuff I preached.

It didn't look as if I'd get to go. I was twenty-eight and I'd been teaching for more than a year. I was too old, so they said, for actual war combat, and too valuable where I was. Most of the kids I'd instructed had gone. I supposed I'd lose Kip and Woody soon. Kip was twenty-two and Woody twenty-five.

I'D been one of the first men in the studio to be drafted. I had my own plane, held a commercial pilot's license, and had my instrument rating, so they put me in the air corps and sent me to this base up North. I'd been in Hollywood almost five years, ever since my first book came out and sold enough copies to make them angle for me. Writing and flying had made a swell life. Flying was enough now. Oh, I'd always found time for women—not seriously. Pretty, amiable girls were easy enough to date in Hollywood, especially when you had an impressive stack of screen writing credits and they all wanted screen tests. As for my personal appeal to the fair—well, I'm more on the Cagney side than the Errol Flynn and—until the Connor dame—not bad at all.

"So," I said to myself, stopping on the edge of a runway to watch the night patrol take off—"so you're going to go on being a damned good instructor. If the powers that be won't let you get in the mix-up, you'll teach other guys how to handle a ship when they get in it." After giving myself this shot in the arm I looked into the room for Kip, found him buried in a Western magazine.

Feeling like a St. Bernard rescuing a lost mountaineer, I urged Kip to the club, introduced him to Mary, fed a flock of nickels into the juke box and let Artie Shaw and Freddy Martin's platters do the rest.

This Mary was a honey. Sweet and smiling, no wisecracks; a fresh-skinned blonde lovely like they put on Red Cross posters. At first Kip was all bored good manners, then he loosened up and had a good time.

Along about the sixth platter Kip turned Mary over to me and disappeared in a telephone booth. "He's calling his girl," Mary said; "he's done nothing but tell me about her."

"So you had fun."

"Oh, I didn't mind." That nice smile of hers made me feel chivalrous, so I bought her a hamburger and a coke and told her she ought to have a screen test. Kip passed us on his way out. He was grinning.

"Still awake, kid?" I asked later while I fumbled out of my clothes in the dark.

"Sure."

"How'd you like Mary? Sharp, eh?"

"Swell. Reminded me of my sister. She'd be a nice girl for you, Steve."

"All right," I said, and got into bed. "Kip, listen. You know your number's up pretty soon. Two, three weeks at most, and you'll be on a transport for God knows where. All you'll get out of marriage is a headache and half pay. Don't do it, kid. If you want to marry Betty, O. K., but wait till the war's over."

His answer was a loud snore. So I checked off the first two points in my five-point program: Mary hadn't worked; talk hadn't worked. Woody came in around midnight and shook me awake. "She gave me the old brush-off," he whispered. That took care of point three.

The next morning Woody and I were sent to scout about two hundred miles of Pacific Ocean on a tip that a submarine was on the prowl. We flew into home base late at night, too fagged to stew over Kip's absence.

Came the dawn and our cherub woke us with the chirp: "She's going to marry me the first of April. Congratulate me, you mugs."

At five o'clock that afternoon Woody and I casually drifted into the canteen. "Let me handle this," I said as Betty came up.

"We would like to have a very private talk with you," I said. "May we drive you home?"

"If you promise to make it funny. I'll get my coat."

"WE aren't going to get anywhere," Woody said, while we waited outside in my coupé. "She's too smart."

"Not for me she isn't," I said, wishing I believed it.

I tried to size her up objectively as she came toward the car. Hedy Lamarr in a red wool suit. She was a knockout, all right, but, just the same, I wasn't having any. Kip had botched up an Immelmann that afternoon, started spinning upside down. If he hadn't been as strong as a bull he couldn't have pulled out and got right side up. Her *charm* was working already.

We sandwiched her between us and started for town. "Kip nearly crashed this afternoon," I said.

"He told me. You want me to believe it's my fault?"

"It never happened before."

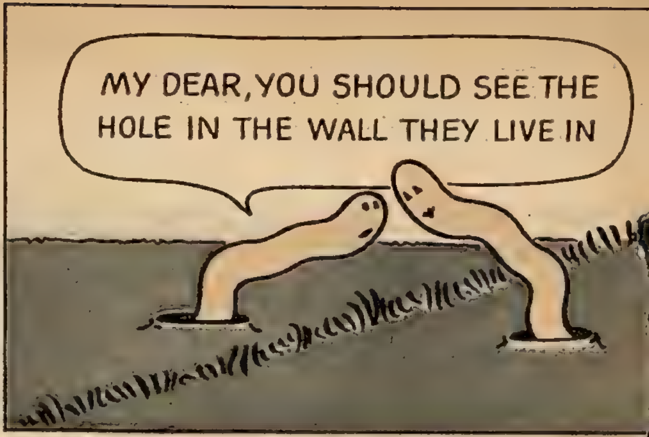
"He said he got something in his eye."

"Yeah," Woody mocked. "Love."

"Go on," Betty said. "I'm waiting for the 'Why don't you give him up for his own good?' line."

"All right. Why don't you?" I shot back at her.

"Maybe I'm in love with him."


MY DEAR, YOU SHOULD SEE THE HOLE IN THE WALL THEY LIVE IN

"And maybe you're in love with his old man's dough."

"Maybe. You know, Steve, the first time I saw you step out of a plane I thought you were wonderful. So I dated you and found out you were just another wolf."

"Look," I said, trying another tack. "Why don't you give the kid a break? He's a terrific flyer. He's going into combat soon. Don't tie his hands. Let him have his mind on his work, not on getting back to you with a whole skin. If it's only money you want, maybe his old man will buy you off."

"Haven't you arranged that yet?" she asked, smiling as if she were seeing a double comedy feature.

I thought it was time to get tough.

"Half the guys at the base know your tactics," I said. "They pay off and you brush off. Kip might not believe one man, but he'd have to believe a couple dozen."

"Am I permitted to make a statement in defense of myself?" she asked softly. She wasn't smiling now.

"Sure." I pulled off on a side street and shut off the motor. Woody stared at her pretty knees.

"Before I volunteered to work in the canteen I'd read a lot of stories about men like you," she said. "All the magazines informed me that unattached young officers were noble and chivalrous. They stated clearly that it was every girl's duty to her country to cheer them up. So I took my ideals and my cheer to the base. I found out that most of you are no different from football players or radio announcers. You make passes the same as fellows in mufti. You get sore when your passes aren't completed. *Why?* You lose a month's pay in a crap game and shrug it off. You don't expect a refund from the winners. Actually, every one of you who took me out had his money's worth. That, you lugs, is my defense. Now take me home."

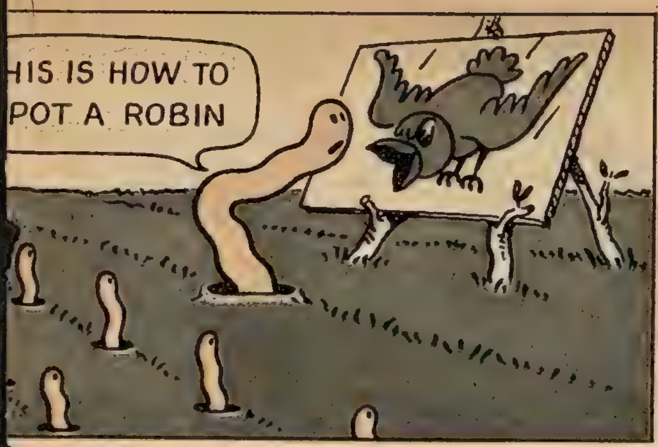
We did.

"I TOLD you she was too smart," Woody growled.

"I'm hanged if I'm going to sit back and see Kip broken," I said.

"There was some justice to what she said, Steve, about crap games and refunds."

"You, too, Brutus!" I was sore. This scenario wasn't panning out right. All it needed now was for Woody to go soft, apologize to Betty, cut out Kip, and marry her himself. I told him that.



BY KATY

"No soap," he said. "Wings and rings don't mix by my reckoning."

The next time we saw Kip he really pulled out all the stops. I suppose he'd decided it didn't make any difference now that we knew he was going to marry her. "Which one of you wants to be my best man?" he asked in that ingenuous way of his.

"I always faint at weddings," I said.

"I always cry," Woody grunted.

"Gosh, she's a wonderful girl!" he sighed, sounding like Dennis Day on Jack Benny's program. "We eat hamburgers and sit in second-run movies and she makes me feel like I'd drunk champagne and gone to a Hollywood première."

THAT pitched Woody and me to our feet. Woody demanded, "Are you trying to make us believe you don't spend a month's pay every time you take her out?"

"She never lets me spend more than a couple of bucks. Usually she cooks dinner for us at her place. She's a swell cook. She makes all her own clothes, too."

I thought of the red suit. I'd wager it had a Fifth Avenue label in it. As for food, she probably smuggled it in from a restaurant before Kip showed up.

All that week Kip kept pouring goo into our ears. The wedding was scheduled for Saturday night. His honeymoon pass would be from twilight Saturday until reveille Monday morning. Betty had found a substitute for her radio hour.

"We'll have two beautiful days to remember," Kip enthused.

That sentimental eyewash really got me. It looked as if I'd have to be best man. I had week-end leave coming up, but Woody had to stay at the base.

I wasn't a good loser. I stayed out of the canteen. I avoided Kip. That is, whenever I could. He was possessed about hunting me up, cornering me, telling me over and over how wonderful Betty was, how lucky he was.

Late Thursday afternoon Betty intercepted us as we walked off the field. She was wearing her fire-engine suit. It matched two round spots of fury in her cheeks.

"This time I want to talk to *you*," she said. "I thought you were Kip's best friends."

"We wolves aren't interested in your love life, Red Ridinghood," I yawned. "And if your grandmother's got a house, you probably stole it."

"Always the wise guy, aren't you, Steve?" she flared at me. "You aren't human. You're an airplane engine with arms and legs. You're a heel."

"So I'm a heel," I agreed.

"Kip," she said, "is very upset over the way you two are acting. Ducking out of sight, brushing him off. We'll get married without your help. But he—he loves you, you—you stuffed uniforms!"

"All right," I said. "You call off the wedding and we'll take him back to our bosoms."

"I will not!"

"I'll sacrifice myself and marry you," Woody said.

For ten minutes after she'd walked away the imprint of her hand stayed on Woody's cheek.

"Were you kidding, brother?" I asked.

"I was, but she wasn't," he grimaced. "That dame packs a wallop."

Kip was curled up on his bed when we went in. He looked slaphappy. "I just got notice," he said. "I sail from somewhere to somewhere next Tuesday."

I went out again. Every time, I felt like this. Oh, I'd get over it. I knew that, too, but for a little time envy chewed at me until I felt like a worried bone. It wasn't so much that I wanted to be a hero—I wanted to feel my plane grit its teeth and tear into a bang-up dogfight. Besides, I was pretty depressed.

Woody caught up to me at the bar in the Cloverleaf Club. "The status quo is still status," he said. "He's going to get married anyhow. He's off to the war leaving the dear little wife to carry on bravely. It wrings my heart."

"Well, here's something to unwring it," I said. "I've been having a story conference with myself. On Saturday I shall become a magician. I shall cause the bride to disappear. Until Tuesday. Kip shall go to war with a broken heart and a sound mind. Also an intact purse."

Woody raised his beer. "Salute, Houdini! But how?"

"I don't know."

AT ten o'clock Saturday morning I rang the buzzer of Betty's apartment. "Come up, Steve," she snapped.

Walking down the hallway I fingered the key in my pocket. It opened the door of a mountain cabin. The owner, one of my students, had assured me it held canned goods, firewood, and bedding. I was welcome to it for the week-end. All I'd brought was a hammer and a box of tenpenny nails.

"Well?" Betty regarded me over the chain on the door.

"Today I am a dove bearing an olive branch," I smiled. "Let bygones be bygones and so forth, will you? Toss on a ski outfit and I'll run you up to Timberline Lodge for lunch. Kip went up early with a bunch of the fellows and I offered to deliver you at noon."

I'd thought she would ask a lot of questions. I had answers, gems of invention. Woody was playing watchdog today, keeping Kip away from telephones, impressing upon him how unlucky it was to see or speak to the bride before the wedding. But Betty asked nary a question. She trotted out about fifteen minutes later in a sharp blue outfit that snugged her ankles and molded her chassis into a vision.

"Can you drive it by noon?" she asked while I maneuvered through traffic and hit the mountain highway.

"Sure. With time to spare. I promised to pick up some one a couple miles from the Lodge."

Neither of us talked. Every now and then I slid a look at her. She smoked, hummed a little, smiled to herself. No girl in love with a man could look that happy when she knew he was going away in three days. I didn't give a damn what happened to her once I got her locked and barred into that cabin.

THE sun was straight overhead when I turned off the highway on to a rutted road which ran almost a mile into dense firs and cedars.

"Looks like nobody's home." She peered through the trees when I stopped at a cabin.

"Must be, unless I followed the wrong road," I said. I got out and strolled to the door, blocked it from her eyes while I fitted the key and pushed it open. I allowed myself two minutes to size up the possibilities of a prisoner breaking out. The place had a good-sized living room, two bedrooms, a kitchen, and bath. The furniture was comfortable, the kitchen well stocked, the water and lights turned on. All the windows had shutters, easy enough to nail shut.

At my hail Betty got out of the car. "Come in and have a look around," I called heartily. "Bill says he'll be ready in a minute."

"I'll wait outside if you don't mind," she said. "I'm crazy about this mountain air."

"O. K., but come in a minute first," I urged. "Something I want to show you."

"I like it out here." The way she said it warned me she suspected something in the wind. I scooped her up and carried her inside, put her down on a studio couch, and locked the door.

"Shall I draw you a map?" I asked.

"Do you go or stay, Steve?" Her voice was very quiet.

"I go. You stay until Tuesday. There's plenty of food, water, lights, and books."

"I see. And what are you going to tell Kip? That I ran out on him? Oh, don't bother to answer."

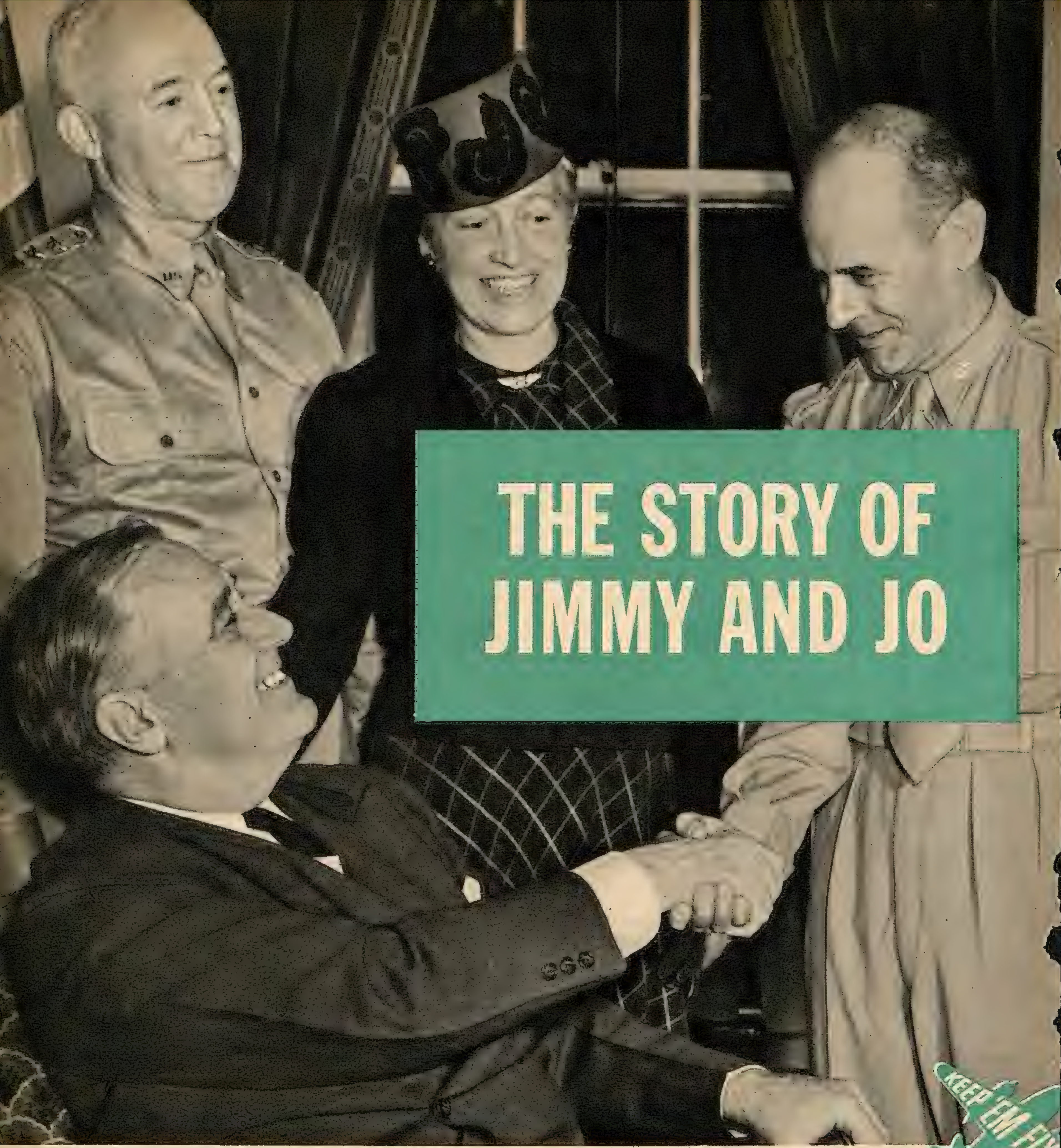
I thought she'd put up a fight when I shut her in a storeroom while I nailed the shutters, but she didn't. Her face was shock-white; her teeth chattered. Before I left I let her out. She was crying.

"You asked for this," I said, "so save your tears, Niobe."

Even after I'd shut the door and locked it from the outside I could hear her sobbing. Nuts to her. I turned

(*Continued on page 45*)

THE STORY OF JIMMY AND JO



Meet the Doolittles!—One of them bombed Japan. The other takes triumphs and dangers in her stride

BY ELLEN LEE BRASHEAR AND HELEN MORRIN

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

AN official car drew up under the portico of the White House the morning of May 19. Out of it stepped a trim white-haired woman. Escorted by two khaki-clad officers, she walked quickly up the White House steps. General H. H. Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Forces, met her at the door.

"Hello, Jo," he said. "Still wondering why you were summoned here?"

The woman smiled. "Well, ideas don't come under military censorship, do they, General? Where's Jim?"

A few minutes later, in the executive office of the President of the United States, Mrs. James H. Doolittle was to hear General George C. Marshall, Chief of Staff of the Army, cite her husband for the highest honors Congress can confer upon a soldier. The ceremony ended. Jimmy Doolittle turned quickly to his wife, whom he hadn't seen for more than two months. "Hi, mom! How are the boys?" he asked.

Even before she received official summons to fly from California to Washington, Jo (for Josephine) Doolittle probably had some ideas of her own concerning the raid on Tokyo. Didn't all the papers say that it was a group of B-25 bombers that had handled the job? And hadn't Jim often expressed himself on the excellent performance of B-25s? The only thing she knew about Jim's whereabouts was that he was off on a task command. Jim Doolittle isn't a "talking" man about other people's business. And his wife knows how to keep ideas to herself, too. She just thought a lot and waited. In the twenty-five years of her married life, Jo has had a lot of waiting to do. "But things have a way of coming out all right in the end," she says.

During those twenty-five years together the Doolittles have shared the adventures, the disappointments, and the successes of Jim's colorful career. His friends assert that Jim Doolittle is the type of man who could have succeeded at anything he turned his hand to. He's a keen business executive and a thoroughgoing scientist. But first and foremost he's a great aviator. In Jo, his wife, he has had a magnificent partner. Jim himself would be the first to tell you so. That is, if Jo didn't happen to be around. In her presence he'd be more apt to say:

"Oh, mom's O. K. You know, in spite of her being so strict with me, I think I'll keep her, after all."

IT was back in '17, when Doolittle was a second lieutenant in the Army Air Corps, that Josephine Daniels took him "for better for worse." They had both attended Los Angeles Manual Arts High School. In the same school were Lawrence Tibbett, famous baritone of the Metropolitan, and Frank Capra, noted Hollywood producer.

Jo had moved to California with her family from Louisiana, and even today, traces of Southern accent remain in her speech. "Jo got me young," Jim says. "It was that million-dollar smile of hers!" During dark days of stress and disappointment, Jo's "million-dollar smile" never failed Jim. There was the time in '17 when the army decided not to send him to France because they needed aerial gunnery instructors in California; and there was the time, ten years ago, when Jim resolved to give up flying because he was too old. "I just smiled at that one," says Jo.

The years sit rather lightly on both Doolittles. Jim hasn't changed much —a little less hair, a few more wrinkles about his eyes. He's made of fighting stuff—every inch of his five feet five. He likes to recall the time when he was bantamweight boxing champion of the West Coast, before army days. He still enjoys a bout with the gloves. "Jim taught both boys to box so well they were able to floor him," Jo will tell you. "I never know which of my three men to worry about most. They've all developed the Doolittle punch!"

THE boys, Jim, Jr., and John, took to the air early, accompanying their father on many trips, and attending the National Air Races every year with the poise of veterans. Both are normal, healthy, unspoiled boys, with projects and friends of their own. While they show inordinate pride in their dad's accomplishments, they have never used his fame to "get them places." Second Lieutenant Jim, Jr., twenty-one, now wears wings of his own, pinned on him by his father. And John, nineteen, enters West Point July 1.

Neither parent said a word to deter young Jim from marrying last fall while he was learning to fly at Kelly Field. "Jim was pretty young to get married," Jo admits, "but, after all, Jim and I were just a couple of brat kids ourselves, and we got along all right."

Jo and Jim began married life at an army post in Coronado, California. And it wasn't very long before Jo was to find out what a very hospitable man she had married. "I started out like most brides, pretty helpless in the culinary department." One night Lieutenant Jimmy came home an hour late for dinner, and with him were ten young officers who had no wives to cook for them. Jo pitched in and fed them as best she could.

"Dinner wasn't a howling success," she recalls, "but I was rated high for effort. Anyway, the boys were hungry."

A kindly commandant's wife gave Jo cooking lessons. She was an adept pupil and soon word got round the post that "Jo Doolittle's a swell cook and, besides, she always makes you feel right at home."

Today Jo's pet hobby and Jim's greatest pride is her cooking. Jim's idea of giving his friends a real treat is to invite them home to one of Jo's meals. And she's never been known to protest if Jim calls up late in the day to announce he's bringing home a group of out-of-town flyers for dinner. She merely does some rapid planning, a little culinary sleight of hand, and when Jim and his guests arrive, there on the table is the kind of food that warms a man's heart.

The Doolittles have always kept their home filled with friends. Nothing pleases them more than having an old friend drop in for a day or a week. There would be nothing remarkable about this in a home where a large and efficient household staff was the rule. But Jo Doolittle has never in her life kept more than two servants, and generally has one or none. It makes no difference whether the Doolittle income is that of a second lieutenant or head of the aviation department of a big oil corporation.

FAMOUS friends and next-door neighbors have always mingled when the gang gets together at the Doolittles'. Once when they were stationed at Mitchel Field, Long Island, a group of Russians dropped in one Sunday afternoon. As usual, all the guests stayed on for supper. As Jo tells it, the party came in the back way and ate in the kitchen. Everybody helped set the table and wash the dishes later. Introductions were very casual, and there were a few people Jo had not met before. One was a quiet, beautifully poised woman. "When the evening was almost over, I discovered we had been entertaining a famous Russian personality at our kitchen table," Jo recalls.

Their friendship with Lawrence Tibbett has lasted since high-school

ieutenant James Doolittle, Jr., talks to dad.

Jo handles all the Doolittle correspondence.

Johnny, 19, wears a proud grin—no wonder!

days. Whenever they get together, Jim, whose prowess lies in other fields, suggests they sing duets. At the end of the song, Jim always remarks, "Funny thing, Larry, flying in alone from the Coast yesterday, I sounded even better than you do. Guess I'm not in voice tonight."

One of Jo's hobbies of which Jim is particularly proud is a linen tablecloth upon which any guest who has had a meal at their home is invited to sign. When she accompanies Jim on long flights, Jo carefully embroiders over the signatures with black silk. Now the cloth is so covered with names that Jo is starting on twelve napkins.

The names on the tablecloth include good friends who are famous, like Lowell Thomas, Lawrence Tibbett, Elmer Sperry, Leigh Wade, Jack McCready, George Agnew Chamberlain, Casey Jones, the comedians Olsen and Johnson, Orville Wright, Major Alexander de Seversky, Roscoe Turner, Frank Hawkes, and Lon Yancey, and hundreds of others who are remarkable only in their friendship with the Doolittles.

Jo keeps a businesslike file for addresses of friends with their most recent letters and the date of her answers. It is a point of pride with her that she never leaves a friend's letter long unanswered. No one understands how she finds time to write so many letters and such interesting ones. Wherever they have had a home large enough, there has been a room hung with the photographs of their friends. In the Doolittle "rogues' gallery" there are more than 1,000 framed pictures. Each has a part in the Doolittle history, from El Paso to Shanghai, Burbank to Mitchel Field.

The Brigadier General and the Lieutenant—Doolittles both.

THE Doolittles have lived many places, met thousands of people, forgotten few. Army life accounts for many of these moves. Jo tells the story that in the few months prior to Jim, Jr.'s birth, they moved three times to three different Texas posts.

Jim, Jr., had learned to walk and John was two months old when their father made his first cross-country record in 1922. Flying from Jacksonville, Florida, to San Diego, California, he made the trip in 22½ hours. Nine years later, flying from Burbank to Newark, he was to cut this record to less than half.

Eventually the Doolittles found themselves stationed at Wright Field in Dayton, Ohio, where Doolittle was a test pilot at the Air Corps' experimental field. It was about this time that Jim's ability came to the attention of the export division of a large airplane manufacturing company. With the army's permission, they "borrowed" him to demonstrate their fighting ships to the government of Chile, South America. Most people know the story of how Jim, flying with broken ankles, won the contract from his German rival. But not everybody knows the story of how the ankles came to be broken. "The Chileans got the idea I could perform acrobatic stunts like their movie idol Douglas Fairbanks. I aimed to please, but I lost my balance on a second-story window ledge. As I crashed to the patio below, my ankles met me coming up as I was going down." And then in typical manner he adds, "If Jo had been there, I wouldn't have gotten into trouble."

He had a year of trouble with the ankles in Walter Reed Hospital. Jo moved herself and the boys to Washington to be near him. Looking after a couple of active kids required a lot of her time. And so did trying to keep an inactive Doolittle from becoming restless. But she somehow managed to divide herself in two, and when Jim could walk again, they went back to Dayton.

After completing the course in the Air Corps engineering school at old McCook Field, Jim was sent by the army to take graduate work at Massa-

Guests' names cover this treasured tablecl

chusetts Institute of Technology. Jo and the boys, of course, accompanied him to Boston. There Jo made a home, took good care of the lads, and typed out manuscripts for Jim at night, while he was carrying on his research work. After two years, Jim returned to the service with a master's and a doctor's degree in the aeronautical sciences.

In 1928 Jim was loaned to the Guggenheim Foundation to experiment in instrument flying. At Mitchel Field he made the first blind flight, late in 1929. After that the family did not stay at Mitchel Field long. The Shell Oil Company had made him an offer to head its newly formed aviation department in their Midwestern division office in St. Louis. Leaving the army was a hard decision for the Doolittles to make. "The change to civilian life was more difficult for Jim than for me," Jo says. "He'd been wearing a uniform for so many years that he found vests and extra pockets quite confusing."

Jim took to business like a duck to water. He brought to the oil industry his experience of practical flying and aeronautical science. In turn, he was able to offer aviation a better quality, high-octane fuel. During his ten years at Shell, Jim spent almost as much time in an airplane as behind a desk.

IT was 1930 when he first started his business career, and those were the days when oil companies were vying with each other for contracts with the air lines. Jim realized that one surefire method of implanting the name "Shell" in every aviator's mind was to win air records in Shell-fueled planes. He set out to win these records.

There was the Bendix Trophy on September 4, 1931, and on that same day the lowering of the cross-country record to eleven hours and sixteen minutes. The next year Jim was to win the Thompson Trophy, for closed course flying. And there were other experimental tests and flights and trips to be made.

In the meantime Jo was busy making a home for the family in a new city and making new friends. But the old friends, too, had a way of literally dropping out of the sky. And, since the boys were growing older, Jo found she could make trips with Jim whenever he had passenger space for her. Some of these trips were for pleasure —a reunion in New York maybe, or on the Coast. And sometimes Jo was with Jim on experimental flights.

SUCH a flight was the one in the stratosphere in 1935. A radio man was the only other passenger. Everybody at the field kept reminding them not to forget the oxygen tanks that would be so necessary at high altitudes, but when those altitudes were reached, it was discovered that no one had remembered to put the tanks on board. Lack of oxygen causes a slowing down of co-ordination and an irresistible drowsiness. Jim, at the controls, saw the radio man slump down in his seat. He called to Jo: "Getting sleepy?" His voice sounded very far away. But she forced herself to answer, "Guess—I—can—manage—to—stay—awake—if—you—can." "O. K.," called back Jim. "Keep carrying the flag. You're now promoted to the rank of radioman."

In the spring of 1933 the Doolittles took a trip around the world. They sailed from San Francisco for the Orient, where Jim was to study conditions for the Shell Company and demonstrate some Curtiss-Wright planes to the Chinese. The Japanese invasion of China was already under way, and when some of the planes were uncrated in Shanghai, it was discovered some had been sabotaged.

Colonel Jack Jouett, now head of the Aeronautical Chamber of Commerce in Washington, was in charge of flying instruction to the Chinese Army. He and Jim flew over every foot of terrain of the Chinese coast line together.

The Doolittles' itinerary took them to the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, India, and, flying by KLM lines, to Budapest and eventually Paris and London. There was another trip in store for them in 1939, to England and Germany. Jim had an opportunity to see firsthand the preparations for aerial warfare these countries were making. He came back eager to do what he could to help his own country prepare for what he felt must come.

The Second World War was not quite a year old when Jim found himself back in service with the United States Army. In August, 1940, he once more gave up "civvies," resumed his old uniform and his old commission of major. The Doolittles were in the army and on the move again!

It is characteristic of Jo that she accepted this conversion from civilian to military life with her accustomed philosophy. Within a few days after Jim had received orders to report to Indianapolis for duty with the War Production Board, she had closed their home in St. Louis, stored all but the necessary possessions, and said goodby to friends.

A more selfish woman, timid, or with less faith in her husband could not have lived up to her role as a great flyer's wife. But not once in their marriage has Jo stood in the way of Jim's career.

JIM'S next orders were to move to Detroit, where his assignment was with the auto industry. He did a thorough job and the army moved him to the nation's capital. This meant more important work for Jim and reunion with old friends for Jo.

Friendship has a real meaning to the Doolittles. It would be difficult to estimate the number of people who have been helped by their thoughtfulness. If a friend is sick, in trouble, down on his luck, the Doolittles are the first to offer help. They share their home and their lives with their friends, and, somehow or other, it's their courage they share too.

These, then, are the Doolittles, who have shared their courage with the nation. And although it was Jim who received the Congressional Medal of Honor in the President's office, Jo was there, as she always has been, standing beside him.

THE END

Jimmy Doolittle in 1932, shortly after winning the Thompson Trophy Race.

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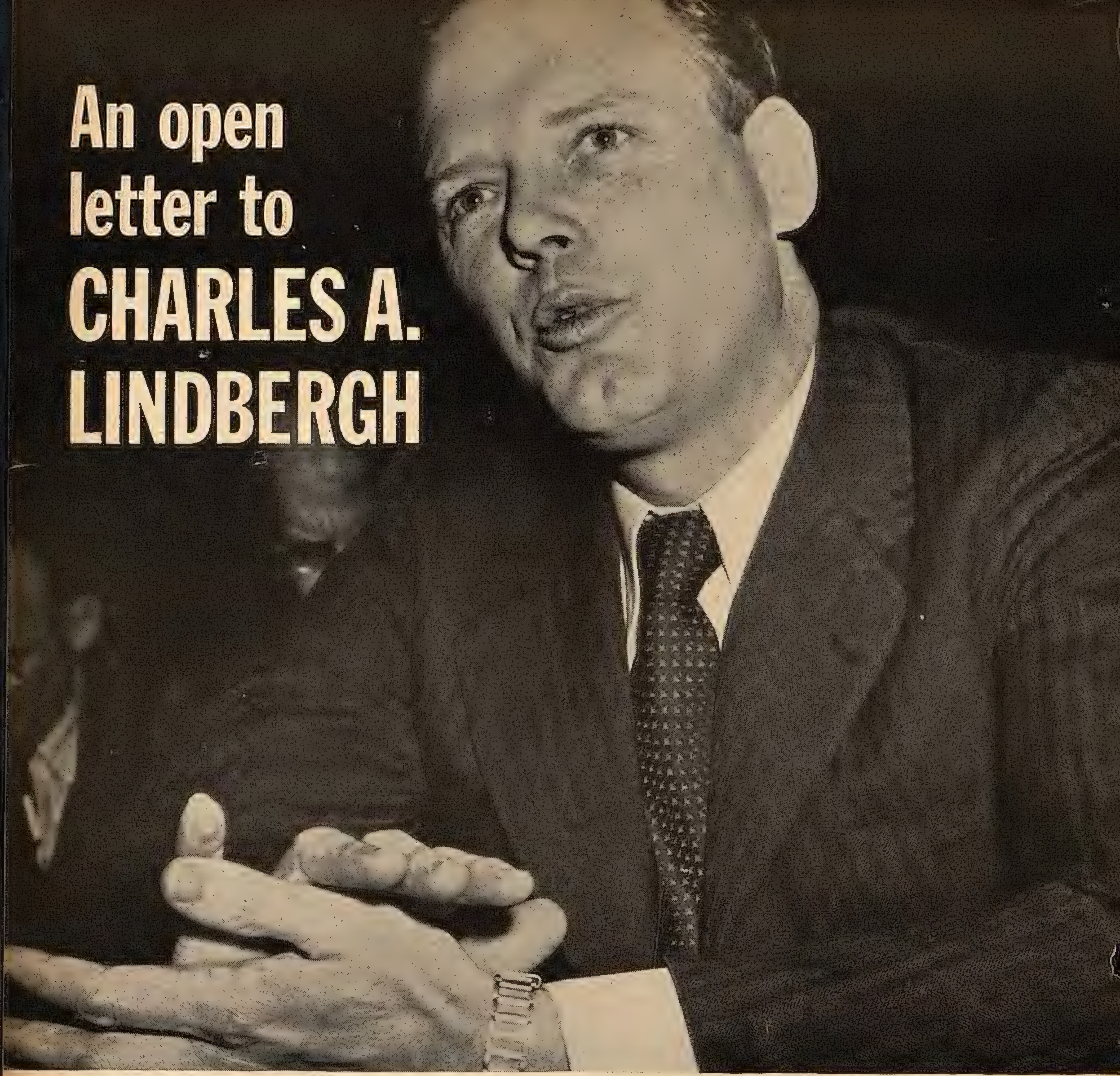
FLY TO TOKYO
ALL EXPENSES PAID
JOIN

The poster advises it—and Doolittle did it!

An open letter to CHARLES A. LINDBERGH



HAVE YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND?

The editors of Liberty direct a frank challenge to a man who can do much for unity in the U. S. A.

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

SIR:

We Americans are engaged today in a war of survival. We must win—and as quickly as possible—or we shall lose our democratic way of life, lose our very reason for living.

Since this is true, it becomes us all—you and the editors and the readers of this magazine—to examine carefully our acts of commission and omission, to make sure that every single step that can be taken toward victory *has* been taken.

You have such a step to take.

The editors of Liberty have not agreed in the past with your "isolationist" or "independent destiny" views.

We who once had defended your right to speak your mind learned to dislike so much the words that came from your lips that we once called you "the most dangerous man in America."

That was before Pearl Harbor.

We found the sound of your voice dangerous then.

Today it is your silence that concerns us.

We know that you are devoting your efforts and energies to building air supremacy for America, and doing a great job. Even at that, we don't think you can afford to let actions speak louder than words at this time. Your actions are commendable—but your words are remembered and, unfortunately, used by traitors.

We know that the America First movement included many sincere patriots, but it included many traitors as well—men who clung to it for the sole reason of weakening a proud democratic America and thus strengthening our Fascist enemies. We know what they are accomplishing even now.

That is why a representative of ours came to you recently in Detroit, where you are making your contribution to the war effort and where you have gained the respect of those who work with you in the interests of an American victory.

To our representative who asked you for a statement, you said: "Not now!"

We say: "The time, Mr. Lindbergh, *is* now! It must be now!"

After Pearl Harbor, Americans said, "Thank God, at least we are unified!" And we seemed to be.

But the forces that want to disunite us have not stopped plotting. They ruthlessly continue to spread the doctrine of doubt and despair. They kindle fires of mutual distrust and hate. They turn minorities upon minorities. They turn Catholic against Jew, boss against worker, Negro against white, ally against ally.

It is a simple plan. It is Hitler's plan of "Divide and conquer." These traitors say the British are through. They say the British are using us to win their war. They say Germany is too powerful to beat. They say we forced Japan into the war. They say our country is run by Jews and radicals. They say we should not help Russia because Nazism is preferable to Communism. They say anything which can create doubt in the American mind.

THESE are not a few scattered lunatic voices. We shall prove that, in later issues of this magazine. You will see their names on these pages, will see the scope of their organization, the strength of their treacherous activities.

Before Pearl Harbor they claimed you as their hero.

But today things are different. These traitors have no right now to use any sincere American—or the words that he spoke before our crisis—to further their nefarious cause.

We must stop them, and that's why we appeal to you!

You were one of the first to observe personally the creation of an aerial juggernaut in Germany and to call it to the attention of a complacent world.

You returned to this country and inspected and reported on our own weak air force and facilities. When German air power rose to strike down one European country after another, you saw predictions of your own begin to come true.

Time has passed. This country has been at war for more than six months. Let us review other prophecies you made—the prophecies you began to make in the summer of 1940. Let's review them in the light of today's developments. You said this:

"We in America have the best defensive position in the world. No foreign Power can invade us today."

Yet today we know that Pearl Harbor has been attacked, Wake occupied, the Philippines taken and a possible foothold obtained in the Aleutians. Guam is gone. Midway has been hammered. The Pacific, north and south, has shrunk in less than half a year. Jap submarines have shelled the coasts of California, Oregon, and the neighboring Vancouver Island. German U-boats have sunk American ships in the very sight of Americans standing on our Atlantic shores. The war that once looked remote to many has come very close to home, and the closer it approaches, the greater becomes the need for complete unity in this country.

In another of your speeches you said that: ". . . it is physically impossible to base enough aircraft in the British Isles alone to equal in strength the aircraft that can be based on the continent of Europe." And you said that no matter how many planes were built and sent to England, the British Isles could not be made stronger than Germany in military aviation.

Yet it was only months after you said that that Cologne was virtually wiped off the map by an attacking force of 1,130 British planes.

You told your millions of listeners that the alternative to a negotiated peace in Europe was "either a Hitler victory or a prostrate Europe and possibly a prostrate America as well."

What about those words? Do you still feel that we today are fighting a useless battle against hopeless odds?

We, the editors of Liberty, ask you this in all sincerity, with no malice in our hearts and with complete confidence in your integrity.

Are we fighting a foolish fight? Certainly that is not the feeling of millions of Americans.

Remember these words—yours: "If we can be forced into a foreign war . . . then the idea of representative government and democracy will be proved such a failure at home that there will be little use fighting it abroad. . . ."

Fortunately, hundreds of things have happened to prove that our democracy can get things done—as you, in Detroit, well know.

Before Pearl Harbor your position was that we were being jockeyed into a world conflict by warmongers and that it was ridiculous to assume we were vulnerable to attack.

After Pearl Harbor you said, among other words: "Now it [war] has come, and we must meet it as united Americans, regardless of our attitude in the past. . . ."

You called for unity, Mr. Lindbergh, but you did not say the words which would have helped to create permanent unity—no matter what the fortunes of war—among the minority of your own making.

You did not say you had changed your mind on many issues, that you are publicly and wholeheartedly behind our government and the President in the struggle to win this war!

THERE are those who insist that you have reaffirmed all that you had said *before the war*. These wolves of treason today are using your own words to seduce Americans, to give comfort and strength to enemies with whom we are locked in mortal combat. They do not hesitate to lie, to use your earlier words and actions to create whatever disunity they can manage.

You must expose their lies, not encourage them by your silence. The Coughlins and the Gerald Smiths must be robbed of this weapon.

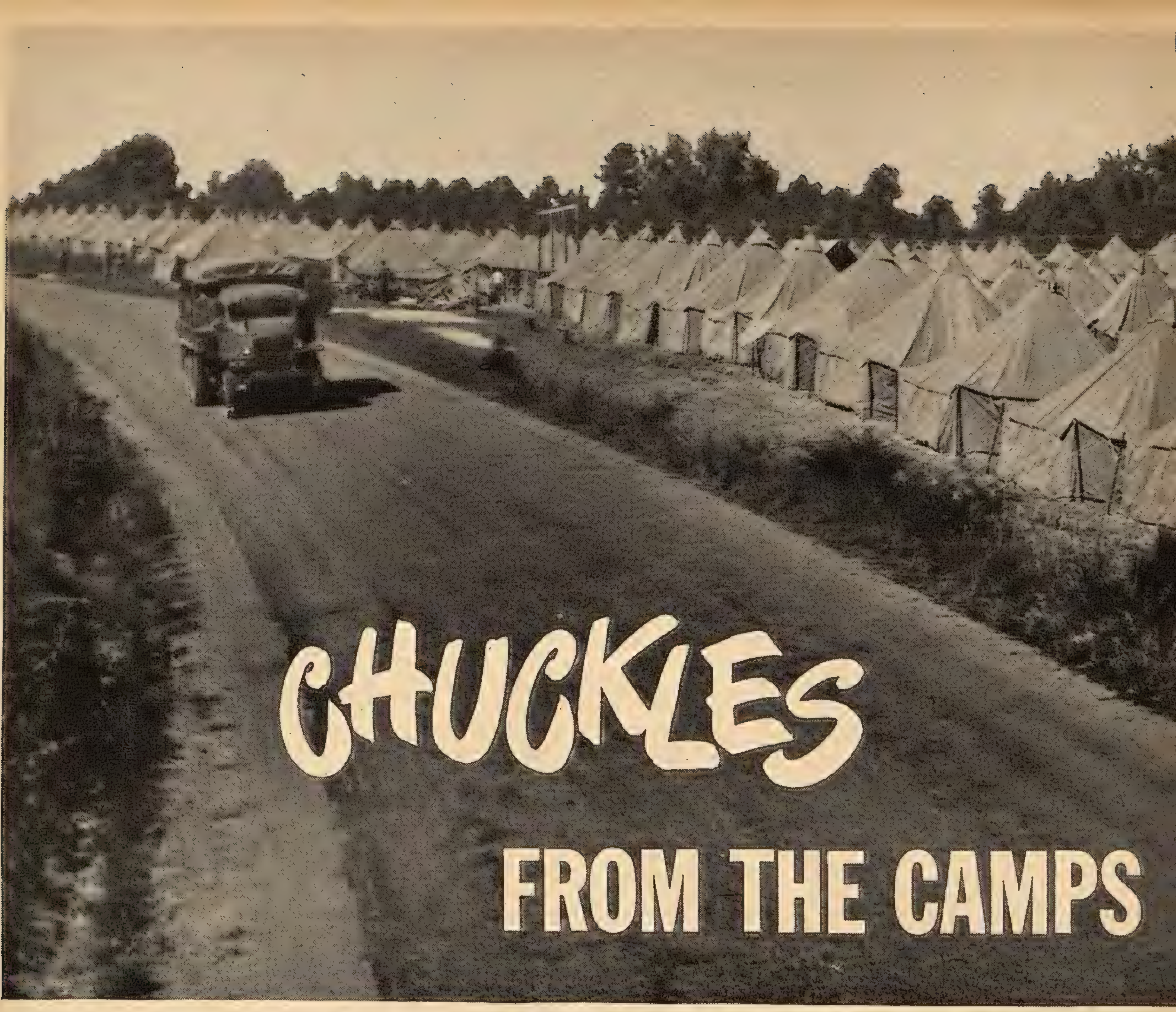
The words are quite simple. Speak them now, today, so no voices of evil can have any further power to harm us. You underestimated, before, the ruthless intentions of our enemies. Please do not underestimate them now.

In your hands is a bullet as yet unfired at these enemies. In your hands a cord that can bind the people of this country together more closely, perhaps, than ever in their history. Yours is a great privilege and a grave responsibility.

We beg of you—speak, and speak now!

We are, sincerely,
Your fellow Americans,
THE EDITORS OF LIBERTY.

Henry Ford and Lindbergh at the Willow Run bomber plant.



CHUCKLES FROM THE CAMPS

A cross-section of one of the reasons America will win—the Army's humor!

BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 3 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

SOME 350 newspapers are now being published by army units. They range from elaborate professional productions to modest mimeographed jobs. But all have one common denominator: humor. It's the lusty, salty humor of America, sparing neither friend nor foe, often crude, sometimes cruel. It's the humor of Mark Twain, of Artemus Ward, of Mr. Dooley, of Chick Sale. It's the army's humor. It's America's.

FOR THE caption of a photo showing the post's new dental clinic the Fort Wood News (Mo.) used:

"The Yanks Are Coming."

SHORTLY AFTER Hickam Field, T. H., was bombed, the Hickam Highlights appeared with a cartoon cover over the legend:

"Let's Hold Our 1942 Maneuvers in Tokio—For a Change."

ANNOUNCING an addition to the fort's facilities, the Barrancas Breeze (Fla.) said:

"Our new latrine is complete and ready for rumors."

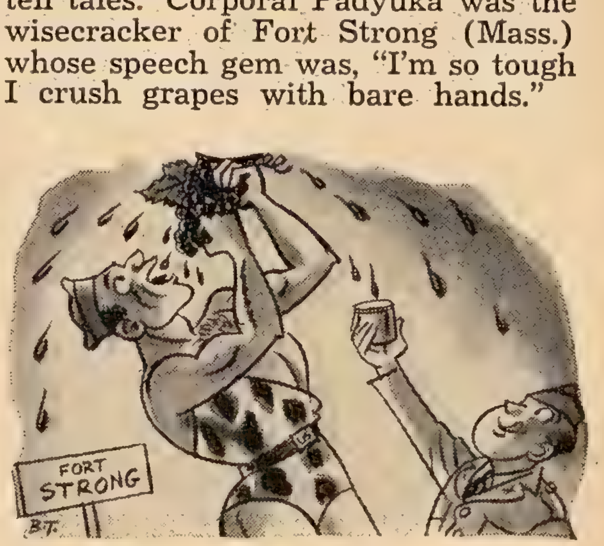
FROM Camp Polk (La.) comes the report of a mess sergeant who leaves no room for argument when he gives an order. On the door of the storeroom is a sign reading, "Everyone will keep out unless authorized to do so."

PUNS are allowed and no holds barred. Witness this horrible example from the Camp Roberts Dispatch (Calif.): "Have you heard about the rookie who was so ravenous that when he ran up to the mess hall's screen door he strained himself?"

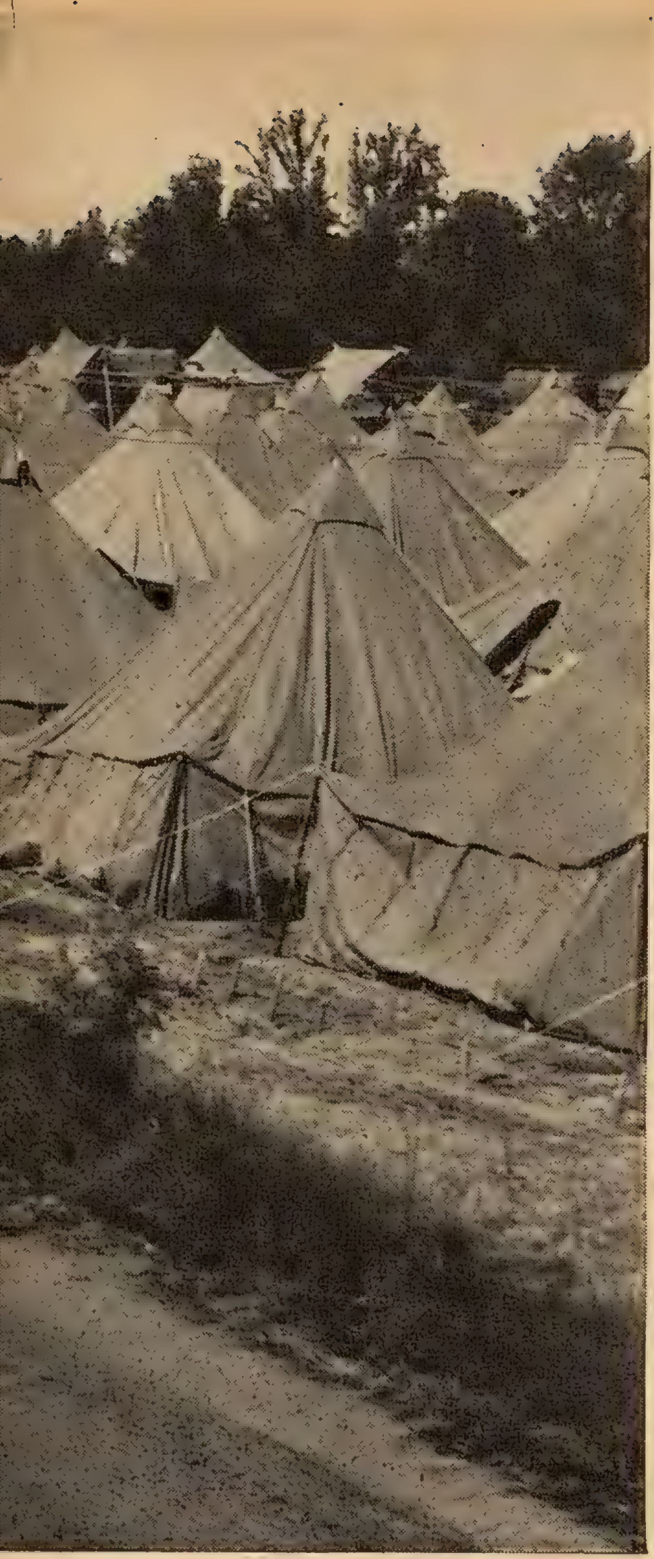
ORIGINALITY of expression is of the essence in the Camp Lee Traveller's (Va.) soldier definition: "'Concealment' is where they can't see you where you are; 'cover' is where they can't hit you where you ain't."

CAMP BLANDING (LA.) hopes that Sergeant Thomas G. Snow doesn't lisp. When he answers the telephone in headquarters he has to say, "Special Service Section, Sergeant Snow speaking."

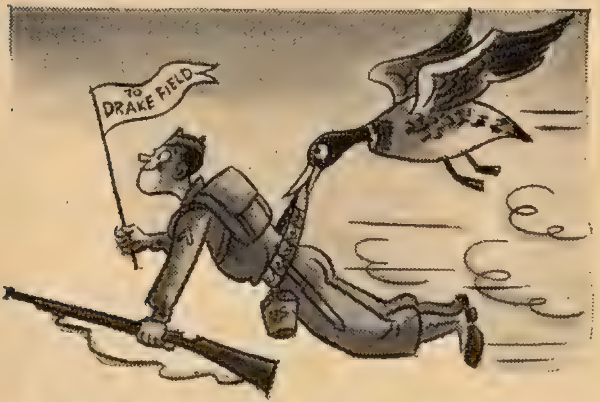
NAMES are named and privacy flies out the window as the camp papers tell tales. Corporal Padyuka was the wisecracker of Fort Strong (Mass.) whose speech gem was, "I'm so tough I crush grapes with bare hands."



THE CLOSED-MOUTH policy on army affairs is featured by all camp papers with such slogans as "Zip Your Lip" and "Keep Mum, Chum." The Keesler Field News (Miss.) drives the point home with this gem. A fur-



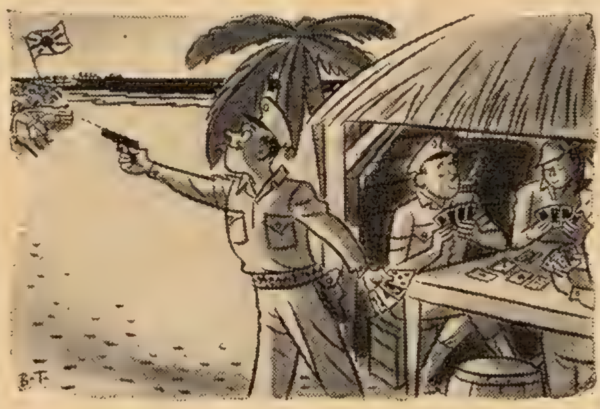
tive stranger approached a man from Keesler Field who was waiting for a train, to proceed to a new station. "Where you bound for, soldier?" the stranger asked. "Drake Field," was the soldier's reply. "Where's that?" the stranger then wanted to know. The soldier became secretive, assured himself there were no eavesdroppers, drew the stranger close, and whispered in his ear, "One quack behind a duck's tail."



WE HAPPENED to see this prize exhibit first in the Fort Custer News (Mich.), but according to the Fort Ord Panorama (Calif.) it's unfair to attribute it to any particular camp—it's just going the rounds of them all.

A soldier stepped up to his commanding officer and requested leave to go home and help his wife move into new quarters. The captain responded that he was very sorry, but he had just received a letter from the soldier's wife in which she said that she didn't need him at home for the moving. "She said you'd be more of a bother than a help, so I guess you can't have the pass," the captain concluded. The soldier saluted and stepped toward the door. Pausing there, he turned and said, "Captain, there are two fellows in this company that handle the truth very loosely. I am one of them. You see, I ain't married!"

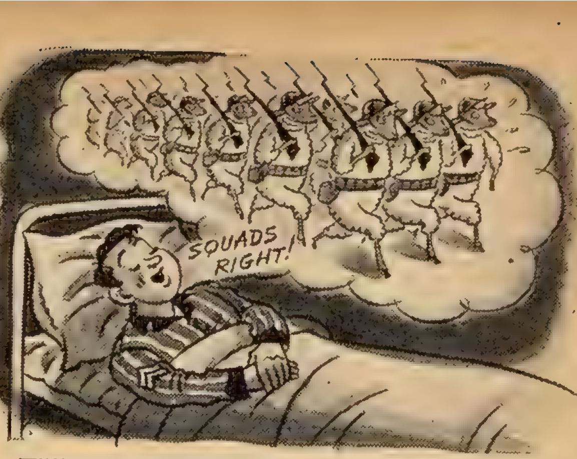
NO SERVICE is wont to boast of its own exploits. The marines, in fact, cultivate understatement to a point of . . . well, understatement. Witness the following from the Quantico Marine Base (Va.): Four leathernecks were playing bridge in a hut on a small Pacific isle. From outside came a shout: "Force of about 200 Japs landing on the beach!" The four marines looked at one another. Finally one rose casually and said, "O. K., I'll go—I'm dummy this hand."



HERE'S ONE told in the Sheppard Field Texacts (Texas): Two corporals were calling the roll of a group of outward-bound cadets. One corporal finished his list, the other kept repeating a name. There was no answer. Giving up, he asked the other corporal, "How many names you got on your list?" "Forty." "That's strange," said the first corporal. "I got forty-one and the last guy ain't here. Who's this Private Conveyance, anyhow?"

THE PROLIFIC Fort Wood News contributes the experience of Private Graham who looked in a mirror and determined to build up his physique. So he sent an order to a sporting-goods company and received a varied assortment of weights, pulleys, and cables. Private Graham faithfully followed instructions, worked hard and diligently. The course completed, he again looked in the mirror, then wrote the company, "Gentlemen: Please send muscles by return mail."

CORPORAL DIECKS of Camp Shelby (Miss.) has a strange rating: "Dream Corporal." Seems that he wears two-stripe chevrons on his pajamas, counts sheep in platoons, and makes them march in cadence. "Nothing like the sound of marching sheep to put one to sleep," says the "Dream Corporal."


SQUADS RIGHT!

EVERY SOLDIER knows (or should) that there are eleven General Orders. Camp Wheeler (Ga.) gives out about the officer who tested the alertness of his men by asking, "What's the twelfth General Order?" The company chuckled, then gasped. One soldier had raised his hand.

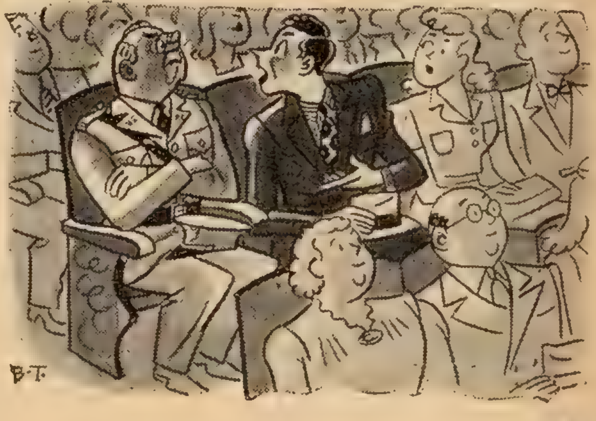
"All right, what is it?" asked the officer, with a gleam in his eye. "God help you if you don't know the other eleven," declared the private.

FROM Camp Callan's Rangefinder (Calif.) we glean the sad story of Private Shannon who wrote to his girl friend, expressed his affection and tendered his love in yet another manner: he enclosed a check for 1,000 kisses. The next week he received the canceled check, endorsed by his girl friend. It had been cashed by Shannon's most hated rival.

ARMY SLANG is as virile and robust as the men from whom it springs. It has become so much a part of service language that the army recently issued a glossary. Here are some samples:

Albatross, chicken; armored cow, canned milk; army banjo, shovel; strawberries, prunes; bathtub, motorcycle sidecar; battery acid, coffee; bean gun, rolling kitchen; belly robber, mess sergeant; blind flying, blind date; blood, tomato ketchup; bog pocket, tightwad; boudoir, squad tent.

THEN there are basic soldier stories which appear in one war, are buried, and appear again in slightly new dress. Such a one is fathered by the Portland Air Base (Ore.): The very reluctant draftee was asked by the army doctor to read the letters on the chart. "What chart?" he inquired in a burst of inspiration. Granted a deferred status because of bad eyesight, the man celebrated by going to a movie. When the lights went up he was horrified to discover the army doctor in the next seat. "Pardon me," said the draftee. "Does this bus go to Walla Walla?"

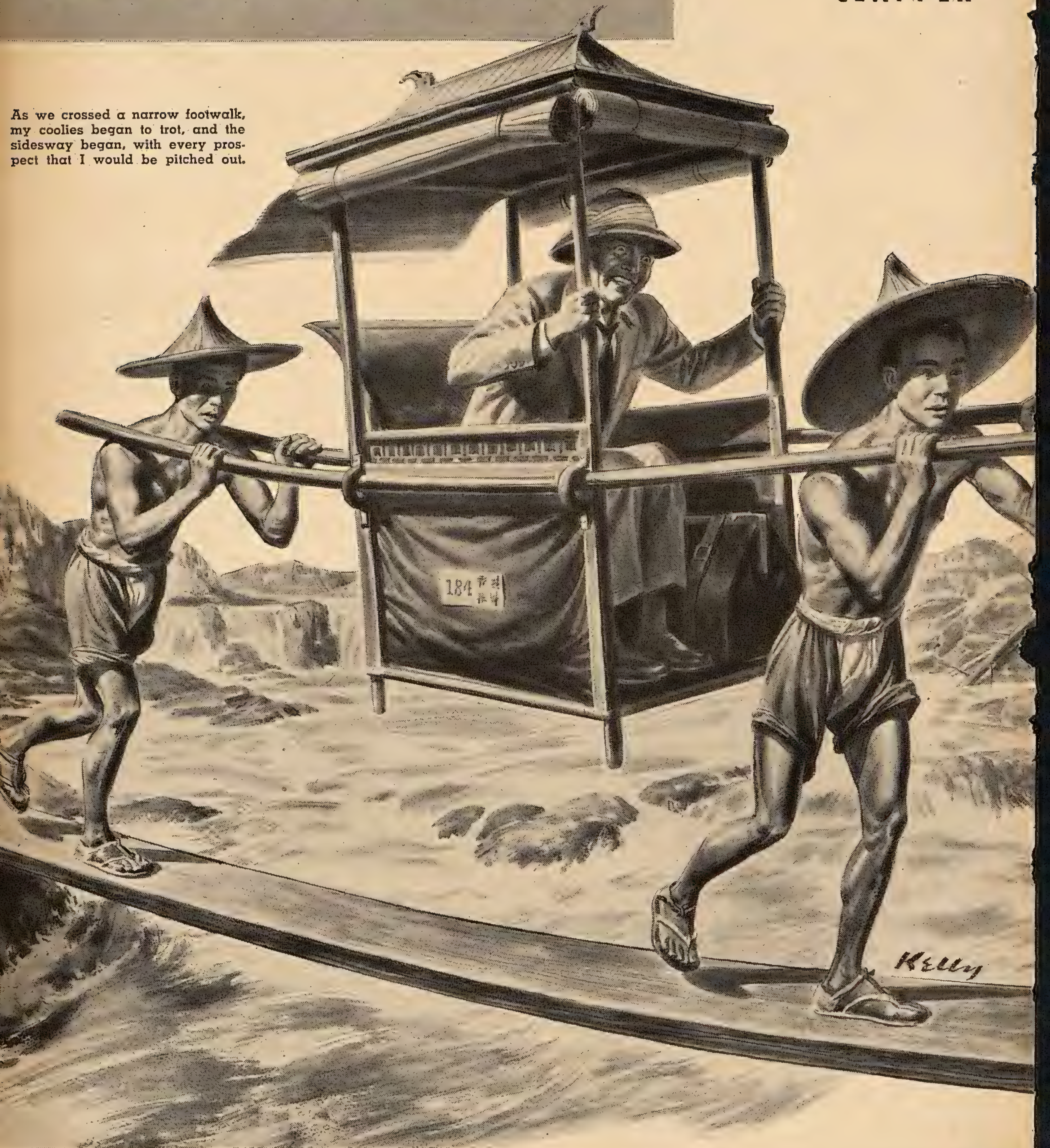


KEEP 'EM FLYING

33,000 MILES OF WAR

A great reporter and analyst gives you another chapter in his revealing chronicle of a remarkable flight for news

BY RAYMOND CLAPPER



As we crossed a narrow footwalk, my coolies began to trot, and the sidesway began, with every prospect that I would be pitched out.

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

On his recent trip to visit the far-flung war fronts and to meet and talk with leading actors in the war drama, Mr. Clapper made use of the air transport service that Pan American Airways has organized across primitive Africa for the United States Army. Three mornings after boarding the plane in New York, he was in Africa. By land transport plane he flew to an R. A. F. camp, thence to the first big American airfield de luxe to be built on the Dark Continent. From there he went on over Egypt to Calcutta and started the flight to Chungking.

THE Japs have the place now. So there's no harm in saying that the dangerous flight from Calcutta to Chungking was timed, in those days at the end of March, so that the fueling stop at Lashio came late in the afternoon. Already the Japs had begun bombing the place. It was the principal stop on the air line into China. But those shrewd Chinese pilots had it figured out. The Japs couldn't come over Lashio late in the day, because it didn't give them time to get back to their bases down below Mandalay before dark.

So at 5.25 P. M. we came down at Lashio, the head of the railroad up from Rangoon and the starting point of the Burma Road, an old village suddenly become a boom town with new barracks, new warehouses, and unaccustomed activity. Rangoon already was in Japanese hands. Nothing was coming up on the railroad. But there were big plans for Lashio, because the air supply line into China was to be the artery by which the war against Japan would be fed. Hundreds of natives were working on the runways, enlarging them. As it turned out, they were doing it all for the Japs, who got the field for their own use just a month later.

An American army major unloaded at Lashio on his way down to the front where the Americans were trying to help the Chinese and the British hold back the onrushing Japanese. As we parted, he said, "When you get back to Washington, give my wife a ring and tell her I'm O. K." I hope he got out safely with General Stilwell.

We got back into the stifling, heavily loaded plane, and held our breath while it cleared the end of the runway. Soon we were flying through the dark over the ancient mountains, noting the strange strips of mountain fires which some thought were fifth-column signals but which more likely were ordinary annual brush burnings.

AT 11.30 P. M. the floodlights suddenly burst out over the short strip of sand on the low-water flats of the Yangtze River. That, we discovered as the brakes brought the plane to a quick stop, was the dry season landing field. During the flood season the field is six feet deep in yellow water and the Chinese must use a temporary field a long way from Chungking.

Such are Free China's fragile links with the outside world. Chungking probably is the only capital of an important nation that is not located on a railway. But that is the least of the difficulties under which China is trying to carry on as a fighting government and a fighting people.

Raymond Clapper, on his return from his 33,000-mile flying trip to Eastern war fronts.

I found the flight into Chungking nothing compared with trying to get from the airfield up to the main street. Chungking is a city of steps. The stranger is faced immediately with four hundred of them if he wants to go from the airport up to the street. A Chinese friend met me, and loaded me and my fifty-five pounds of luggage into a tiny coolie chair. He hopped into another chair and started off, instructing my bearers to follow.

If you have never been swung up between swaying bamboo poles onto the shoulders of a pair of coolies, you have something to look forward to. The sidesway finally settled down, but it seemed to me that the coolies were staggering a good deal under the load. We were falling behind my Chinese friend. As we crossed a narrow one-plank footwalk across an inlet to the river, my pair of coolies began to trot, and the sidesway began again, with every prospect that I would be pitched out into the water below. But I managed to hold on. Then we started up the steps.

About six steps up, the coolies dumped the chair down and began to chatter angrily at me. My Chinese friend was now halfway up the steps, and I was alone among 400,000,000 Chinese. Obviously, either I or the luggage had to get out and walk up the steps. Which I did, just as you would climb the Washington Monument, step by step. At the top my Chinese friend paid the coolies three dollars each—fifteen cents in Roosevelt money, which is all I expect to say about Chinese inflation.

But my luck began to change. I was driven, in one of the few automobiles in Chungking, to the former residence of Dr. H. H. Kung, the Chinese vice-premier and finance minister, where the members of the Joint Stabilization Board lived. Later I learned how lucky I was. For this house, although it had been hit during the bombing as had every other building in Chungking, had running water which was sometimes hot, flush toilets, spacious rooms, and a number one boy who knew how to obtain food that would cook up into American dishes.

Waiting up for me was Dr. C. T. Chi, general secretary of the Joint Stabilization Board. He has an American wife in New York—Chungking is no place for wives now. He had a pot of tea ready, and we sat up late talking of many things about this strange, ancient land, and beginning one of the finest friendships that I made during those few days among these kindly, hospitable, courageous people.

Imagine me, an American newspaperman, trying to learn anything about this old, wise, complex land in a week! But they were seven rich days and as they raced by they packed every waking hour with things I hadn't known before.

I was out soon after breakfast the next morning for a Sunday forenoon stroll around the heart of the city. We walked through many blocks of temporary bamboo-and-plaster store fronts set up against shattered heavy walls. Some of them had been rebuilt three or four times. The Chinese never give up. They return after a bombing, clean up the rubble, and rebuild. We saw the great Confucian temple, centuries old and once a burnished thing of tile and gold leaf, covering four blocks. Now only the scarred pagoda-like central tower remained. New buildings stood over the ruined sections of the temple.

Not only the sidewalks but the streets swarmed with shuffling crowds which parted to make a path as the rickshas with their jangling bells pressed on them. The streets are alive with the bright clear blue of the long cotton gowns that all the natives, men, women, and children, wear. All street scenes are masses of moving blue. All else—buildings, store fronts, and rickshas—is weathered, paint-peeled gray, the same color as the rock entrances to the cave shelters which are everywhere.

The frequent explosions you hear all day and all night are blastings for new shelters. Sometimes people jump when they hear the blasts, forgetting for an instant that the bombing season still is a few weeks away. Chungking life is a grim layer of courage moving about the day's work over the ruins of three summers of the heaviest battering any community has ever had. You stop thinking about it for a moment to watch the small boys spinning tops in the street. Or making a kite, and fixing up dragon's eyes on it so they will roll as the wind catches them.

NEAR noon I crossed the swirling, treacherous Yangtze on a frail ferry which tossed and swung about like a straw. On the South Bank a young Cantonese stopped me. He asked directions in English because he was from Canton and could not make himself understood in Chungking. A few nights later a Chinese merchant from Canton came to dinner at our house. But he and Dr. Chi had to converse in English until a Chinese interpreter arrived. And after they had talked a while the guest discovered that he had another dinner engagement for that same night. He was using a different calendar which was a day off.

Yet out of these diversities, out of unbelievable shortages of everything, the Generalissimo has a nation that is holding together, united in its determination to remain free, united in its determination to drive the Jap out, if it takes the rest of this century.

I found nobody who questioned that Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek is in full control in Free China. Some might wish to oppose him, but they are helpless.

I went up to his big residence to see him. He was sitting in the corner of a large living room which was furnished with easy upholstered chairs, simple but comfortable, about like a moderately well-to-do home in the Middle West. There were flowers around the room and Chinese panels on the walls.

The Generalissimo wore an olive-drab uniform with a choke collar but without any insignia whatever. The buttons were plain brass. He is tall and thin. His hair is clipped close. His eyes are dark, small, bright, and they almost twinkle. But the effect is of an inscrutable, taciturn piece of iron rolled out thin and hard.

The Generalissimo always speaks through an interpreter, who was in this case, as usual, Hollington K. Tong, a graduate of the University of Missouri. I had happened in just as the Generalissimo was wanting to get something off his chest. The fighting in Burma had been going badly. The reason was that our side didn't have the planes and the other weapons to fight with. The Chinese were being slaughtered because they were trying to stop the Japs with little except their bare hands. The Generalissimo said he had been hearing a lot about all of the airplanes we were making in the United States, but he hadn't seen many of them and he couldn't understand why. He was getting far less than he expected, and he wasn't happy about it. It had been the same story with the British. He was sure the Japanese were not going to stop to attack Australia but would keep on coming at China, and he thought we ought to be prepared for that. The fall of Burma would be critical and the loss of India fatal. But China would hold if we could send planes.

"Wait until he finds out he's *really* married!"

The Generalissimo was deep in the grim job of fighting a war that wasn't going well and we never got very far from that subject. He was leaving the other questions to somebody else.

About them I found Madame Chiang Kai-shek full of ready talk when I saw her a day or so later. We were in the same room where I had seen her husband. She was smoking a cigarette in a long ivory holder. She was dressed in a long Chinese-style gown of black-and-gold pattern. No interpreter was present, for Madame speaks American English. She was educated in America and knows us well. That is why she makes such a good contact and why opportunity is given to foreigners to talk with her. She is China's foreign spokesman. She sees all foreigners, corresponds with many of them, knows everything that is going on, has boundless curiosity about everybody everywhere, and has her own ideas about it all which she offers, as she puts it, "straight from the shoulder."

ON one thing she is determined above everything else. China is going to run its own affairs when this war is over. But she's very entertaining and vivacious, and utterly charming about it. Only you must understand that China isn't going to be pushed around any more, and that's that.

While we were talking, an American friend of hers and mine arrived and joined us. He had under his arm a package which he presented to Madame as a gift from one of her friends in America. She unwrapped the package and it contained a pair of walking shoes. "I need them very much," she said. She measured them against her foot. "My feet are the only American thing about me. I just can't get shoes to fit."

Two or three days later I was back at Lashio. The plane from Chungking landed, and when the cabin door opened, out came the Generalissimo, Madame, and General Stilwell. They were bound for the Burma front to cheer up the Chinese troops, who were facing a new engagement against the Japs without anything to fight with. Madame had her head up and she walked out across the airfield with a stride as long as her narrow Chinese skirt would permit. She was wearing the new American shoes.

A few days later they all got bombed out. In less than a month the Japs had this very airfield. But by that time the Chinese had figured out a new way to go on fighting. I suppose they always will find some way to go on.

Another chapter in this series of articles by Mr. Clapper will appear in an early issue.

Barbara Stanwyck, Nancy Coleman (center), and Geraldine Fitzgerald as the three Gaylord girls in The Gay Sisters.

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

BY HOWARD BARNES

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ THE GAY SISTERS (for atmosphere and acting)

THIS movie version of Stephen Longstreet's novel is more of a character study than a drama. That often happens when books are made into pictures. Mood, atmosphere, and subtle acting are the things to look for. They are what make a show click or collapse. Since The Gay Sisters has a brooding and fascinating background and first-rate performing, it clicks in no uncertain manner.

The story it tells is that of a family rather than an individual. The three Gaylord girls, played by Barbara Stanwyck, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Nancy Coleman, are always in the center of the action. Poor little rich girls, orphaned after the World War, they are bound inexorably to family pride and tradition and to a huge estate which is in constant litigation. It is not until they forget the Gaylord name and the Gaylord money that they make a truce with living.

Obviously this is not material which lends itself to fancy dramatics. It depends for its punch on how well the jigsaw puzzle of the script is fitted together. Fortunately, the portrait of a family takes shape on the screen with authority and absorbing interest. You are likely to find yourself caring very much about the fate of each of the sisters. The sensitive direction of Irving Rapper and knowing performances make the film an eminently satisfying entertainment.

Not for some time has Miss Stanwyck had a role which fitted her so well. As the arrogant Fiona, who marries a man to get an inheritance and fights him tooth and nail until she discovers that she loves him, she is splendid. Her acting has often struck me as rather wooden, but there's no lack of fire and conviction in this portrayal. George Brent, as the husband she refuses to recognize, gives her solid support in a singularly honest romance.

The other sisters are equally well played. They afford striking contrasts to the character of Fiona. Miss Fitzgerald, as the selfish, embittered Evelyn who tries to break up the romance of her youngest sister, turns in a superb piece of make-believe. She succeeds in being attractive and assured, even though you may want to wring her neck. In the part of Susanna, who inherited little of the Gaylord arrogance, Miss Coleman is both radiant and touching.

Without three excellent performances, this account of three embattled young women wouldn't have amounted to much. What gives The Gay Sisters texture, though, is the fact that all the performances are noteworthy. Bryant Fleming is fine as the artist who loves Susanna but almost falls for Evelyn's blandishments. Donald Crisp, Gene Lockhart, Grant Mitchell, and the lesser players turn in the incisive portrayals that this sort of show demands.

The Gay Sisters has exactly what an atmospheric novel needs to become an engrossing movie.

(Warners.)

★ ★ ★ EAGLE SQUADRON (for stirring melodramatics)

IT'S a far cry from The Gay Sisters to this tough melodrama of American aviators in action. Describing the part that intrepid youngsters played in the Battle of Britain before we were in the war, the show builds up terrific suspense and excitement. Here is the advance guard of American heroes, flying with the R. A. F., taking a hand in Commando raids, and suffering Nazi bombings. Here is a stirring show and a timely battle cry.

The film was made with the cooperation of the R. A. F. There is no doubting the authenticity of many of the sequences. There are spectacular scenes of aerial fighting. A stunning section shows flyers bailing out over the English Channel, to be picked up by speedy patrol boats. And the Commando raid, in which the American hero steals a secret German plane, is calculated to keep you well on the edge of your seat.

Straight action is the formula which has worked so effectively with Eagle Squadron. The story starts with a group of Yanks getting final instructions and taking a transport plane to their base. It sketches in the terrible strain that the R. A. F. unit is under as men do not return from raids. The living arrangements of the aviators are described with nice economy. There is a plausible enough romance between the Eagle ace and a WAAF member. What is most important is the fact that every reel of the picture is filled with shots of aerial combat.

There are no top-flight stars in the show, but there is plenty of good acting. Robert Stack does a fine job with the part of the Yank pilot who is shocked by the calm manner in which R. A. F. veterans take the killing of a pal, but learns that this is the only thing to do. John Loder, Jon Hall, and Nigel Bruce are splendid as R. A. F. commanders, and Leif Erikson and Edgar Barrier play a couple of Eagle Squadron recruits with color and conviction. Diana Barrymore has the rather shadowy part of the heroine and handles it smartly.

Eagle Squadron is a knockout screen celebration of a stirring chapter in the war. (Universal.)

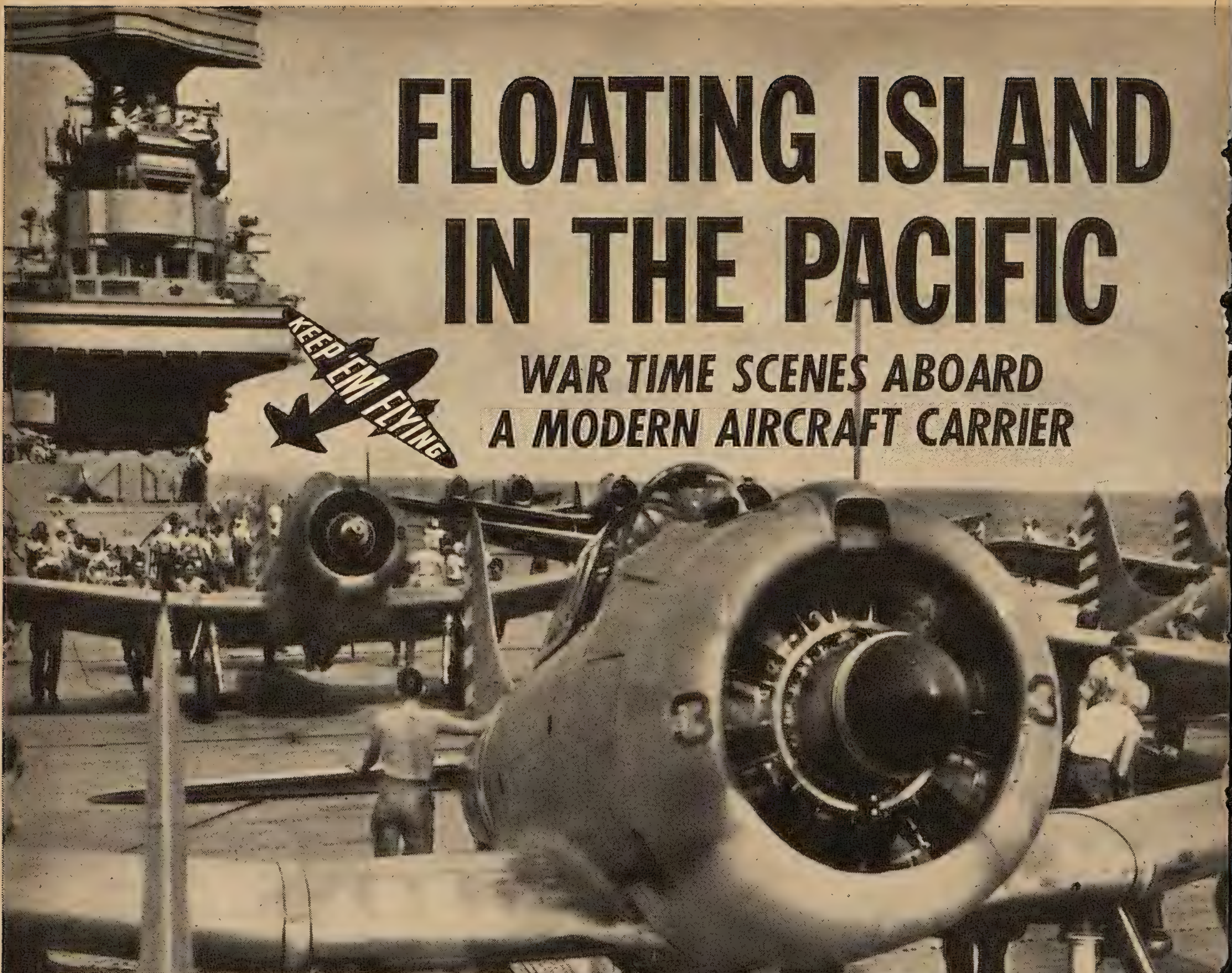
FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

★★★★—Mrs. Miniver, Yankee Doodle Dandy, Tortilla Flat, Saboteur, My Favorite Blonde.

★★★—Holiday Inn, Broadway, Ten Gentlemen from West Point, Take a Letter, Darling, My Favorite Spy, Miss Annie Rooney, This Above All, This Gun for Hire, Syncopation, My Gal Sal, Juke Girl, Moontide, Ship Ahoy, The Spoilers, Twin Beds, In This Our Life, The Great Man's Lady, Rings on Her Fingers, Kipling's Jungle Book, The Tuttles of Tahiti, To the Shores of Tripoli, Rio Rita.

FLOATING ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC

WAR TIME SCENES ABOARD A MODERN AIRCRAFT CARRIER

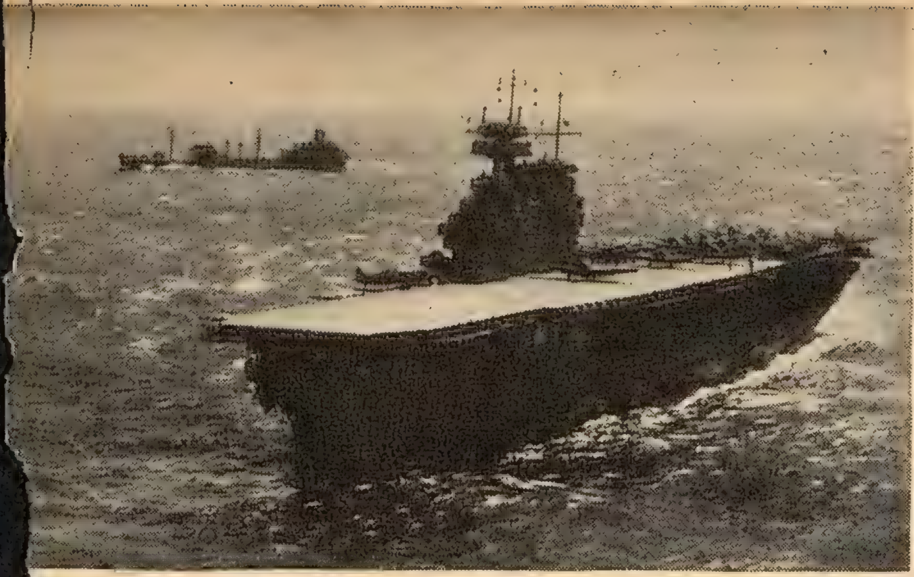


Lookouts on the aircraft carrier watch for enemy planes and ships. One man stands ready to telephone the bridge.

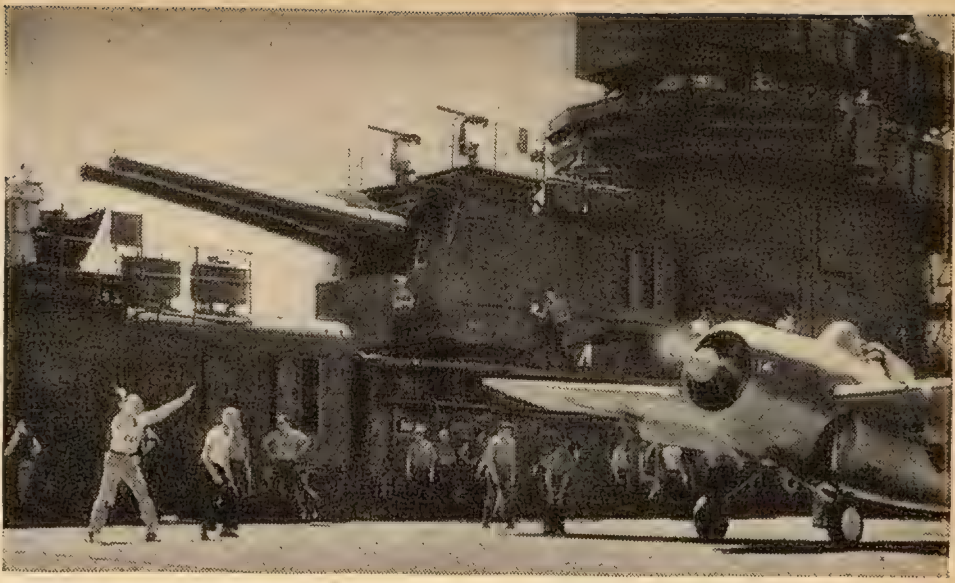
THIS war is in the air. That we realize it was clearly shown when air power was strongly stressed and priorities given to carrier building in the $8,550,000,000 combat ship bill recently passed unanimously by the House of Representatives. There seems no doubt that the Senate, too, will approve the bill which provides for the building of 1,900,000 tons of ships for the Navy, 500,000 tons of which will be aircraft carriers. Already some cruisers under construction are being converted into carriers, and merchant ships will be.

These photographs show something of what goes on aboard a carrier in action. There will be more of these floating island fortresses in the Pacific soon—and in the Atlantic, too, no doubt. Guarded by destroyers and cruisers, equipped with antiaircraft machine-gun batteries to repel enemy attack, carrying photographic units to take aerial pictures of enemy fleets and shore establishments, the carrier is a well armed and well protected home base for the fighting planes and bombers, a huge movable barracks for the men who take to the air to carry the war into enemy territory.

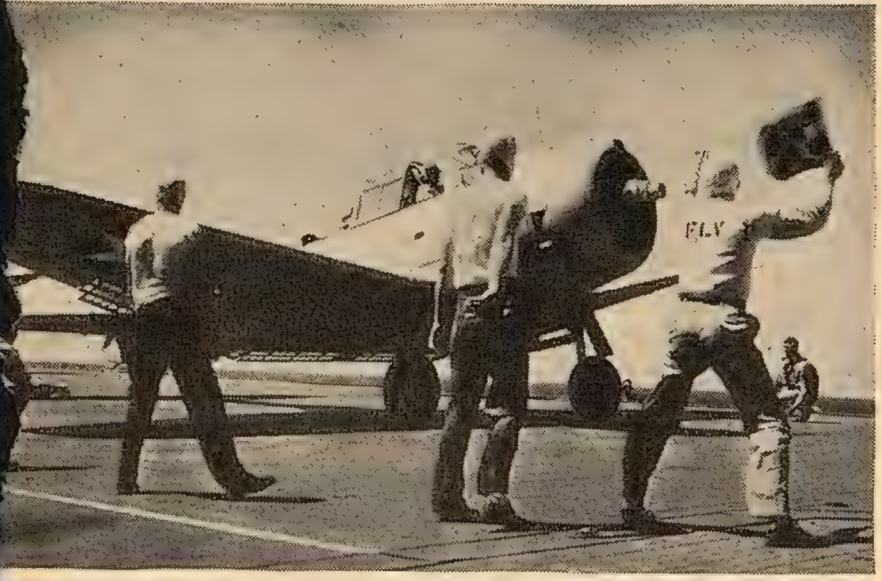
OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPHS



is United States Navy aircraft carrier, guarded by destroyers and uisers somewhere in the Pacific, takes the air war to the enemy.



The enemy has been sighted. Here is a fighter plane preparing to leave the carrier as a take-off signal officer gives the "Go" sign.

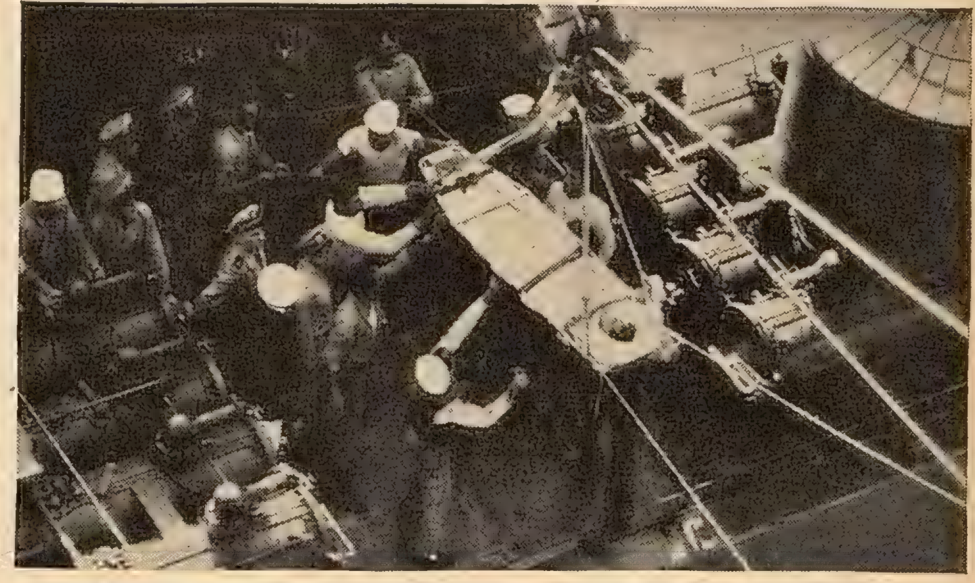


second fighter plane receives the signal from Fly 1—the take-off nal officer—to wing into the air for combat with Jap attackers.

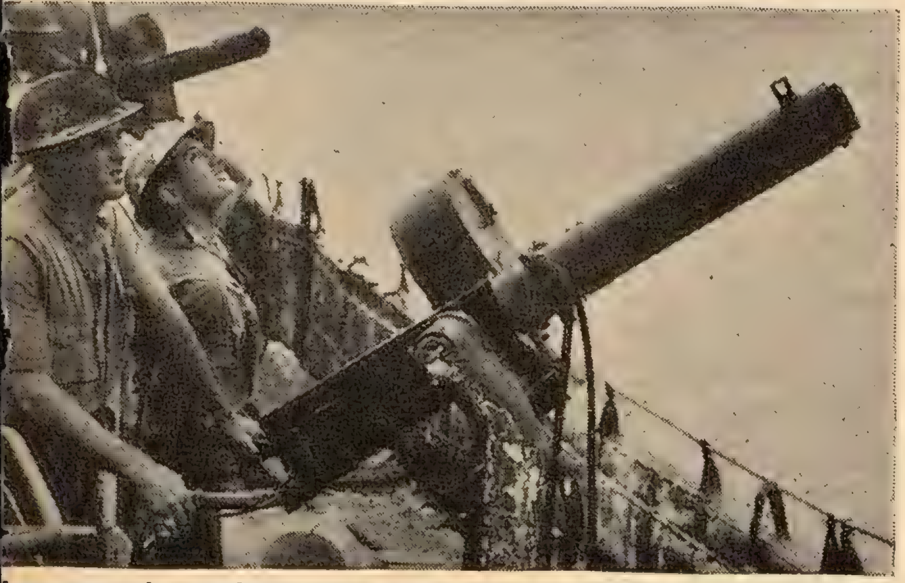
Fast fighter planes, sent out from the aircraft carrier for aerial reconnaissance, bring back pictures taken at 25,000 feet or higher.

Special Side Show
Big T-Bone Steak
10¢ a Peek
Do Not Touch

here's plenty of other food aboard the carrier, but this is the last bone steak. After the parade two enlisted seamen won it and ate it.

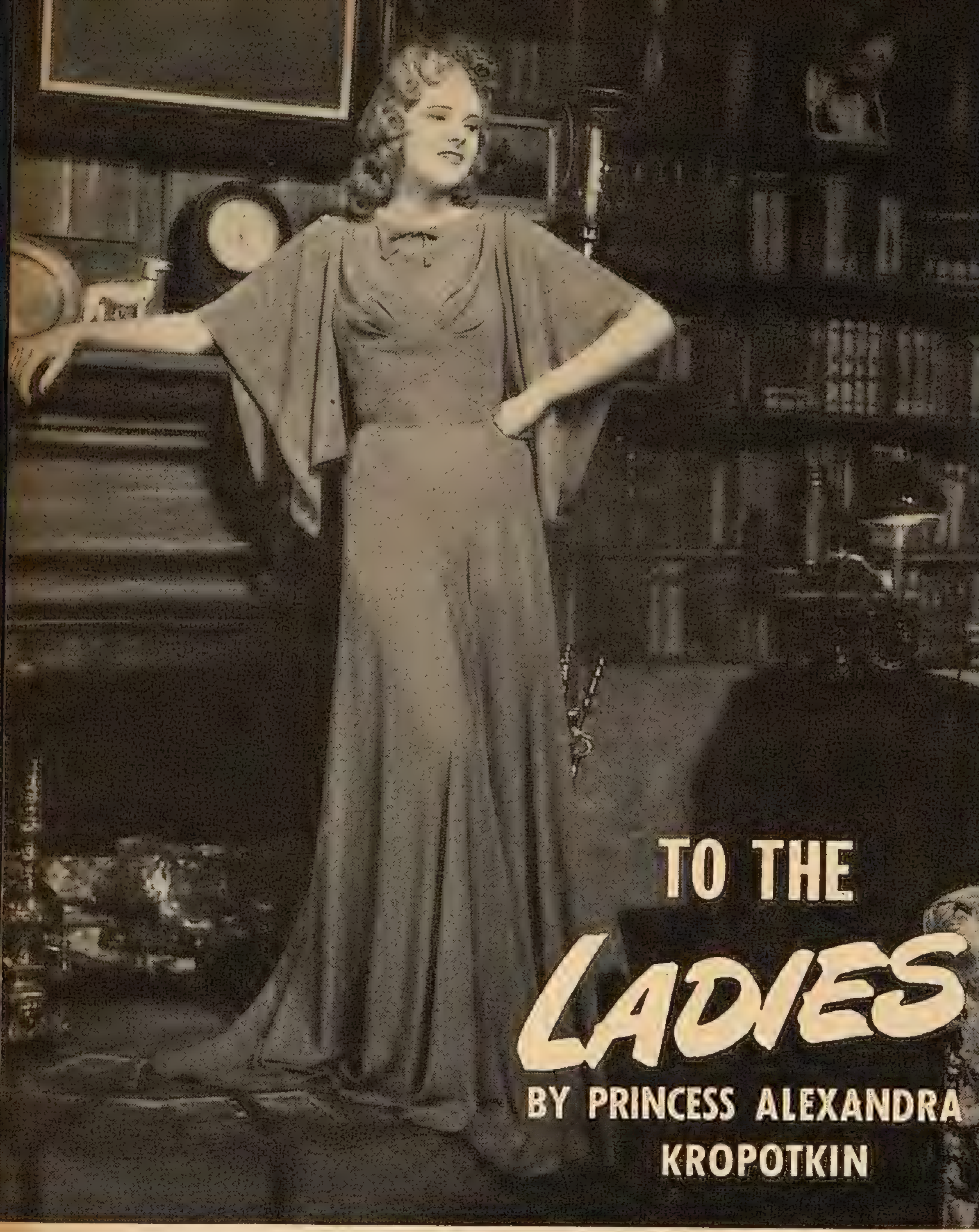


Somewhere not far from Wake Island, a wounded man is transferred from a destroyer to an aircraft carrier by a special breeches buoy.



hese men of a machine-gun crew downed a Jap bomber, attempting to lunge on the carrier's deck; were promoted for meritorious action.

Tense faces mark the terrifying instant when the Jap airman swooped in his suicide crash dive, winging the tail of this dive bomber.



TO THE LADIES

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

Leonora Corbett plays the role of the ghost in Blithe Spirit and—has actually seen one.

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

LEONORA CORBETT created the role of the ghost wife in Noel Coward's play, Blithe Spirit. Incidentally, Noel's pet name for Leonora is Big Blonde. At a party the other day I asked if she ever had seen any ghosts in real life and she said yes, one ghost. "In an English boarding school for girls," she said, "a classmate of mine declared her room was haunted. We thought her nerves had gone jangly, so I bunked in with her to prove there was nothing supernatural about the place—*but I saw the ghost myself!* It was a young man in a light suit, with a scarf around his neck. He sat on the foot of the bed awhile, then just faded away. I reported to the matron, and the room wasn't used after that." . . . Her ghost make-up for the stage takes Leonora a full hour to put on. A weird gray cosmetic was concocted for her by Elizabeth Arden. She paints her lips and fingernails blue over ordinary red lipstick and lacquer. . . . In a hurry one night, she went straight to her hotel from the theater without taking her make-up off. Two gentlemen who had been busy at the bar caught sight of her as she passed through the lobby, and they passed *out.* . . . Playing the part of a ghost has brought Leonora lots of bids from people who claim they live in haunted houses but can't convince their friends. They want Leonora to haunt their premises professionally. So far, she has refused.

Collecting pictures of ghosts is now a hobby of hers. She has one by Eugene Gallatin, founder of the Museum of *Living* Art!

WE'VE had rather a small output of supernatural war stories, the best known being the legend of the Agincourt archers at Dunkirk; but I've just heard one American instance from psychic investigator Manley Palmer Hall. The only son of a Pennsylvania widow was taken prisoner while fighting overseas. Official cards reached her, saying practically nothing except that he was still alive—yet she dreamed of him the night before each card came, and her dreams pictured every detail of his prison accurately, even the road he could see through his cell window. She dreamed of his release the night before news of it arrived.

IF you're a fan for detecting character from penmanship, you'll like the new book, Handwriting Analysis, by Thea Stein Lewinson and Joseph Zubin. (King's Crown Press, New York. $2.)

THE way our young officers and their brides approach the baby situation is like a breath of fresh air. They're so sensible and so serious. During the past month I have heard the subject discussed by three young couples whom I know intimately. In each case the man had reason to think he soon would be sent abroad on dangerous foreign duty. And in each case his young wife agreed that they had better have a child as quickly as possible. "How do we know what's going to happen?" said one of the brides. "We want a baby as fast as we can get one. This may be our only chance."

AN officer's wife who does a good deal of week-end entertaining for service men tells me this *Buffet Potato Salad* is their favorite—and a budget saver for her! . . . Dice 12 boiled potatoes before quite cold. Add 6 chopped pickled onions. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, 1 cup chopped celery leaves. Into 1 cup French dressing put 1 teaspoon sugar and 1 teaspoon prepared mustard; combine gently with salad and chill 2 hours. Now add 1 cup diced pickled pig's feet and ½ cup mayonnaise mixed with 2 tablespoons sour cream. Decorate with minced parsley and cooked beets. With frankfurters or any hot or cold sliced meat this makes a tasty, substantial meal. Beer goes great with it.

NOVEL accessories of her own invention are the interesting hobby of Ellen Ballon, Canadian pianist who as a child prodigy played with the New York Symphony Orchestra at the age of three. She's grown up now, and her newest gadget is a powder compact made from her grandfather's big old-fashioned hunter-case gold watch with the works removed. Swell idea. She also has a compact in the form of a miniature grand piano that opens when she strikes a chord on the keys. Her large envelope handbag, with her name written across it in script, postage stamps painted in one corner, bears the words, Censored at Canadian Border.

HERE'S a curious fact about women, or about parachute jumping, or about both: Ever since chute jumping started, way back in balloon-ascension days, it has appealed to females. Until now the girls willing and eager to jump have always been more numerous than the jump jobs. Now the war has supplied opportunity—notably in Russia. New digest publication, The Woman, tells us the Soviet Union has trained 18,805 young lady comrades as parachute jumpers. Two Russian women, Polina Ossipenko and Valentina Guizodnova, are major generals in the Red Flying Corps.

THIS AN'S WAR

KEEP 'EM FLYING

Warming up a plane on board a carrier preparatory to the take-off.

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

I AM writing you at this time to send you the attached excerpts from a letter which I recently received from my mother, who has been in Sydney, Australia, for the last year. My father is stationed in Sydney as American Consul General. I thought that you and some of your readers who may have sons, husbands, or sweethearts in Australia might be interested in what is being done for the Americans down there.

George E. Palmer,
Los Angeles, Calif.

"Our new American center will be opened in about two weeks. We will have a soda fountain; a hot-dog, doughnut, coffee, and hamburger counter which will seat twenty-five boys; shower rooms; a pressing room (boys press their own clothes); writing room; two ping-pong tables; a billiard table; a library; and an army canteen where they will be able to get cigarettes, razor blades, chewing gum, etc. There are ten girls to help on each shift (10 A. M. to 4 P. M. and 4 P. M. to 10 P. M.) every day in the week, including Sundays. We have over 5,000 Australian pounds ($15,000), all subscribed by Americans. The center will be open to any of our U. S. men in uniforms—privates as well as officers.

"Needless to say, we are all very pleased about it, for we started from scratch.

"Dances, too, are being arranged for our boys, and people have opened up their homes to them. Every day we get an order something like these: 'We'd like twenty boys for supper and dancing—age eighteen to twenty-four,' or else, 'Send us two boys for the week-end,' or, 'Please send us four boys for dinner.' We run a regular 'Entertainment Booking' at our center. Everybody down here thinks our boys are splendid and so well behaved. They have made a splendid impression on every one."

Thank you, Mr. Palmer, for permission to print the very interesting and informative letter from your mother.

* * *

Since they've recalled so many old-timers, I'm just a recruit in This Man's Navy—I've only had eighteen years six months. But that's beside the point. Here's the thing that's been bothering me. If our need of scrap metal is so great, why not clean up the navy yards, naval stations, and civilian shipyards? I am sure I could find enough scrap in any one navy yard to build one battleship. I know one *small* civilian yard where there are hundreds of tons of old ships' plates, boilers, tanks, motors—all *heavy* scrap, and we need it. And isn't this a good time to get rid of some of our old so-called receiving ships in Frisco, Diego, New York, etc.? It would be less expensive to have barracks, the men would be more comfortable, and those old ships have many tons of good metal. I'm not growling, just thinking on paper.

C. B. M., U. S. Navy.

That's quite a thought—in fact, quite a couple of thoughts. I recommend your suggestions to the authorities in Washington.

* * *

This question must be in a lot of soldiers' minds at this time of year. Why isn't a blouse or jacket issued or authorized for dress wear with the khaki uniform? Out here in Denver it gets darn cold at night and a cotton shirt isn't enough to keep a man warm. We of the Air Corps have flight jackets, but they can't be worn off post. We buy khaki jackets, but the authorities say no and off they have to come.

Can't something be done about this situation?

Sgt. D. E. R., Lowry Field, Colo.

During the past week I've had other letters on the same subject from points as far apart as California, North Carolina, and New York, so I'm sure there's no collusion, but there is a problem for the Quartermaster Corps to solve. How about it, Q. M.?

* * *

Dear Gang:

This launches the CBS Mail Bag. Columbia wants you to write as often as possible. As much of your letters as we can include will be reprinted here. As a result, each one of you on the far-flung ramparts will know what the others are doing. The CBS Mail Bag also will go to every CBS "Home Frontier" in the hope that some of them will be inspired to add a few lines of news and greeting to be sent to you. Here at home the dimming out of lights has Broadway looking like an oversize Shubert Alley . . . the gasoline rationing has cut traffic down so that you can practically cross Madison Avenue on your hands and knees.

You yard birds who haven't written yet . . . a post card will do. And you don't have to worry about penning deathless prose. Just remember, the "guide is *write*, in squads."

Columbia Broadcasting System.

A copy of this letter, with pages and pages of letters from service men, plus a page of all their photos, goes to every man from CBS now in service. Columbia is going to do it regularly, and it's one swell idea.

* * *

I have two sons in the Army Air Corps. Both are staff sergeants and each has a wife to support. When their commanding officer gave them permission to marry, did he make them take out government life insurance so that their wives will be taken care of if anything happens to them?

Mrs. E. A. H., Kennett, Mo.

As of the date I write this, no man can be forced to take out government insurance if he does not choose to do so.

* * *

I've been reading your page for some time and have seen lots of letters from girls who are trying to do their part to help the men in service have a good time, but I've yet to see any letters of thanks from the men. The girls and the U. S. O. are doing a swell job and deserve all the thanks in the world. A fella really feels good when he comes into a strange port after a long cruise (with maybe a little action thrown in) to find he has somewhere to go and can meet a decent girl. I'm taking it upon myself to thank you all who are doing so much for all of us in the armed services.

Sgt. C. P. H., U. S. Marine Corps.

You must have missed the many other letters of gratitude I've run, Sergeant.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

Here's fun! A blithe tale of a soldier lover, a lady in distress, and a villain who turned himself into a hero

THE HEART MUST BEAT

BY J.-J. DES ORMEAUX

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE truckload of soldiers and I arrived at the crossroads at the same time, only they pulled over to the left to make the turn to New Orleans, and I pulled to the right to cross the bayou to Charlette. I sat waiting for the light to change, wondering if Bill McCloud, whose crew I had come down to inspect, had found any oil in the neighborhood. There was a kind of eruption out of the back of the army truck and a soldier scampered across the road. He was a tanned fine-looking boy with the stripes of a corporal, square white teeth, and the flashing dark eyes of a Cajun.

"You go to Charlette?"

"Yes."

"You mail thees for me in Charlette?"

"Sure, sure."

It was a penny post card and he began scribbling the address on it. The point of his pencil broke. I handed him my fountain pen and he chuckled his thanks, beaming, effervescing like a champagne bottle.

"If I mail it in New Orleans it arrive too late!" he explained. "I get the leave, the three-day leave, she *mus'* know!"

The light changed. The horn of the truck beeped. He thrust pen and card at me, I muffed them, we juggled them back and forth, the pen dropped, he pelted across the road shouting his thanks.

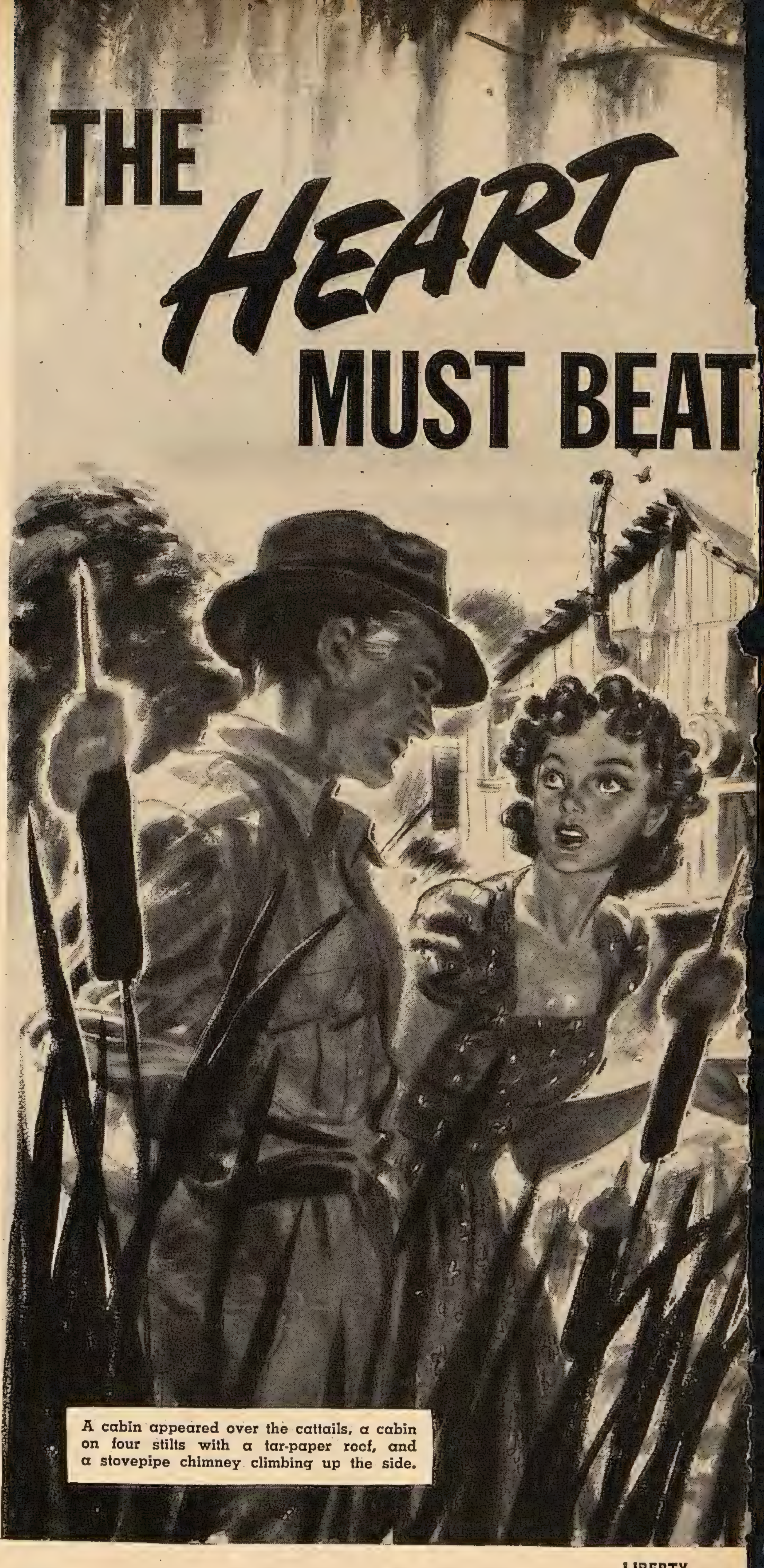
The last I saw of him was his vigorously struggling legs disappearing over the tailboard as his buddies pulled him in.

I crossed the bayou and drove down the moss-hung shell road to Charlette, full of that pleasant feeling of doing a good turn at no particular effort to yourself.

At the first mailbox in town I got out to drop the card, and stood with it in my hand. The fumbling and juggling we had done had smeared the wet fountain-pen ink into an indecipherable blur.

I felt very bad about it, but there was nothing I could do. I turned the card over. On the back was scribbled in pencil:

My darling Gaby this time the marriage is for sure. I have the leave promis for Fri, Sat, Sun, I am so excite I can hartly write. All I see in the mind is you in the wounderful dress we have see in the Bon Marche, the church with the flours, papa in the tail coat he rent for $5, cakes and cherry brandy on the tables, the brital suite at Popinot's Hotel for the honneymoon. Do not speak of



A cabin appeared over the cattails, a cabin on four stilts with a tar-paper roof, and a stovepipe chimney climbing up the side.

extrangavance, we be together this 3 day, perhaps no more.

My heart hurt and acke for you.

BAPTISTE.

This did little but make me feel worse, for obviously the bright-eyed Baptiste was going to get married on his leave, after several previous disappointments, and the affair was to have that dash and elegance which, to the French mind of an Acadian, is practically indispensable. Gaby, no doubt, meant Gabrielle, but whether there were one, two, or twenty Gabrielles along the bayou I had no idea. I did the only thing that I could think of.

I drove down the street until I came to the bank, operated, I happened to know, by one Pascagou.

Of Mr. Pascagou I knew exactly nothing, except that Bill McCloud rented an office from him; but if he was the village banker he should be able to help. I parked at the bank, whose tiny window was almost entirely covered by an enormous placard:

Pascagou for Mayor

Below was the portrait of a beaming little butterball of a man, pointing triumphantly to the legend:

Pascagou n'est Jamais Fou

It seemed odd he should base his campaign on the fact that he was never a fool; maybe it was for the sake of the *gou* and *fou* rhyme, which made a kind of jingle. I went inside and a cashier took me back to a glassed-in office, where considerable commotion was going on. It came not from the original of the photograph, who was gulping a cup of coffee, but from a girl with a small distressed face. She had a mop of bright auburn hair, a cotton print dress, bare sunburned legs, and a pair of scuffed shoes. She was waving both arms while her voice broke in a frantic way.

"BUT, Mist' Pascagou, it is such a small loan! On the whole ten acres, which is mine, which papa have give me! You make the loan, please, please!"

"No, no," said Pascagou, his pudding-round little face very annoyed. "It is no good, I cannot do; it is swamp, worthless, the ten acres."

"But I sell it to you! I *give* it to you, for the two hundred dollars!"

"Pouf!" snorted Pascagou. "If I do not give the loan on it, why should I buy it? Come, come, my child, I have more serious things attached to my brains." He hustled her out the door, where she dropped on the bench alongside me with her face in her hands. He remained looking at me, his eyebrows bouncing up and down and his cheeks pouched up around his eyes like a squirrel with two cheekfuls of nuts.

"Mr. Pascagou," I said, "I wanted to ask you—"

"Ah, Mr. Donaldson!" he cried, pumping my fist and pulling me into the office. "How are you? How are you cooking on the stove, yes? Did you have the nice trip?"

I was very surprised. "You know who I am?"

"But yes!" he said, waggling his coffee spoon at me playfully. "You are the big boss over McCloud who conduct the exploring search for the oil. You have come here to buy the oil lease, no?"

He could, if he had tapped me between the eyes with it, have knocked me flat with his coffee spoon. There is no business quite so hush-hush as oil exploration. It was true, as field superintendent, I was supposed to gauge the findings of Bill's seismograph crew, and if there was anything promising in the neighborhood, to buy an oil lease on it. How this button-eyed little Billiken could have guessed it was beyond comprehension.

"AH, the face, she pop like the weasel! But come, it is a secret between us. I am the man with the interior like a padlock." He rubbed his fat little hands, beaming with relish. "Of course what you wish to know is where is McCloud who rent the office upstairs. He is not in his office. He is out working with his crew. You go"—he sketched a route on a wall map—"out this road, turn sharp left down the headland where the swamp begin . . ." He snapped his fingers. "The girl. Of course."

He steered me outside to the bench. "My child, this is the boss man of those oil men which work today at your home place. Conduct him where they are."

She got up, smudged at her eyes, bobbed dismally.

"Come, come, dry the nose. Gaby, lift the heart."

"Gaby?" I said.

"*Parfaitement,*" said Pascagou. "Gabrielle Quimper."

"Have you," I asked, " a sweetheart named Baptiste?"

She stared at me.

"Eh? Eh?" said Pascagou. "But of course. Baptiste Lebec, a soldier. What is this? You know him?"

"I have a—" I stopped. This was one thing the little Billiken wasn't going to find out. "I have a message from him," I said, "outside. In the car."

She came down the sidewalk with her head turned stiffly toward me like a somnambulist. I waited until we were in the car to give her the card. I pulled from the curb, gloating over the transfiguration I would see when I turned around.

She sucked in a gulp of air and let it out in a wail of anguish. "Oh! Oh!" she cried. "What shall I do? Oh, he come tomorrow! Oh, *ciel,* what shall I do?"

"You . . . you're not glad he's coming?"

She batted both cheeks with her hands, her eyes like jumbo olives. "Oh, I am flat like the frypan! Oh, it is tragical like drowning! What can I do? Pascagou say no, I cannot get the money! Oh, my poor Baptiste! I love him so, I cannot stand his face go plop,

AJAX
AIRCRAFT
EMPLOYMENT
BURR
SHAFER

"No! He's the stenographer. I'm a welder."

the disappointment look in the eyes! Something break inside here, my heart mus' bust! I cannot give it to him, the fine wedding, the big wedding, the wedding fitting with the strips!"

"The stripes, you mean?"

"Yes, yes, which make him the corporal! He is so proud, my Baptiste, it is his dream, the big wedding so the eyes bug out of the town! It will kill him, the officer which he is!"

She burst into tears with the total abandon of a child, red mop tossing, gulping, choking sobs. I sat, making inarticulate and sympathetic sounds. "You . . . . mean that you have to have two hundred dollars for the wedding preparations?"

"Yes! Yes. He, Baptiste, have won the two hundred dollars at the dice game, from the other soldiers! He send it to me! This money is to pay for everything—the flowers, the tables, the wonderful white dress for me, papa in the tail coat, cakes and brandy for every one, the best suite in the hotel for the honeymoon!"

I BEGAN to get the general idea: Corporal Baptiste had taken his outfit for two hundred dollars with the ivory cubes and was shooting the works, a blaze of glory, a wedding without parallel, three days of purple splendor.

"But what happened to the two hundred dollars?" I asked.

"The *ours* have eat it!"

"The what?"

"The *ours!* The *ours!* The money was in bills! I have roll it up and, to keep it safe, put it in the sugar sack underneath the house! The *ours,* who like sugar, have dig up the money and chew it to moosh!"

I don't know which staggered me more, the idea of the bills being chewed to mush or the idea of having a bear around the house. She flung her hands wide. "What can I do? Papa have give me the home place, to raise money, but Pascagou, who have all the money, will not loan! I say, 'Buy it!' He will not buy!"

She collapsed with her red mop flopping and the sobs cascading out of her. It was certainly a black situation. Baptiste would come marching home expecting to meet a celebration that would lay the town in windrows, and there would be nothing. Nothing but an empty church, and a tear-smudged Gaby in her cotton print dress and scuffed shoes. Suddenly, with a jerk, she swung round on me. "But you—Pascagou say you are the big oil man, the boss of those men who look for oil on our land?"

"Yes, I've come out to look at their work."

She looked at me with her knuckles crushed against her mouth. "You find for us the oil?"

It was, apparently, her last desperate hope. I shook my head emphatically. "No, no. Don't get that into your head. We work all over, we work a lot of places, but that doesn't mean we find oil. It's just an accident, you might say, that we happen to be on your land."

Nevertheless, for the rest of the way she sat strained into a tense ball of excitement, her green eyes the size of coasters. The rest of the way was not long. We ran down a cane headland, crashed through a bramble hedge, and, with the unexpectedness of Louisiana, were hub-deep in swamp. A cabin appeared over the cattails, a cabin on four stilts, with a tar-paper roof, a washtub hanging on a nail, and a badly jointed stovepipe chimney climbing up the side. On the porch an old gentleman in a pair of frayed trousers was stretching a muskrat skin.

"Pascagou, he give?"

"*Non, non,* papa."

This, apparently, was papa who was to wear the tail coat. He hopped down from the porch, a shriveled little cricket of a man with large bare feet and eager childlike eyes. Gaby and I threshed through a thicket of scrub to the porch, where, about the level of my eye, a small black bear lay curled into a disgruntled ball—the *ours* evidently who had chewed up the roll of bills.

"This, papa, is the boss man," Gaby said.

"This?" He rushed at me with both arms out to embrace me, while I fended him off by grabbing one horny paw. "Ah, what pleasure, I guarantee! It is the boss man! The boss man who come to say, 'There is the oil!' The man who come to make us rich! A cup coffee for the boss man! Gaby, quick, a cup coffee!"

"No, no!" I said. "Thank you, but not now. I am in a hurry. I must find the man who runs the other men."

"Ah, the little boss man!" he cried, hopping around on his bare feet. "I get! I call! I bring!"

He plunged off through the brush, leaving me with Gaby, who was wrapping her shoes in a piece of newspaper, apparently to preserve them for the next trip to town. "Listen," I said. "You mustn't let your father get so worked up. It is very foolish, very bad. Looking for oil doesn't mean finding it. There's a million-to-one chance against its being here."

SHE looked at me with great green eyes. "But you know, yes? You can tell, after you take the look? Please, please tell me so soon you know! So I do not have this horrible hoping inside me!"

I said, for which I could have been railroaded out of the oil industry, that I would, when papa threshed out of the brush with Bill McCloud.

"Hi, Don!" He rubbed mud off his hand to shake hands, grinning all over his blunt craggy face. "Sorry I wasn't in the office. Have any trouble running me down? Maybe it's just as well; I've got the data out here."

"You've got the data out here?"

"Yeah, yeah. I don't dare leave it in the office. The guy I rent the office from, a guy named Pascagou, has a key and comes in and looks the data all over."

We pushed through the thicket of brush, on the other side of which was the usual predicament of a seismograph crew. A truck was bogged down in a mudhole with six or eight of the boys heaving on it, the wheels churning and the muddy water spouting in geysers.

"Come on, you monkeys!" yelled Bill. "We want to get home sometime tonight!"

"About this Pascagou," I said. "I wanted to talk to you about him. How come he knew who I was?"

Bill turned and shook a hairy fist under my nose. "That rat! So he knew that too, did he? I've finally found out how he learns these things. He's got an extension from my office phone downstairs to his, and he just picks up the receiver whenever I do." His blunt face wrinkled ferociously. "Listen. I ought to wring that little rat's neck. He's made life miserable for me ever since I came here. He's the banker, see, and holds trusteeships or mortgages on a couple of hundred little tracts of land, peppered all over the place, so that I can't work a line anywhere without running into something he controls. So, says the pot-bellied little chipmunk, for the permission to work on his tracts we must have an arrangement. If not, says he, he'll get the other Cajuns to say no, kick us off their land, and we can't work anywhere." He threw up his hands. "What could I do? I had to play ball with him. It was either that or not work at all."

"WHAT was the arrangement?"

"To tip him off in advance, in case we buy any oil leases, just which of the tracts he controls we mean to lease."

"What's the point of that?"

"Why, he intends to buy any tract we mean to lease, thus getting himself the owner's royalty in case a well comes in."

I rubbed my chin back and forth. The roly-poly little butterball was certainly taking us for everything but the hide and tallow. He could, of course, once he had the ownership of a tract we wanted, boost the lease price sky-high on us. And the trouble was, you had to live up to these Cajun agreements or your name would be mud up and down the bayou country.

"I can see," I said, "the point of that slogan on the campaign literature."

"Huh?" said Bill. "Oh, you mean, 'Pascagou *n'est jamais fou,*' eh? Yeah, that's a regular local saying around here—he's no fool, he's never stung, he's never caught off base. The funny thing is, he's in a spot with the town. He's been mayor for eight years, but they're getting tired of his chiseling and scrounging. If somebody could only get something on him, hook him by the neck in one of his own snide practices, they'd landslide him out in the next election. Boy, I'd give a month's salary to see it happen!"

We were at his car, in which were maps, tracings, computing charts, anything that would give the slightest inkling about his findings. Bill pulled out a drawing board with a half-completed contour map. "I haven't got it done yet, but the figures are there, and you can finish it in about five minutes."

What he was showing me was not a surface map but a map of the structure of the earth about seven thousand

"If he spanks me, I'm gonna run away from home!"

1. It was one of those scenes that can leave a family feeling unhappy for days. I'd spent the afternoon at Cousin Sally's, leaving Timmy and Big Tim home together . . . Well, Timmy needed a laxative, but he balked at the bad-tasting medicine, so his father tried to *force* it down him. Timmy shrieked and struggled, and Big Tim lost his temper . . .

2. He'd just gone for the hair brush as I got home, and it made my heart ache to hear Timmy threatening to run away if he got spanked. I decided there must be *some* way to avoid these scenes at laxative time.

3. "Tim," I said, "maybe *we're* at fault about this. Let's call Sally. She used to be a nurse, you know." Tim agreed *anything* was worth trying, so I phoned Sally. "Heavens!" she said, "you *shouldn't* force medicine down the child.

4. "Forcing can upset his whole nervous system. Give him a *pleasant*-tasting laxative . . . Fletcher's Castoria. It's made especially for children. They *like* to take it. And it's effective, yet *safe* and gentle. Why not try it?"

5. That night, our druggist told us he always recommended Fletcher's Castoria. He said many doctors approve it, too, because it's a laxative made *especially* for children. I was convinced and got the money-saving Family Size.

6. Timmy took Fletcher's Castoria like a lamb, and just *loved* the taste. It worked wonderfully, too. Since then the only use Big Tim has for the hair brush is to brush his hair.

Always take a laxative only as directed on the package or by your physician.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.

1. Senna, obtained from the leaf of the Cassia plant, is the chief ingredient of Fletcher's Castoria.

2. Medical literature contains many favorable references to senna as a gentle and effective laxative ingredient . . .

3. Seldom does senna disturb the appetite and digestion, or cause nausea . . .

4. Senna works primarily in the lower bowel, with an almost natural action.

feet down. It was, so to speak, a kind of X-ray picture of the neighborhood. This is what a seismograph crew does—charts the rock layers deep below the surface by sound waves. Oil is somewhere down there among the rock layers; but it won't accumulate in a pool unless there is something to trap it—a hump, bump, or ancient upheaval among the rock strata. This is what we look for in seismograph work—not the oil directly but some such mountainous underground pimple which will have trapped the oil.

One glance at the map showed me that there was nothing spectacular in the neighborhood. The Quimper ten acres, however, was in the unsketched part. I sat down with the drawing board and took up the figures that went with the map. Gaby was hovering in the vicinity—with a basket on her arm, making some business of collecting moss for a moss mattress.

I WENT to work with a tingle frisking up my back and my blood thumping a little tattoo. I made small Xs, jotted down figures, sketched contour lines. It would be so right, so fitting, such a proper miracle, if something would shape up under her land.

I took out a cigar, bit the end off it, lit it. The cigar tasted like one of the moss beards Gaby was pulling from the trees. I got up and put the drawing board back in the car.

Bill came up. "How's it go?"

"It's N. G.," I said. "Not a thing. No use wasting time here any longer. You can figure on pulling your crew out of town in the morning."

"O. K.," he said. "I'll go hustle 'em up with that truck."

I walked over to Gaby with her basket of moss. She drew herself up stiffly and stared at me.

"I'm sorry," I said, "there's nothing here. Not a thing. There's no oil here and never will be."

Her eyes dropped and she caught at her throat. There was no outburst this time. Just a kind of wilting.

"I did not think so, too," she said.

"HARDTACK"
Reamer Keller

"Whaddya mean, put on the brakes? We should have done that when we built the car!"

We walked back, mute and dispirited, toward the cabin. The boys didn't seem to be having any luck with the truck; now they were trying to winch it out of the mudhole. This consisted of sinking a four-inch sapling about ten feet in the ground, attaching a long iron chain from a rear wheel to the sapling, and starting the truck in reverse. As the chain wound up on the wheel, something had to come out—in this case the sapling, for it simply pulled itself through the mud like a toothpick through butter.

"We'll have to attach that chain to a tree," said Bill.

"Give me! Give me!" cried Papa Quimper.

The old fellow probably knew a better tree than anybody else, so Bill gave him the end of the chain. He plunged off through the brush, and very shortly there came a yell: *"Allez!* Pull! Pull!"

The engine whined in reverse, the chain stiffened, the truck groaned, shuddered, heaved, and floundered out of the mudhole. After that, quite unconnected with the truck, came an indescribable noise, a sliding, rattling crescendo like an avalanche, with a tremendous jolt at the end.

"Je-hudi!" said Bill.

We piled through the brush, coming up so fast that we collided with each other. Papa Quimper had attached the chain to the corner piling of the cabin. The piling had come completely out of the ground; the cabin had apparently teetered for a moment, then pointed its back door at the ground and nose-dived.

It stood now at an angle of about forty degrees, the washtub swinging like a pendulum, the back door gaping open, and the *ours* clinging desperately to the tar-paper roof.

"Good Christopher, man!" I cried. "You've wrecked your house!"

PAPA seemed momentarily disconcerted himself. Then he whirled around and pounded his hands on my chest. He exploded fingers in my face. "The house? Phooey on the house! You find for us the oil!"

It was really a horrible instant. We stood while a steady procession of things slid out the back door—pans, dishes, a breadboard, stove lids, a coffeepot. Gaby gave a kind of moan. "No, papa, there is no oil! There is nothing! Now we have not even the house!"

Papa stood with a slack blankness on his face. "No oil?"

"No."

"Nothing?"

"Nothing."

He walked over and kicked the broken bashed-in joints of stovepipe. He looked up foolishly, with a struggling attempt to smile. "The chimney, she never draw," he said.

It was a little too much for me. I walked over to my car, concocting, in a scrambling fashion, some story I could tell the company about a truck going into a tailspin and knocking over a cabin. I took out my pen and wrote the check for as much as I could without a lot of red tape and investigation: a hundred dollars.

I came back and handed it to Gaby. "I can't tell you how I feel," I said. "Maybe you can put it together with this."

I felt too low to see Pascagou, as the arrangement required, and the bank was closed anyway, so I gloomed around Popinot's Hotel and discussed with Bill the area where he would work next. It didn't help much to have the bridal suite, with an elaborate gilt scroll on the door, right at the end of my hall. It was impossible, of course, to make the wedding preparations with the money left over from the cabin; or, conversely, that the cabin could be repaired with the margin from the wedding. Any way you looked at it, it looked worse.

IN the morning I went in to see Pascagou. He was drinking coffee again, morning coffee this time, making a loud chirruping sound and blowing his fat little cheeks in and out like a chameleon. He bounced up from his chair, his face squeezed in a myriad beaming creases. "Ah, my pal in the oil game! You have talk to McCloud of our arrangement? You come to tell me where you buy the lease?"

"The fact is," I said, "we're not leasing anything. We're through in the neighborhood. The crew is already pulling out."

"Eh?" he said, the beaming creases all falling out of his face. "You do not take the lease? You go away? The place is no good?"

"That's about the size of it."

He took hold of his face and twisted it the way a man turns off a hydrant. Slowly he resumed his seat. "Ah, well," he said, heaving up his shoulders philosophically, "the oil, she is fickle. But I have a quantity of other holdings in Plaquemine Parish. Perhaps you like to search for the oil there, on the same arrangement?"

"Not," I said, "if we can help it."

He thought that was funny. His little potbelly shook while he chuckled. I had to admire something about him—a sporting quality, certainly, an ability to rebound. We shook hands amicably and I was turning to go when the cashier almost knocked me down. He plunged in, waving a slip of paper. "Look! Look! Gaby has jus' cash this at the window!"

It was the check I had given her.

"Bigre!" cried Pascagou as if he had been stabbed. "What is this? A check from you to Gaby?"

"Quite so," I said.

"What is that for?"

"For hauling a truck out of the mud."

"A hundred dollars for hauling a truck out of the mud?"

"There was," I said, "some damage to the Quimper cabin."

He sucked in such a gulp of air I thought he was going to explode. His cheeks bulged like balloons, his mouth jerked, yanked, twisted, I thought his eyes would pop out at me like pistol balls. Then, about the time he was purpling with suffocation, it all cleared very quickly and there was his normal expression again, with a wise and cunning smile.

"Ah, but you are the sly one!" he said. "You are the *renard*, the fox, which carry the brush down the leg of the pants, eh? You do not lease my land, no? You go away from the neighborhood, yes? But you pay one hundred dollars for the lease on the Quimper land!" His voice jumped like a rocket. "One hundred dollars! For a lease! For a lease only! Henri! Henri!" he bellowed at the cashier. "Get the girl quick, quick, before she go down the street! Offer her a thousand dollars for the land!"

THE wedding was a four-bell, five-star affair, with yards of red-white-and-blue bunting strung around the church, tables loaded with shrimp, pralines, steaming gumbo, demijohns of cherry brandy, heaps of those cakes they call pigs' ears, *oreilles de cochon*. The town was there in force, packing the church, overflowing among the tables, chattering alternately about the wedding and about Pascagou. The news was out: How he had tried to rook Gaby and been rooked himself instead, and from the laughter, the universal chorus of derision, here was finally the shove that had capsized his political applecart.

There was a burst of handclapping and there came bride and groom, Baptiste straight, splendid, and handsome in his uniform, and Gaby with a speechless glory on her face, the wonderful white dress standing out in tiers and flounces like a wagon wheel. They were almost down the church steps when, like a jack-in-the-box, some one popped out of an automobile and jumped up on the hood.

It was Pascagou.

"Friends! My friends!" he shouted. "It is I, your mayor, about whom you hear the bad story! You hear that I try to cheat this glorious bride by buying her home place for the oil, and am myself squeezed like the lemon! Hah-hah-hah! How you do not know me! How you do not know my heart, big like the ham! I *pretend* to buy the land for the oil! That is what I tell her, so as to conceal the surprise, the one thousand dollars on my own account, and this"—he waved a document—"in the name of the town! It is the deed to her home place! In your name, my friends, I now present it to the bride, a dowry from the town of Charlette!"

It was astounding. It was magnificent. In the upturned faces, so derisive a moment ago, was now a popeyed look of admiration. A cheer went up, a roaring, hat-waving cheer, while Pascagou, bouncing down from the hood, presented the deed to the bride. Down the line came Pascagou, sure now of re-election, shaking hands, beaming, chucking babies under the chin. In his triumphal progress he passed very close to me; he squeezed up the button eye on my side and spoke from the corner of his mouth.

"Pascagou *n'est jamais fou*," he said.

THE END

It isn't magic that Schlitz uses to produce that famous flavor. The fact is that it takes more than magic to brew a beer *without a trace of bitterness!* Schlitz isn't bitter because it has just the *kiss* of the hops. It costs more to brew beer this way. But Schlitz spares no expense to give you *America's most distinguished beer*. In the familiar 12-ounce bottle. Now also available in the NEW Schlitz GUEST BOTTLE containing one FULL QUART.

JUST THE *Kiss*
OF THE HOPS...
none of the bitterness

Copr. 1942, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

NEW WEAPONS FOR WA

Stirring, eye-opening facts about America's progress in making better fighting planes than the Axis' best

Navy Grumman Avenger is better than the Wildcat.

The Navy Grumman Wildca fighter was used by O'Hare

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 8 SECONDS

WHEN the war came to Pearl Harbor the greatest nation in the world was, as an air power, virtually impotent.

The Axis nations, of course, knew this, even if we didn't. That is why they dared to attack us, and did.

They knew that aerial warfare's version of the old prize-ring axiom that a good big man can usually lick a good little man was that a good high-flying plane can usually lick a good low-flying plane—and that our American fighting ships, no matter how powerfully motored and armed, were of the low-flying variety.

Only in bombers could we claim parity with our enemies, and then only in quality, not quantity. In pursuit and fighter planes, our very best products, primarily designed for speed on a moderate level, were no match for high-flying enemy fighters.

That the Colin Kellys and the Edward O'Hares and the unidentified American heroes who zoomed to glory over the Burma Road and the Coral Sea were able, in individual instances, to overcome this inequality did not disprove the accuracy of our enemies' information; it merely provided doubly deserved laurels for the brows of these courageous young men.

The terrifying fact remained that thousands of American boys who risked death and defeat in the battle of the air left the ground under the well-nigh insuperable handicap of aerial inferiority.

That the Japs based their surprise attack and rapid early moves in the South Pacific on this known fact, there can be no doubt. Moreover, their immediate seizure and long-time maintenance of control of the Pacific air showed that they were, from their viewpoint, quite right in doing so. But if they and their Axis partners based their hopes of ultimate success on a continuance of any such situation, they were never so wrong in their lives.

Blind isolationism in Congress could deprive the army and navy and private industry of the appropriations necessary for production on a large scale of fighting planes equal to those involved in the war over Europe, but nothing could prevent forward-looking engineers in our American armed forces and in our American airplane factories from keeping step, at least on their drawing boards, and sometimes even in experimental construction, with each new European development in aerial warcraft.

And nothing *had* prevented them. On December 7, 1941, American plane builders were on the alert. Although they had scant opportunity to produce fighting craft equal to the best Axis fighters, they not only knew how to do so, but, by adding American methods to European experience, they were confident that they knew how to make even better fighting planes than the enemy's best.

Already, in the few brief months since Pearl Harbor, they have proved that their confidence was justified. As we enter the second half year of U. S. participation in the war, the wing is definitely on the other foot.

IT is impossible to overestimate the importance of this changed situation. It is the outstanding development of the first six months of the war. It may prove to be the turning point of the *whole* war. Realization of its significance must have come to our overconfident enemies like a thunderbolt out of a clear sky—and in a sense it did literally come that way, for a new American plane of revolutionary design, officially Republic Aviation Corporation's P-47 but immediately nicknamed the Thunderbolt, has become almost overnight the shining symbol of America's potential superiority in the air.

Beechcraft training planes for the Army A
Corps lined up on the floor of the factory

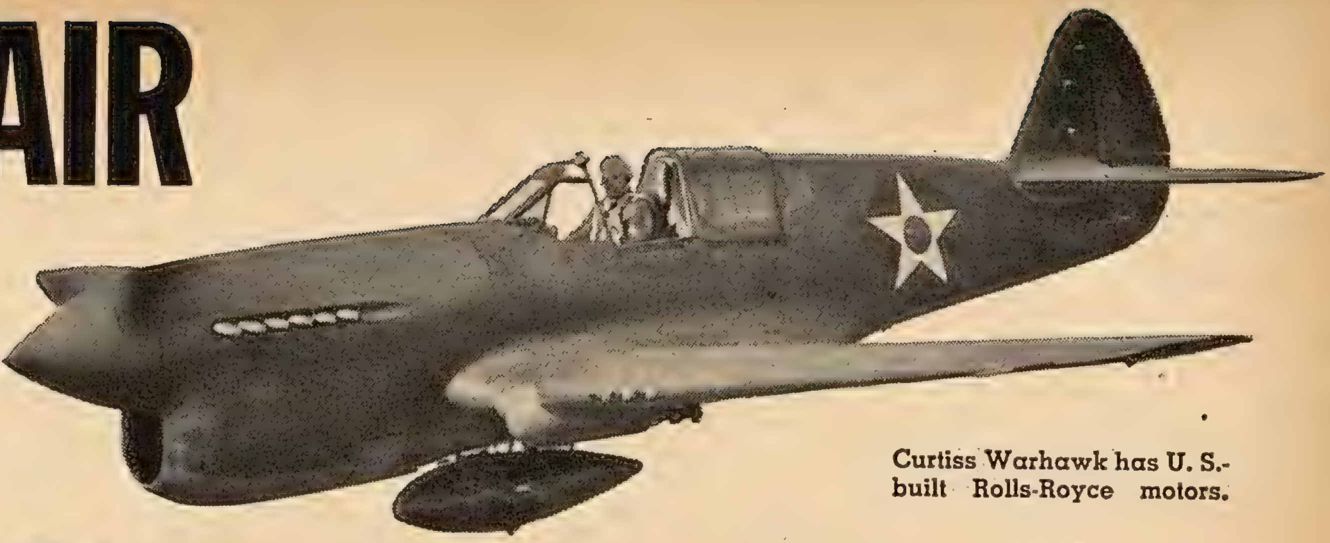
The Thunderbolt is one of the big boys of the sky. Heavily armed and heavily armored, it weighs as much as a two-engined Lockheed P-38 or one of those old Ford tri-motored transports, yet its one 2,000-horsepower Pratt & Whitney air-cooled engine drives it fast enough to make it the fastest single-engined plane in the world, as easily maneuverable as the lightest pursuit plane, capable of altitudes so startling that government censorship forbids mention of them.

Thirty days after Pearl Harbor this epochal new weapon for warfare in the air was ready to go into quantity production. Ninety days later it was not only in production at the parent company's big new plant, but its patents and designs had been patriotically released to other manufacturers to assure maximum quantity in minimum time.

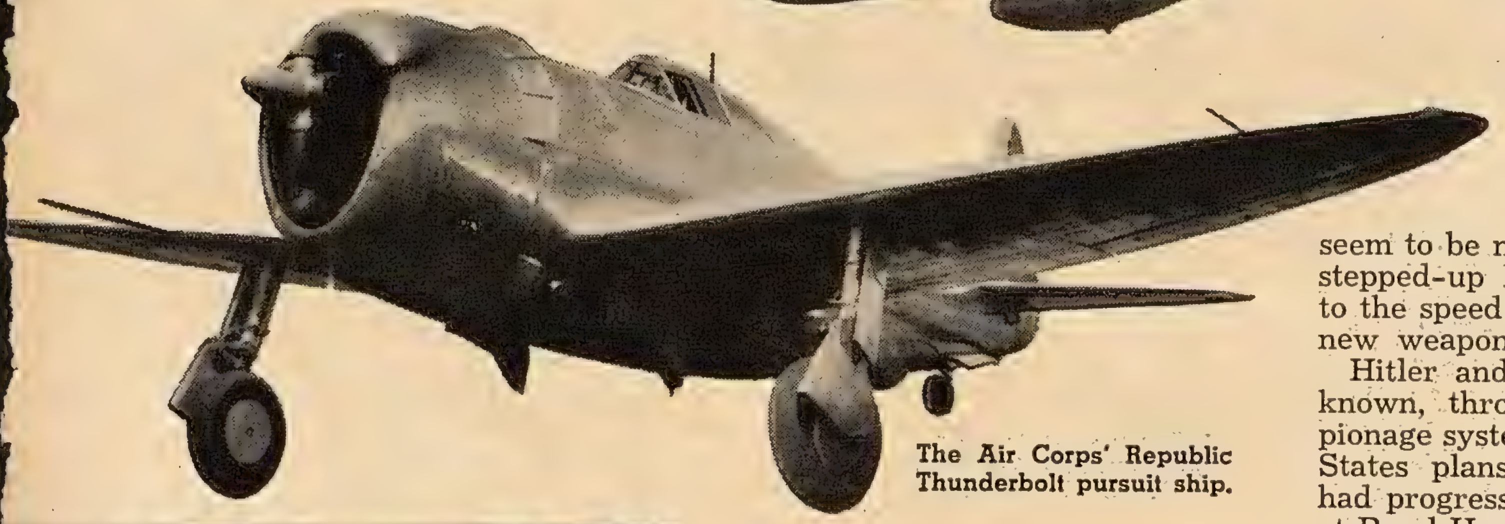
Of course this mechanical miracle, which may change the whole course

IN THE AIR

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS



Curtiss Warhawk has U. S.-built Rolls-Royce motors.



The Air Corps' Republic Thunderbolt pursuit ship.

Alexander Kartveli (left), chief engineering designer at Republic, with Dr. Sanford A. Moss.

and complexion of the war, was not worked in any thirty days or any 120 days. It takes at least a year and a half to bring a new model air fighter from the drawing board to the assembly line.

THE Thunderbolt, as a matter of fact, stems from a very good five-year-old pursuit plane, P-35, designed by "Sacha" Seversky—Major Alexander P. de Seversky, author of Victory Through Air Power—and its greatly improved successor, Republic's 350-miles-per-hour P-43. It owes its present triumphant position, however, to the genius of a man whose name is still quite unknown to the great majority of his fellow citizens, one Alexander Kartveli, who might accurately be described as "the daring young man on the flying trapeze."

An artillery soldier in the Russian Army during the first World War, Kartveli later migrated to France and took up the study of aeronautics. He had no money, but managed to finance himself and his studies and his flying lessons by doing a trapeze act in a circus. Two decades later he found himself head of a great American airplane company's 200 engineers, 125 of whom were working under his direction in the creation of America's answer to the Axis air threat.

Kartveli is as modest as his achievements are great. It took his boss, Republic's president Ralph Damon, three days to persuade him to patent the Thunderbolt in his own name. He wanted to include his 125 helpers!

Even more important, perhaps, as far as the immediate future is concerned, are the strides that have been made in adding all-around fighting effectiveness—including high-altitude flying—to those planes which have already proved themselves, within lower altitude limits, as powerful combat machines as have yet been produced by any nation.

For example, the famous Allison-powered Curtiss P-40, one of the first American planes to take part in the war, affectionately called by British troops the Tomahawk, now has a successor in the Warhawk, much more speedy and much more heavily armed, yet capable of altitude flying which the earlier model could not achieve.

The same thing is true of the navy's favorite Grumman Wildcat, which performed so nobly in the Battle of the Coral Sea. "Butch" O'Hare was operating a Wildcat when he got five enemy bombers and crippled a sixth. The Grumman Wildcat, we'll say, was good. But the Grumman Avenger is better.

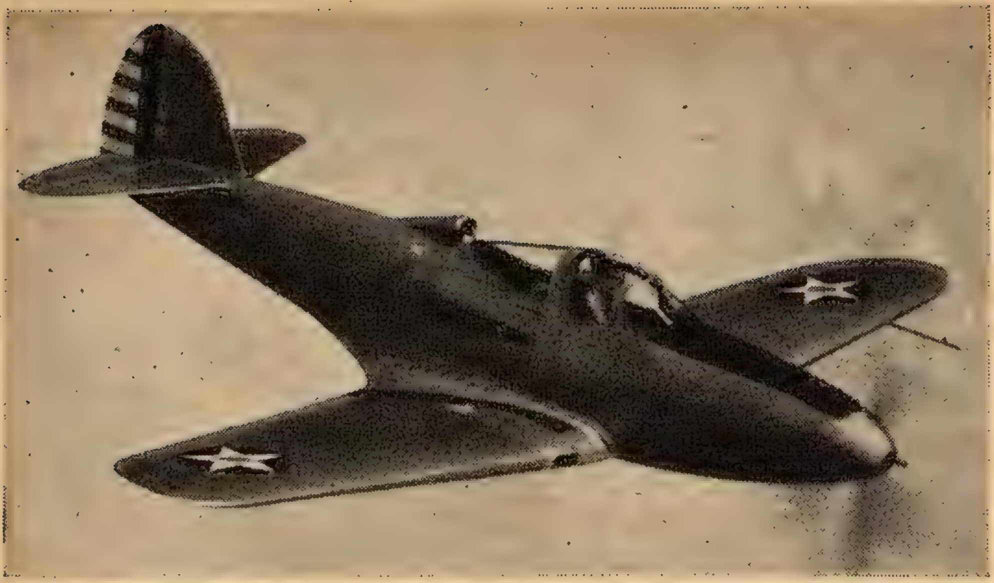
As for the Airacobra, that cannon on wings, which fires explosive shells from a thirty-seven-millimeter anti-tank gun located in its snout—a feat made possible by moving its liquid-cooled Allison engine rearward into the body of the boat—there would seem to be no limits to what Allison's stepped-up horsepower will do both to the speed and range of this unique new weapon for warfare in the air.

Hitler and his partners must have known, through their elaborate espionage systems, how far these United States plans for control of the air had progressed when the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor. Perhaps that knowledge was why they struck in the desperate hope of doing irremediable damage before plans could be translated into production. Anyhow, it is now clear that when the President addressed the Congress on the state of the nation on January 6, 1942, and called for 60,000 planes this year, 125,000 next, *he* knew that the quality of those planes would be right.

Quantity was another question. He spoke confidently of seemingly impossible figures because he had an American's confidence in American industry's ability to achieve the impossible, but he must have known, as every informed plane builder and every informed metallurgist knew, that 125,000 planes could never be built from the limited supply of aluminum and other metals available for the purpose. Obviously, this problem, too, must be solved, if it is to be solved at all, by American ingenuity—and by American ingenuity it *has* been solved.

TO look forward, it was necessary first to look back. Even the plane builders themselves had almost forgotten that practically all the combat planes of World War I were made of wood covered with fabric. They couldn't have been so bad, those wooden crates. Some of the younger men began wondering why they had ever been abandoned for the heavier, costlier, more cumbersome metal.

The reason, the oldsters told them, was that the caseins and glues used to bind together the various layers of wood had proved themselves under certain weather conditions neither waterproof nor funguproof, and that the strips of wood themselves, when bent to the shape of a wing or fuselage, might be subject to continued strain through the natural tendency



The Bell Airacobra, a cannon on wings, fires explosive shells.

Catalina hulls in the yard at Consolidated Aircraft, Californ

of the wood to regain its original straightness.

Because of these difficulties, and because modern plane construction favored using the outside surface or "skin" of the plane not only as a covering but as a support, the American airmen went all out for metal as against wood.

While American plane builders were thus concentrating on their expensive new toy, the all-metal plane, independent scientists here and abroad never gave up hope of finding binders to replace the ones that had proved not altogether satisfactory in the early planes. The result, made possible by the discovery of synthetic resins which were not only waterproof and fungusproof but even stronger than the wood they bound, was the amazingly strong substance known as plywood.

If these resins had been discovered a decade earlier, the all-metal plane might never have become the standard American airship. As it was, the innovation received scant attention from most United States plane builders. Their engineers had become confirmed metal men, and their factories were tooled solely for metal construction. Obviously, though, it was only a matter of time when some far-seeing designer would seize on the newly perfected material and produce an all-plywood plane.

SUCH a man was Walter Beech, once a small producer of small private planes, later a vice-president of giant Curtiss-Wright. Tired of shining his pants on a swivel chair, young Beech started out for himself again, formed Beech Aircraft, turned to plywood construction, demonstrated its advantages to army officials, and now has one of those unbelievable $85,000,000 backlogs of government orders.

Meanwhile two other hardy perennials of the air, Gene Vidal and Sherman Fairchild, had been traveling by different routes toward the creation of a wooden plane that would eliminate the second objection voiced by the metal partisans of the '30s—the fear that bent strips of wood, no matter how firmly bound to one another, would tend to straighten.

As early as 1927, Lockheed engineers had gone a long way toward solving this problem in the famous Lockheed Vega, in the construction of which plywood was not bent but molded. Concrete was used for the mold, water for the pressure. The results were excellent. The Vega was a good plane. But in the rush to metal it was forgotten.

Meanwhile the plastic industry in the United States had developed to vast proportions. Molding had replaced bending in every conceivable kind of manufacture except plane building. Even there, plastics and plastic plywood were gradually replacing steel in minor parts like seats, pulleys, switches, ventilators, and doors. The stage was set for the all-molded-plywood planes.

The Vidal and Fairchild researches had already proved that both steam and water pressure could be used as successfully on wings and fuselages as on paperweights and fruit dishes. The principle involved was not unlike that used in the old Vegas, but the methods were modernized, streamlined. With a metal shortage in the offing, the big aircraft companies were impressed; also foreign governments. Vidal now has five licensees, including the Chinese government, using his patents; he himself devotes most of his time to further research. Fairchild manufactures on a large scale, and also has two licensees, one of them Howard Hughes.

New methods are continually being found for strengthening the already strong material of which these plywood planes are made. The Forest Laboratories have two, known to the trade as "Impreg" and "Compreg," in which the resins which hold the layers together are forced under pressure into the wood itself, so that the whole thing becomes one substance, believed to be literally "as strong as steel."

Still further improvements, obscured as yet by the necessarily low ceiling of censorship, are known to be "in the works." Experiments are under way for short-cutting the strengthening processes already in use by injecting a newly discovered chemical into the tree from which the plywood strips are to be cut. The tree's own breathing processes then draw the chemical from the injection point until the entire tree is impregnated, dried, rendered noninflammable and presumably ready for immediate conversion into wings and fuselages.

But we do not need to invade the field of rumor and conjecture to realize that the way has been found to solve the quantity problem in the President's aircraft program.

Aluminum shortage or no aluminum shortage, the 125,000-planes-a-year requirement can and will be met.

AT present these thousands of plywood planes are being used in this country chiefly as trainers. Washington, steeped in the metal tradition, is understandably loath to change materials, so to speak, in mid-air. Neither our allies nor our enemies, however, have shown any such hesitancy. The Russians and the Japs have long used plywood extensively in their fighting craft.

Even conservative Britain is constructing one of its newest and best fighters entirely of plywood—and with excellent results.

The wooden plane, being lighter, maneuvers more easily. Its smooth, molded surface eliminates the drag

Walter Beech turned to making planes of plywoo caused by the vibration of many overlapping and riveted metal pieces, and thus increases speed. Bullets leave clean holes in wood instead of splayed and spreading ones, as in metal, a fact which decreases danger and facilitates repairs.

Add to these advantages the fact that the all-plywood plane can be produced at a fraction of the expense of a metal plane and in a fraction of the time, and you have a new weapon for warfare in the air which cannot long be ignored as a fighting factor on the world-wide air front.

At least one all-plywood fighting plane has been ordered in this country for experimental purposes, and several others are believed to have passed the drawing-board stage. If, as is possible, the metal shortages become more acute, the process of change will be speeded up to meet the new emergency.

Meanwhile every plane that rolls off the plywood assembly lines, even if it is used only for training, releases one more metal plane which would otherwise have been wasted in noncombatant work.

THERE is some question, however, as to whether the most vital service these new-type planes are ultimately to perform will be found either in the training or combat categories. As the nature of the war in which we are engaged limns itself more clearly before our startled eyes, one issue seems to overshadow every other: the issue of transport.

Not only transport of materials and supplies but the transport of men and equipment enters into this new major problem of modern warfare. The Nazi invaders of Norway and Crete proved the value of lightning movements of troops through the air. The Japs in Sumatra proved it again. In a long-distance war the need of large and fast transport planes to move personnel and equipment to combat areas is paramount.

To solve this problem quickly and without further drain on the already slim supply of essential metals, the all-plywood plane is indubitably the answer.

And so it is that American ingenuity is solving each problem as it arises in this most unpredictable of all wars.

The all-wood plane may never replace the all-metal plane for every purpose, or even for most purposes, once peacetime conditions have restored the balance between supply and demand.

In fact, many authorities believe that the use of lighter metals and the substitution of welding for riveting is the ideal formula for producing the plane of the future.

Meanwhile, however, the sturdy wooden transport planes will be doing their noble work of carrying men and supplies through the Atlantic and Pacific airways to help meet what has suddenly become the great new bottleneck of the war!

THE END

WARTIME WALKING Speeds attack of ATHLETE'S FOOT

Athlete's Foot Fungi Breed on Hot Steaming Feet!

DANGER

CRACKS WARN YOU FIRST

EXTRA WALKING increases the flow of perspiration between your toes—especially in hot summer weather. This irritates the skin—often cracking it open. Then the tiny plants or Athlete's Foot fungi root in this open flesh and spread. Ceaseless itching, inflammation, dead flaking skin, severe pain in walking—all are signs that Athlete's Foot has attacked your feet.

Look for cracks tonight. Spread your toes apart carefully so as not to break the tender skin. At the first sign of a crack, soak the entire foot with Absorbine Jr., full strength. Repeat night and morning every day.

1. **Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact*.**
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which the Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **Soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **Eases the itching, pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Athlete's Foot is not to be trifled with. Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. Remember—it's the nation-wide favorite for relieving Athlete's Foot. All drugstores have Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle. If free sample is desired address W. F. Young, Inc., 360L Lyman St., Springfield, Mass.

SOAK THEM *TONIGHT*

Apply Absorbine Jr. full strength. Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. Do not share towels or bath mats. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

ABSORBINE Jr.

KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON CONTACT

Also brings QUICK RELIEF to these summer troubles

Tired, burning feet

Sore, aching muscles

Bites of mosquitoes and other small insects

HERE COME THE FLYING TIGERS!

Continued from Page 11

Chennault became an authority on Jap tactics and psychology. He sold Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek on the idea of forming an American volunteer group to fight under the Chinese flag. Madame's brother, Chinese Foreign Minister T. V. Soong, started pulling rabbits out of Washington hats. The result was that 100 Curtiss P-40s were diverted from an English shipment and arrangements were made for seventy-five crack United States army and navy pilots to resign in order to join the A. V. G. These boys, who loved the Japs like Cain loved Abel, kissed wives, sweethearts, and mothers good-by to go to town for the man who was now known as General Chennault.

The boys were secretly recruited in New York. Their pay was to start at $600 (American) a month and go up to $750, with traveling expenses paid and a $500 bonus for every Jap ship they bagged. In addition to the seventy-five flyers who were being lined up and signed to one-year contracts, a ground crew of over 100 was hand-picked. These included crew chiefs, airplane and auto mechanics, radio men and technicians, whose pay ranged from $250 a month to $400.

That's how I entered the picture. I was employed by North American Aviation at Inglewood, California, as a specialist on pursuit aircraft, and I had previously had experience in the plant of the Allison Engineering Corporation in Indiana.

Some members of the American Volunteer Group relax while waiting for an air alarm.

MY wife was going to have a baby in June—our first—and I was looking forward to the event, just like any expectant father. When, two months before the baby was due, I was offered the job of taking charge of assembling the fighter planes when they arrived in the Orient, and testing them to get the bugs out of them, in addition to training a large Chinese ground crew, I didn't know what to do. I was only thirty, and this looked like a big opportunity, yet I didn't want to leave my wife.

But she made up my mind for me. "You may never get a chance like this again," she said. "Go ahead. The baby and I will be all right, and I'll send you a cable when it comes."

I landed in Rangoon in May, 1941. A filthier place, especially the section down by the docks, I never hope to see. I don't mind hot weather, but the Burmese summers are more than hot. They're hell. All your pep leaves you, as if somebody had opened a valve and let it leak out.

But there was work to be done. The first of the $800,000 shipment of planes were arriving and being taken out to the Rangoon airfield on the q.t. They were beauties, with wing spans of over thirty-seven feet, twelve-cylinder V-type engines, and electric three-bladed propellers. There were six machine guns in each ship—two mounted on each wing and two that were synchronized to fire through the propeller. A selector switch enabled the pilot to fire all six guns, or any one or combination, by pulling a single trigger on the stick. The gun sights were the last word, so were the radios and the armor plating. The planes were capable of going far in excess of 300 miles an hour, the exact speed being a military secret, as is the cruising range. For maneuverability they were in a class by themselves.

General Chennault was flown down from his headquarters in China in June to see how things were coming along. He climbed into one of the ships that I had just taken the bugs out of and was taken up. When he came down his deeply tanned and lined face was one big grin. "Boy," he said, "won't these babies knock the hell out of the Japs!"

That very day, after the General had flown back, a messenger boy came out to the Rangoon airfield with a cable for me. It was from my wife. It was a girl. I celebrated by taking one of the ships out over the gulf and kicking it around for an hour.

The first batch of pilots and mechanics, about seventy in all, landed in Rangoon late in July. The monsoon was on and it was raining pitchforks. I was down at the dock to get a look at the boys. Some of them looked like a bunch of Hollywood actors. That was all part of the game. They were traveling under disguise so the Jap spies in Rangoon wouldn't get wise to what was going on. The ones all dressed up in pea-green slacks and chocolate sports jackets were posing as musicians who had come to play American jazz in hotels in the Orient. They were carrying empty violin and cornet cases, and saxophones they couldn't play if their lives depended on it. Some roughnecks from the Oklahoma oil fields, who were going into the ground crews, got off the boat dressed in striped trousers and cutaways, their idea of how to masquerade as American business men.

There were three physicians among the arrivals; one of them, Dr. T. C. Gentry, a prominent army surgeon; six internes who were going to drive airfield ambulances, and two nurses who had come to serve in a hospital unit that was to be part of the A. V. G.

One of the nurses, Mary Foster, had bright red hair and was pretty enough to be in the movies. I imagined that she had had quite a good time on the way over. Later, at the Strand Hotel, where most of the crowd checked in, I learned that she had met her fate during the trip across the Pacific in the form of J. E. Petach, a daring young man who had made a name for himself as a navy flyer at Pensacola. Petach had been all for getting married right on the ship; but Mary, although deeply in love with him, didn't want to rush things. Something told me I was going to be pretty close to this pair and have a lot of fun with them in the days ahead.

THE temporary headquarters of the A. V. G. was in Toungoo, about 200 miles north of Rangoon, halfway to Mandalay. The permanent headquarters was to be in Kunming, China, about 600 miles northeast of Toungoo, but General Chennault had decided not to move the boys into China until the outbreak of war between Japan and the United Nations. Sure he knew it was coming. We all did. In the meantime his training program could go ahead without interruption so long as the flyers were on Burmese soil, which was still neutral territory.

Temporary bamboo buildings with thatched roofs had been set up in Toungoo. Shower baths and American refrigerators and mattresses ha been brought over for the pilots and the ground crews. American chefs prepared American food, and there was a bar in the recreation building where the boys could mix their favorite American drinks. That rice liquor in the Orient takes the roof right off your mouth.

The General was a great believer in relaxation and recreation. He ordered a shipment of ping-pong and pool tables and dart boards and pin-ball and slot machines. Three baseball fields and a couple of tennis courts were laid out. It was nice and cool up in Kunming, and the General wanted everybody to keep in top-notch physical trim by getting plenty of exercise in the open.

Everything was figured out in advance. The first group to come over went into training at Toungoo while the second batch was sailing from San Francisco and the third batch was being signed up. The first surprise the boys got was when they saw that the General wasn't wearing a uniform but a rumpled business suit. His tanned face broke into a grin as he greeted the arrivals. "You won't find any brass-hat stuff around here," he said. "Saluting is out. Everybody's equal here. A grease monkey is just as important in this outfit as I am. I want that understood." The General was growing serious. "If you get into disagreements among yourselves, slug it out. I want the air clear at all times. If you've got a problem and need my help, you know where my office is. And you don't have to knock on the door, either."

Eight hours a day were devoted to training. From eight in the morning until noon, when it was reasonably cool in Toungoo, the boys were in the air, getting acquainted with their ships and taking radio instructions from the General. In the heat of the afternoon, from one to five, they sat in a classroom while teacher talked and drew diagrams on a blackboard.

I always likened the General to a football coach when he did his stuff on the blackboard. He drew on long observation of Jap tactics to diagram flaws in the enemy offense and defense. "The Nips will spread out singly and take in as much sky as possible when you go after them," the General told the students. "Remember, you can't get 'em all. So when they split up, the thing to do is to pick one ship—*any* one—and keep on him until you've knocked him down."

The General had made a close study of Jap bombers and fighters that the Chinese had shot down. He would chalk an enemy ship on the blackboard and draw circles around the blind spots—that is, the areas from which no fire could be directed at pursuers. Then he'd erase what he had diagrammed and ask one of the pilots to come up to the board and duplicate it. Thus the boys knew before they got in their first scrap just what sort of position to maneuver for so that they could blaze away at the enemy without running much risk of being hit themselves.

"Some of you are going to die," the General told the boys one day at the close of a classroom session. There

20 QUESTIONS

Dr. Gregory Pinquetea says the questions are much easier this week. You should get at least twelve right to pass. Anything over sixteen right earns you a four-star rating.

1. Which Supreme Court justice recently took a leave of absence to become a lieutenant colonel in the army?
2. Is "Wimpy" the nickname for a hot tamale, a hamburger sandwich, or a fried-egg sandwich?
3. Which arm of the Statue of Liberty is raised?
4. Did "eau de Cologne" get its name from the city of Cologne blasted by the R. A. F.?
5. Is El Adem the name of a new Hollywood night club, a new South American dance—or what is it?
6. In politics, what is meant by the term "party whip"?
7. The head of the War Production Board is Byron Nelson, Donald Nelson, or Byron Price?
8. What baseball player has been given the nickname "Yankee Clipper"?
9. What do they call that feathery object they bat all over the court in a badminton game?
10. What was the name of the Count of Monte Cristo?
11. Whose signature heads the list of names on the Declaration of Independence?
12. What liquor, formerly used in what traditional ceremonies connected with the sea, is not being used any more—and why?
13. Is the Yukon Territory a part of the United States, Canada, or Alaska?
14. If a U. S. senator who was only one day older than the minimum requirement for senators met a U. S. representative only one day older than the minimum requirement for representatives, what would be the difference in their ages?
15. What is the name of the Russian Foreign Commissar who came to the U. S. to put his signature on the pact between Russia, Great Britain, and the United States?
16. In the army, what is referred to as a "Chicago atomizer"?
17. Was the term "commando" first used in the Civil War, the Boer War, the World War, or the present war?
18. King George, who arrived in America recently for a visit, is the exiled ruler of what country?
19. What branch of finance gets its name because it used to be practiced on the streets outside the Stock Exchange?
20. What two members of President Roosevelt's Cabinet who were appointed at the same time were awarded honorary degrees by Harvard University this year?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

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wasn't a flicker of expression on any face in the room. "The law of averages is bound to get some of you," Chennault went on. "But remember this: carelessness up there is a far greater danger than the enemy." Teacher's face lighted up. "Class dismissed," he said. "Who's on for a game of darts?"

The half of the study that took place in the air entailed sham dogfights. The monsoon was on and the flying weather was rotten. One day two of the boys crashed in the air. One of them managed to get his plane down, under control. The other didn't. Mary Foster, the nurse, looked at the broken lifeless remains of the boy who had come over with such high hopes. She went out to the field and said to Petach, her fiancé, "That poor fellow they're burying tomorrow gave a ring to a girl in California just before he sailed. That might have been you. You've *got to* be careful."

The General would stand just outside the Toungoo alert shack, with his hands clasped behind his back, squinting up at his pupils maneuvering in the air. Whenever one of them did something wrong, he'd step to the radio and call the boy down. While the mistake was still fresh in the mind of the General and the boy who had made it, Chennault would take the pilot into the classroom and diagram the error on the blackboard. I've seen him call one pilot down eight or nine times and send him back up again until a bit of combat business was executed with the absolute perfection the General demanded.

ON a dull day in December the General was playing a game of darts with Jack Newkirk, in command of the Second Squadron, when he was called to the telephone. When he returned, we could see he was boiling over at something. "Boys," he said, "the United States is in the war. Those Jap ——s pulled a sneak attack on Pearl Harbor—and a good one." The General was clenching his fists as he talked. "The Third Squadron," he said, "will remain here for the time being. The First and Second will leave for Kunming at daybreak. I think we can scare up some action there."

The boys plied the General with questions about the details of the Pearl Harbor attack. Chennault had the real dope—military secrets that were not released in the United States for weeks. Matt Kuykendall, a Texas rancher with a terrible temper, started looking around for a spot to blow off steam. He spotted a slot machine, put in a coin, and pulled the lever savagely. Of all things, he hit the jackpot which for an hour he'd been trying for! Matt took a fistful of the coins and threw them through a window.

The A. V. G. had to wait almost two weeks for good news in Kunming. On December 20 one of our spotters phoned in to say that forty bombers and thirty-five fighters, a favorite numerical combination of the Nips, were roaring toward Kunming. "At last!" one of the boys murmured.

General Chennault had a few quick words in the alert shack with Jack Newkirk and R. J. Sandell, a stocky little ex-army ace in command of Number One. "Each of you take seven men," the General said. "That'll make sixteen in all." There were twenty-five flyers in each squadron; if only sixteen went up, that would leave more than twice that many on the ground. But the General was looking ahead. He could foresee the time when his boys would be outnumbered five to one, and more, day after day, and he figured they might as well get used to it right off the bat.

When Newkirk and Sandell were leaving the alert shack, Chennault spoke just four words—the same four words that he was always to use under the same circumstances: "Good luck. Be careful."

THE sixteen who went up to hide in the sun that day didn't take diagrams with them, but they had them just the same, in their heads. For weeks, now, Chennault had been drumming into them from the blackboard and by radio while they were shamming in the air, the dodges and feints to use in order for one pilot to get five of the enemy. One of the tricks was a deflection shot. Instead of making a pass at an enemy ship from the rear and above, or coming up from below and letting go at the belly, the boys were to come in from the top at a right angle, especially when two or more of the Japs were flying side by side. Chennault claimed you could knock them down like tenpins that way. If the Japs weren't flying side by side, the boys were to decoy them into it by getting below and in front of them and seeming to offer themselves as good targets. When the Japs went for the bait, others of our fellows were to come down sideways and start squirting the juice just as the yellow guys were getting in position to open up on the ships in front of them.

Of course the business of deflection shots called for split-second timing. The pilots who were to do the squirting had to be sure to open up before the Japs got a bead on the decoys. I always compared a decoy to an acrobat at the circus who is left in mid-air by the fellow who swings away and who is supposed to be caught by a third man swinging forward. The difference was that at the circus, if the third man didn't show up on time, the fellow in the air just fell into a net; but there were no nets in Burma or China, and anyway a net wouldn't save the life of a corpse.

The boys came back from their first flight bitterly disappointed. The deflection shots had worked all right, and all the Japs had been able to do was to put some holes in our ships. But the Japs had taken a powder when they found out what they were up against. "We only got sixteen," said Jack Newkirk to the General, "and you told us not to chase them."

Generalissimo and Mme. Chiang Kai-shek flew down to Kunming to congratulate the boys. Madame drank a rice-wine toast and said, "You are all my little angels without wings."

That gave us ideas, and the result was that the squadrons were named. The Third was called Hell's Angels, as I have mentioned, and the insignia painted on the ships was a well curved girl, like a drawing in Esquire, all done in devil red and sprouting white wings. The Second Squadron was called the Naked Angels, and there wasn't much difference between their insignia and that of the Third, except that the girl was a little more shapely, if that was possible, and didn't have wings. The First Squadron—its correct name was the First Pursuit Squadron—had as its insignia a figure representing Eve chasing a figure, supposed to be Adam, around an enormous apple. One of the mechanics thought that one up. He said that the Adam and Eve affair was the world's first pursuit, so why didn't the First Pursuit adopt Adam and Eve? The First did, and thereafter it went down in the records as the Adam and Eve Squadron.

Things were quiet up in Kunming after December 20. The Hell's Angels crowd had meanwhile gone down to Rangoon, and battled on the 23d and on Christmas. Nothing happened between Christmas and New Year's. Chennault wasn't being fooled. He figured the Japs were preparing a big surprise, and were probably waiting until they could mass some later and faster models for an all-out attack. They were probably plenty sore, and their squadron leaders had no doubt lost face back in Tokyo. After all, the A. V. G., with a loss of only two men and three ships, had knocked a minimum of seventy-seven Japs out of the air in only three fights, and gotten about a score more planes on the ground.

The first week in January passed without incident. The Volunteers were all on edge, especially the fellows at Rangoon, where the attack was expected. Helen Anderson and Freddie Hodges were spending every minute of his off time together. The boys all knew what was in Helen's mind, but she was brave. She never mentioned a word about what she feared most.

IT came on the morning of the 10th and in worse form than we had been expecting. Spotters phoned in that the Japs were headed for Rangoon from three different directions. In the three groups there seemed to be about 150. They were flying new types of ships, too. The bombers were bigger and the fighters faster. We were in for it!

It was Freddie Hodges' day on. He stamped out a cigarette as he climbed in a jeep to ride out to his ship. "Good luck, Freddie," said Squadron Commander Olsen. Freddie grinned. "Helen dreamed I was killed last night," he said. "Isn't that a laugh?"

You won't want to miss further stories of the Flying Tigers' thrilling exploits. You'll find them in Liberty next week.

SHEEP IN WOLF'S CLOTHING

Continued from Page 15

the car around and started for town.

Halfway there I pulled off the highway and lit a cigarette. It wasn't any use. I kept hearing her cry. I kept seeing her sitting there alone, with no daylight, nobody to talk to, not even a radio. I couldn't go through with it. "Steve Kane, you're a sucker," I said.

By the time I turned the car into the firs again, it was almost dark under the trees. "Sucker!" I said again. I unlocked the cabin door and left it open. Betty hadn't turned on the lights and it took several seconds to adjust my vision. Then I saw her—lying on her face on the couch. I went over and lifted her. She was limp as a worn-out kitten. I took her over to an armchair and held her on my lap.

"I couldn't do it," I said. "Perk up, babe. I'm taking you back."

She began to tremble. She was cold. I put my hand against her cheek. Soaking wet. I turned her face and kissed her mouth. "Poor kid," I said, and kissed her again. I felt her arms go up around my neck. "Oh, Steve, you idiot," she half sobbed.

"All right, I'm an idiot," I said. "I love being an idiot. I love you. I'm nuts about you. I always have been, I guess. How could I know I was just jealous? So wash your face and I'll take you to Kip."

She didn't move. "I didn't mean it that way, Steve. I'm crazy about you, too. Always have been. But you were such a tough old wolf!"

"But—but Kip—" I felt as if some one had slipped me a Mickey Finn.

"Oh, Kip won't mind," she said blandly. "He planned the whole thing. He said if you cared about me at all, you'd never let anybody else marry me. . . ."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 43

1—Supreme Court Associate Justice Frank Murphy.

2—It's a hamburger sandwich.

3—The right.

4—Yes.

5—It is in North Africa, a key point in the fighting between British and Axis forces.

6—A party whip is a member of a legislative body appointed to enforce party discipline and to see that party members attend important sessions.

7—Donald Nelson.

8—Joe DiMaggio of the New York Yankees.

9—Shuttlecock, or bird.

10—Edmond Dantès was the hero of this famous story.

11—John Hancock's, because he presided over the Continental Congress under whose authority the document was drawn.

12—Use of champagne in the launching of ships has been ordered stopped; it costs too much with the number of ships now being launched.

13—It's a part of Canada.

14—Five years. Senators must be thirty and representatives twenty-five.

15—V. M. Molotov.

16—An automatic rifle—in memory of Chicago's gangster days.

17—It was first used in the Boer War. It comes from a Portuguese word meaning 'command" and the Boers used it to describe military units.

18—Greece.

19—The New York Curb Exchange.

20—Secretary of Navy Frank Knox and Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson.

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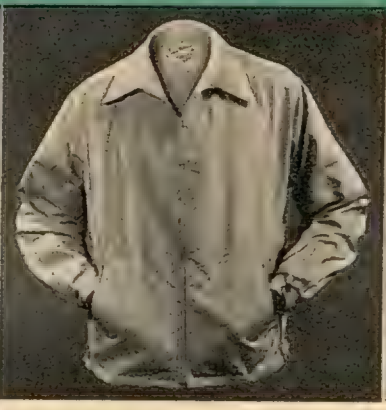

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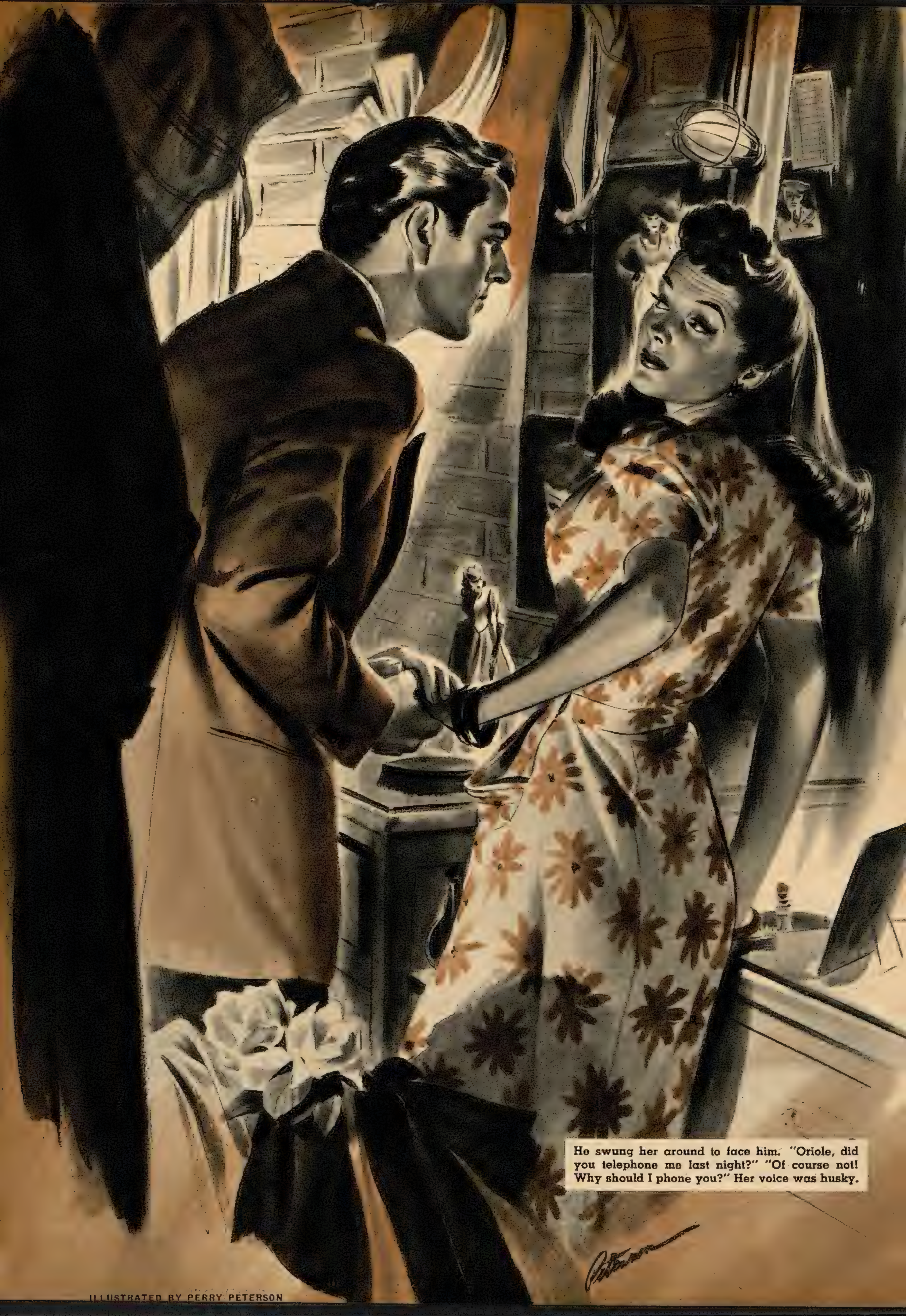

He swung her around to face him. "Oriole, did you telephone me last night?" "Of course not! Why should I phone you?" Her voice was husky.

ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON

The 14TH TRUMP

Now a daring damsel takes a hand in a dangerous game as new hints and suspicion tangle a trail of murder

BY JUDSON P. PHILIPS

READING TIME • 29 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WHEN a man named Quigley is killed in a hotel in the Forties near Broadway, Mona Lewis, fiancée of Congressman Terry Reardon, is held for the murder. She had been found bending over the body and in her bag was the gun that fired the fatal shot. At first she refuses to talk. Then, when her father is killed by a hit-and-run driver, she tells her story. She wouldn't tell it before, she says, because it might have prevented her father, a broker who had misused some of his clients' money, from getting a loan he needed to save himself from ruin.

According to Mona, she went to Quigley to ask for an extension of time on a $4,700 bridge debt she owed the Times Square Club. Kent, the club manager, told her Quigley was the real owner. When she got to Quigley's room, he was dead. She doesn't know how the revolver in her bag came to be fired.

Danny Coyle, a Broadway gambler, is interested in the case because he has a lot of money up at 11—5 that Reardon's investigation of the local district attorney will put the D. A., Buckler, out of office. He instructs his assistant, "Harvard" Donovan, to investigate Kent and Quigley and the Times Square Club. Jane Rain, in love with Donovan, tries her best to help. At the club Harvard meets Joe Kling, obviously a gunman, and his girl, Oriole, who acts in a cheap five-a-day theater. Oriole seems friendly, Joe is definitely hostile.

Then come two blows. Quigley is identified as an F. B. I. man who has been working on an espionage case; and Kent denies Mona's story completely—says he never told her Quigley owned the club.

Coyle thinks the whole thing may be a frame-up—that the club is the center of espionage activities and that some one stole Mona's gun, shot Quigley, then put her gun back and sent her to the scene of the crime so she would be blamed. But Moran, the police inspector, isn't so sure. Coyle sends Donovan out to get facts on Comstock, a newspaperman who has been acting in a very suspicious manner and who, he believes, may posibly be mixed up in the case.

PART FOUR—JANE SPRINGS A SURPRISE

DONOVAN'S training with Coyle had made him an expert at the dull business of assembling facts. In half a day he could gather enough material for a biography.

He concentrated first on Comstock. In the middle of the afternoon he went back to Coyle's, typed a report, and shortly after five walked into Coyle's office with it.

Coyle had visitors, unexpected and none too welcome. District Attorney Calvin Buckler and two potbellied, prosperous-looking gentlemen were in audience. The potbellied gentlemen were Michael and Patrick Casey, brothers, president and treasurer of the Downtown Society for the Improvement of Social and Educational Facilities for New York City's Youth. They were also Mr. Buckler's sponsors. In short, Buckler was their boy.

Buckler was the perfect movie conception of a successful attorney. Gray at the temples, smooth of face, suave of manner.

"Why, hello, Donovan," said Buckler.

"Why, hello," said Donovan. "How is the youth movement, boys?"

The brothers Casey scowled, but Buckler was overjoyed to report, he said, that the underprivileged youth of the city were no longer underprivileged. The brothers Casey, despite the war and the heavy taxes, had sent thousands of them to fresh-air camps.

"So they can have athuletics," said Michael.

"And vitamimes," said Patrick.

"Which totals up to half a million votes," said Donovan. He tossed his typewritten report on Coyle's desk. "Well, it's been lovely seeing you, boys. It restores my faith in Barnum."

"Wait," Coyle said. He was wearing his best dead-pan face. "Mr. Buckler came to ask if we were still laying the same odds on his removal from office. We are, Buckler."

"In view of the unfortunate difficulties Congressman Reardon has encountered," said Buckler sweetly, "I presume those odds will shift."

"Why?" said Coyle.

"Because without Reardon's fanatical zeal the investigating committee will, shall we say, become deflated. If we had known we'd have put a very heavy dent in your finances, Coyles."

"You wanted to make a bet on yourself, Buckler?" asked Coyle.

"We had it in mind," said Michael.

"We're only sorry we didn't come sooner," said Patrick.

"The odds haven't changed," said Coyle quietly. "Reardon's difficulties haven't altered my opinion of your honesty, Buckler."

Buckler's laugh was jaunty. "But the books are closed, eh? No more bets, eh?"

"On the contrary," said Coyle, "they're wide open. I make only one stipulation, gentlemen. In your case I insist on cash—on the line."

"I don't like that!" Patrick said.

"Me neither," Michael said.

"Would you take a bet of, say, fifty thousand?" Buckler asked quickly.

"When you raise it in cash."

"We have it with us," said Buckler, his eyes very bright.

Michael and Patrick each produced wallets.

Coyle looked at Donovan. "Get Slide-Rule to draw up the terms of the bet," he said. "A hundred and ten thousand against fifty."

Donovan went out, shaking his head. Five minutes later the Casey brothers, unsuccessfully restraining their joy, were folding Slide-Rule's orange slips into their wallets.

WHEN they had gone, Donovan stared at his employer glumly. "That was sheer bravado," he said.

"Haven't you learned yet that you can't win a war by pulling your head into your shell and waiting to get slugged? If I'd refused that bet, it would have been all over New York by midnight. This way, Buckler isn't too happy. I didn't back down—which may mean I know something. It may stiffen the committee till we can get some dope of our own. What's this?" He picked up the report.

"Comstock."

"Your conclusions?"

"No friends," Donovan said. "Women don't go for him—which kills him. His methods of getting information are not sweet-smelling and wholesome, but they're legal. He has been threatened, and he has a permit for that gun. No connection with Kent that I could trace from his end."

"The night Quigley was killed?"

"Blank—so far. He wasn't at home. He wasn't at his office. I didn't go to the Donnelly; I didn't want to show there just yet."

"It's not much help," said Coyle.

"But strictly negative," said Donovan. "Have you seen Jane?"

"No," said Coyle without looking up. "You going after the other angles tonight?"

"You wouldn't mind if I had a shower and a drink first, would you, Simon?"

Coyle glanced at the electric clock on the wall. "No," he said placidly. "Kent's place won't be useful till after dark. Why don't you go to a show?"

"Oriole?"

"She *did* help you once," Coyle said.

"It's an idea," Donovan said. "Be seeing you!"

Donovan kept a change of clothes in Coyle's partment. He went upstairs, shaved, showered, and got into clean things. Down in the bar he ordered a Collins and a steak sandwich. An evening paper carried a front-page story on Reardon's resignation, flanked by a follow-up on Mona. Morrisey had given out about Quigley.

Donovan ate his sandwich, had another Collins, and left. He walked down Broadway to West Forty-second Street. There, owing to some twist in the mind of the commissioner of licenses, the word "Burlesque" had been replaced by "Follies" or "Girlie Shows." Donovan crossed the street to the Bijou, plunked down a half dollar and went in.

The theater was jammed, and the air cloudy with stale tobacco smoke.

The place was rocking with applause. The orchestra struck up a slow rhythmic number, and Oriole Brown came out of the wings. She had on a long green velvet gown with no back. This was evidently entrance number two, for she had slipped her arms out of the sleeves of the dress and was holding the blouse up in front of her. She did a sort of wedding-march hesitation across the stage and back. Her fingers unzipped the skirt and it dropped away as she disappeared into the wings.

Whistling, stamping, and much more applause. Music again.

Out she came, skirtless but still holding the top of the dress in front of her. Hesitation across and back. Then, as she reached the wings, everything dropped.

DONOVAN went out for air. He wandered around to the stage entrance. A wizened old man looked up from a copy of Variety. He gave Donovan an experienced eye.

"What was it you wanted?"

"Will you tell Miss Oriole Brown I'd like to see her?"

More of the eye: then, "Up the iron stairway, second door on your right."

Donovan knocked on the door.

"Come in!"

He stopped as he got into the tiny room, fumbling behind him for the doorknob. Oriole was sitting at her dressing table and she had absolutely nothing on.

"Sorry!" Donovan said. He couldn't find the doorknob.

Quite unself-conscious, Oriole got up, went to a clothes rack in the corner, and got a pale green negligee. She slipped it on over her head.

"Were you out front?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then what are you blushing for?"

"I'm damned if I know."

"Got a cigarette?"

He went over to her. She took a cigarette from the pack he offered. "Sit down, if you like."

"Thanks." He pulled up a chair.

"Pardon me if I get some of this stuff off my face," she said. "I'm through for about an hour." She tied a towel around her red hair and began rubbing cold cream into her face. "I hear you paid us a return visit to the club last night."

"Yes," Donovan said. "Kling explained you had just been playing games with me." He saw her eyes sharpen as she looked at him in the mirror. "I walked right out into a murder," Donovan said.

The top of the cold-cream jar slid out of her fingers and clattered on the floor. "Murder?"

He put the lid on the dressing table. "The Lewis girl's father."

"OH," Oriole said. "I read about it. But he was run over!"

"That's as good a way to murder some one as I know. I suppose there's a lot of talk around the club since the papers came out with the fact that Quigley was an F. B. I. agent?"

"I haven't been to the club since last night. Hand me that box of tissues, will you?"

"Sure." Without make-up she looked like a school kid, he thought. "Air raid scare you last night?"

She took a deep drag on her cigarette and began remaking her face. "It scared hell out of me," she said.

"You asleep?"

"Not after that siren went off. The paper said the planes never got anywhere near the city."

"Just a hit-and-run job if they had."

Oriole surveyed herself in the glass; retouched one eyebrow; pressed her lips together on a piece of tissue to make her lipstick even.

"Will you be embarrassed if I put on some clothes?" she asked.

"I'll be a gentleman and look out the window," said Donovan. Oriole went around behind him. He could hear the slither of silk against her body.

"You know what gets me?" she said.

"What?"

"Suppose planes like that did get over the city. They could do a lot of damage."

"If they were lucky," Donovan said.

"Maybe they wouldn't have to be lucky," Oriole said. "I was reading about that Quigley. He was supposed to be hunting for Nazi agents, wasn't he? I guess that means there are some around."

"I suppose there are."

"Well, if there are, they could show lights in the blackout or have some way of signaling, couldn't they, so German planes would be able to spot key places?"

Donovan turned in his chair. Oriole was doing up the side fastener on a

"Cigars, cigarettes, candy—"

flowered chiffon street dress. Her eyes were on him, curiously bright. He could feel his heart beginning to beat a little faster.

"Oriole, are you trying to tell me something?"

She came quickly to the dressing table, picked up her earrings. "Just what I was thinking when I read the paper. They *could* do that!"

He stood up, took her hands in his, and swung her around to face him. Her hands were like two cubes of ice.

"Oriole, did you telephone me last night?"

"Of course not! Why should I phone you?" Her voice was husky.

"You're sure?"

"Of course I'm sure! Say, what's eating you, bud? I just told you what was in my head when you asked me about the air raid."

"You're playing with dynamite," Donovan said.

"Say—are you nuts?" She pulled her hands free. "I was going to ask you to buy me a drink, but maybe I shouldn't. You act crazy."

"Maybe I am," he said. He felt shaken. Had she been trying to tip him off? "I'll buy you a drink, Oriole."

"Well, that's better!" she said. "Gee, for a minute there you had me scared."

"Forget it," Donovan said, "—if you think you should."

"There's a nice air-conditioned grill room in the Lincoln," she said.

"Madam, my arm," Donovan said.

She slipped her hand through his arm and gave it a little squeeze. "You're a funny guy, bud. First you act hard and tough, the way you faced Joe Kling last night. Then you run like a scared rabbit. Then you act crazy. Then you're like the kind of fellow any girl would think it was a break to go out with."

"That last," said Donovan, "rates you two drinks. Let's go."

DONOVAN and Oriole sat together on two stools at the Lincoln bar. Oriole had managed to corner a huge bowl of popcorn for her private use.

"Is it really true," she asked, "that you're the Donovan who works for Danny Coyle?"

"It's really true."

"I read all about you once," she said. "It was in one of those silhouettes in Metropolitan Magazine. Why is Coyle interested in the Lewis girl?"

"Because she's going to marry Terry Reardon."

"The congressman?"

"Uh-huh."

"Coyle was willing to buy up that I O U just to help out a friend?"

"That's right. How do you figure it, Oriole? Did she kill Quigley?"

"The cops say so."

"Did you ever meet Mona?"

"I saw her around. What was it they said you were called? In that magazine piece, I mean."

"Harvard."

"Oh, sure. I remember. You were a football player or something."

"Did you like Mona, Oriole?"

Oriole reached for the popcorn. "I never met her, really, just saw her."

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"What sort of a fellow was Quigley?"

"Gee, how should I know, bud?"

"Wasn't he ever around the club?"

"Search me. I don't even know what he looked like."

Donovan ordered a second round of drinks. Every instinct he had for following a trail told him to keep trying to get her to trust him. She was like a skittish colt, going up to a jump and refusing at the last command.

"You and Kling been going together for a long time?" he asked.

"A few months." She stared into the cloudy depths of her rum Collins.

"You're pretty keen about him?"

"He's been on the level with me," she said. "You know something? You're the first guy who ever had the nerve to buy me a drink after he knew I was Joe's girl."

"Doesn't he trust you?"

"JOE doesn't trust any one," Oriole said. "You know, bud, it's funny, me kidding you about being a hick. You know where I come from? Danby Four Corners in Vermont. It's just a wide place in the road. My folks had a two-bit dairy farm there." She paused, taking a cigarette from the package Donovan had left on the bar. "I had the stage bug. I wanted to be a musical-comedy star—singing and dancing."

"Your folks approve?"

"Oh, boy!" She drew on the cigarette and let the smoke out in a long, slow spiral. "Well, I came anyway. I didn't make it. But I couldn't go home, so I wound up in girl shows. I had a good-looking shape. You got and idea what the pay-off is there?"

"I can guess."

"Every cheap rat that sees you, every moron that hangs out at the Bijou, thinks he has a right to make a pass at you." Her mouth curled down at the corners. "I had enough of that, bud. Right now I could go six fast rounds for the lightweight championship of the world and give a good account of myself. Then Joe Kling came along."

Donovan didn't say anything. After a minute she went on.

"Joe is no Prince Charming," she said, "but he took me one notch up out of the bottom of the well. Nobody bothers me any more. I get left alone, because Joe doesn't play for matches. I owe him plenty for that. I was about ready to plug up the windows and turn on the gas when he came along."

"Why are you telling me this?" Donovan asked.

"You asked me about Joe, didn't you? You're a funny guy. You always think I mean something more than I say." She emptied her glass. "Only I couldn't rat on Joe, no matter what he did. I'd have to stick with him."

"I get it," Donovan said.

"Hey, I got to get back to the theater." She slid down off the stool. "Thanks for listenin'."

"Wait till I pay the check. I'll walk you back."

"I can make it alone," Oriole said. "Thanks for the drinks. Maybe I'll see you sometime."

Through the street-level windows Donovan watched her disappear toward Eighth Avenue. Suddenly he became conscious of the radio back of the bar. It had been playing dance music. Now the music was interrupted for a news bulletin:

"The First Interceptor Command reports that last night's air-raid alert was far from being a false alarm. For the last forty-eight hours naval and coast guard units have been on the hunt for an enemy aircraft carrier reported several hundred miles off the coast. Bad visibility has restricted the normal operations of the air patrol. Citizens of New York who are planning to be away from home for the evening are urged to be doubly cautious about leaving lights burning in apartments or dwelling houses. If a raid does come . . ."

The announcer went on with the routine instructions.

Donovan's fingers closed tightly around the cold wet surface of his glass. "They *could* show lights in a blackout or have some way of signaling." "I couldn't rat on Joe, no matter what he did!"

He put a bill down on the bar and headed for the telephone booths.

DONOVAN dialed Moran. The inspector was not in his office. He asked for Morrisey. The F. B. I. agent had been there all day, but he was gone now.

Donovan walked back uptown to Coyle's. Coyle, fortunately, was full of dinner and in a mood to listen. When Donovan had finished the account of his hour with Oriole, the fat man was silent for a long time.

"It could be," he said finally.

"She's a loyal kid," Donovan said. "She's trying to play strictly by the rules. But if ever a set of broad hints was laid on the line—"

"It would fit with the phone calls," Coyle said. "She didn't actually warn Quigley or us. She didn't say the words." He rapped his knuckles on the desk impatiently. "I wish we'd found out whether any one besides Comstock was hanging around this neighborhood last night."

"And where Kling was around three o'clock this morning. It's ten to one he's the trigger man for the outfit."

"Why not ask the girl?"

"She'd give him an alibi," Donovan said.

"The Times Square Club?"

"I'm off there now," Donovan said. "I wanted you to have the dope first. And I wanted to talk to Morrisey. If Quigley suspected some one of planning to give aid to enemy flyers, then we'd know we'd struck gold."

"I'll keep trying to get him," Coyle said. "Call me back in an hour or so if you can get to a phone."

"Right."

O'HIGGINS seemed to react to Donovan's visits to the Times Square Club like a photoelectric eye. No sooner had Donovan appeared in the door of the card room than the South American Irishman with his glittering smile was on the glide across the room.

"Kent isn't here," he said, "if you're looking for him."

"As a matter of fact, I wasn't. I wanted Kling."

"He's busy," O'Higgins said.

"In the office?"

"Yes. But he's busy. He won't want to see you."

"I'll take a chance," Donovan said. He started toward the stairway.

"Listen, Donovan," O'Higgins said. "Don't fool around with Joe. He doesn't like you. I tell you, he won't want to see you right now."

"I'll still risk it."

Donovan went upstairs. He stopped outside the closed office door.

"This one is Duke Ellington's band playing The Mooche," Kling was saying. "You want to listen especially for Bubber Miley improvising a trumpet growl. And Baby Cox scat-sings a chorus."

The victrola gave out with The Mooche. Donovan could hear Kling tapping on the floor in time to the growl chorus.

"Listen to those crying reeds!" Kling said.

Donovan opened the door. Kling was standing by the radio-victrola. He saw Donovan and his eyes flickered, but he didn't speak until the record died away.

"Look, friend," he said, lifting the needle arm onto its rest, "don't you know enough to take off your hat when you're in the room with a dame who has class?"

Donovan automatically took off his hat. He was too numb to say anything. The dame who had class was sitting on the edge of the desk, peering nearsightedly at him.

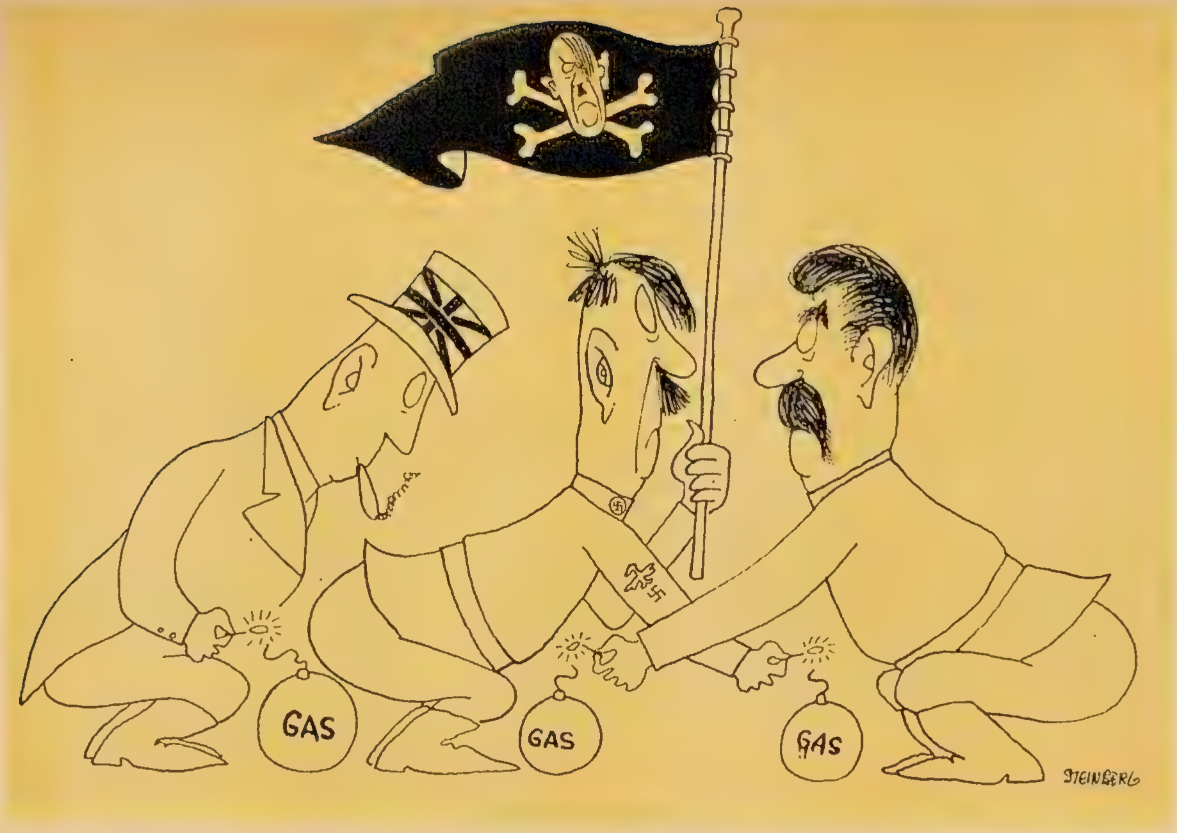
"Who's your handsome friend, Joe?" she asked.

It was Jane, in a brand-new evening dress cut down to there.

Kling answered Jane without taking his eyes off Donovan. "He's no friend,"

HOT DOG SPA
DOGS-10
COFFEE-5
Frank BEAVEN

"Have you been waited on?"



IF HITLER USES GAS.

he said. "I was just improvising. What do you want, Donovan?"

What Donovan wanted was to take Jane by the scruff of the neck and drag her out of there. One thing held him back. He didn't know whether this was her own cockeyed scheme or whether Coyle had sent her.

"I wanted to talk to you," Donovan said to Kling.

"What about?"

"Coyle's interested in the Lewis girl. She was here right up to the time she went to the Donnelly to see Quigley. We wanted to check."

"Coyle!" Jane said. "Don't tell me you're the famous Harvard Donovan who works for Danny Coyle?"

"Answer the lady," Kling said.

"Yes; I'm Coyle's stooge."

"How simply too fascinating!"

"Listen, friend," Kling said. "I work for Kent, but I've got nothing to do with the club. I don't know anything about the Lewis dame. So how about ducking? I'm occupied. Or do I have to draw you a diagram?"

"PLEASE don't let me interfere with business," Jane said. "After all, Joe, I came here to play bridge. If I don't go downstairs there won't be any vacancies at the good tables."

"There's no hurry," Kling said. "When you want to play I'll make a vacancy for you."

Jane got off the desk. "It's in the blood, Joe," she said. She came close to him, her head tilted up. "Maybe you'll make some music for me again, though." She slipped away to the door. "It's been too thrilling meeting you, Mr. Donovan."

Both men stood listening to the sound of her high heels on the stair. Kling gently rubbed the tips of his fingers with his thumbs.

"One thing you'd better get straight, Donovan," he said.

"Yes?"

"Don't ever barge in here like that again. Not ever! Understand?"

"Maybe there's something you ought to get straight, Joe. Any time I want you I'll come after you. Any time. Understand?"

Kling's eyes were slits. "Beat it," he said. "I'm going downstairs to see the wolves don't take that babe. I'm locking the office."

"After you," said Donovan. "I'm very particular about turning my back on certain people."

"Keep playing that introduction over and over," said Kling, "and I'll go right into verse and chorus with you."

Kling locked the office door and they went down to the card room.

Jane was there. Donovan groaned. Mr. Manuel O'Higgins was seated at her left. There were two other men at the table. Jane was an expert bridge player; she had spent hours with Coyle in the last year learning to detect every kind of trickery. But this was the big league.

Joe Kling seemed to forget Donovan. He walked over to the table, pulled up a chair, and sat down between Jane and O'Higgins.

Donovan went to the phone booth near the bar and called Coyle.

"Did you send Jane down here?" he asked, when he made his connection.

"Where?"

"The Times Square Club."

"Certainly not." Coyle's voice was sharp. "What's up?"

"She's down here, making eyes at Joe Kling. Now she's in a bridge game with O'Higgins. She doesn't know me—if you care for gags. I just wanted to know if you were in this before I waded in."

"Don't do anything about it," Coyle said. "Stand by."

"But, Danny, she's such a—" The dial tone buzzed in his ear. Coyle had hung up. Donovan took out the cork and let go with a broadside of profanity.

He went to the bar, ordered himself a whisky and water, and carried it over to the table where Jane was playing. One or two other kibitzers were gathered around. Joe Kling's arm lay across the back of Jane's chair. Three of the finest poker faces Donovan had ever seen watched Jane as she sorted her cards and bid them.

A couple of ordinary rounds went by. On the third deal O'Higgins and his partner Blackwooded their way to a little slam. It was a lay-down. But nothing phony that Donovan could see. Jane herself had dealt. Jane and her partner then made a rubber in two hands.

"Nice going, babe," Joe Kling said. His restless fingers touched her bare shoulder.

"It's really too thrilling to be playing with you experts," she said.

"You play expertly yourself, Miss Krausmeyer," O'Higgins said.

Miss Krausmeyer! Donovan choked on his highball. Somebody slapped him between the shoulders and he finally caught his breath.

The next hand brought a game to O'Higgins and his partner. It was Jane's deal now. She dealt. O'Higgins bid six no trump. His partner bid seven. They had a lay-down grand slam.

"Isn't that the darnedest luck!" Jane said.

HALF an hour went by. Then O'Higgins made another little slam on Jane's deal.

"Does he make many of those?" a voice asked in Donovan's ear.

It was Coyle, breathless from the stairs. How long he had been standing there Donovan didn't know.

"Miss Krausmeyer," said Donovan acidly, "is being taken. Play seems fairly even, except O'Higgins makes a lot of slams. All on Miss Krausmeyer's deal."

"How else?" Coyle said.

Donovan waited for an explanation. It didn't come. At last Jane noticed Coyle.

"Why, it's Mr. Coyle!" she said. "You don't know me, Mr. Coyle, but of course I've seen you and been in your place. My name is Jane Krausmeyer."

There was a little buzz of excitement at the table. Coyle was a celebrity. The hand they were playing ended a rubber.

"Perhaps you'd like to sit in a rubber or two, Mr. Coyle?" O'Higgins suggested.

"Thanks. I never play bridge for money," Coyle said. "My fingers are too well educated. If I were to win, I'm afraid you might be in doubt as to my methods."

O'Higgins laughed easily. "Don't tell us, Mr. Coyle, that you could fleece us, if you wanted to, without a confederate?"

"Like Sherman crossing Georgia," said Coyle, matching O'Higgins' pleasant tone.

"I don't see how you could do it without a confederate, Mr. Coyle," Jane said. "I mean kicking under the table or holding your cards a certain way or with signals like saying 'Pass' when you have a strong hand and 'By me' when you have a weak hand."

"My dear Miss Krausmeyer," said Coyle, "you're talking about kindergarten stuff."

One of the kibitzers spoke up: "You mean to say, Mr. Coyle, that one player could cheat three other players who are honest?"

"Duck soup," said Coyle. "Be glad to demonstrate, if you like."

There was an instant clamor for it. O'Higgins got up from the table. "Take my place, Mr. Coyle."

"May we have two new decks of cards that haven't been opened?" Coyle said.*

Donovan had seen Coyle perform before. The two decks were thoroughly mixed. The red one was given to Jane's partner to shuffle. Coyle shuffled the blue. The red deck was then set for Jane to cut. Before dealing, Coyle announced he would bid six no trump. With fifty pairs of eyes fastened on his hands, he dealt the cards. He made six no trump.

The blue deck which Coyle had shuffled, and which had remained in full view while the first hand was played, was Jane's partner's to deal. Coyle cut. He held all thirteen spades.

Now the red deck, which Jane had shuffled, was dealt by O'Higgins' partner. Before he picked up his hand Coyle bid seven no trump. He had a lay-down grand slam when he exposed his cards.

"Satisfied?" he asked. "You were all watching me. I told you I was going to cheat. Any one notice anything?"

No one had.

"One more trick," he said. "This one I'll explain when I've finished. It'll help you to keep on your guard if you find some player in your group scoring too many slams. You know, if you make enough slams you can afford to lose a lot of smaller bids." His eyes flicked up to O'Higgins and then back to the table. "Let's play a few more hands."

THEY played one, Jane's partner dealing. It was an unspectacular round. Coyle gathered up the cards and made them for Jane. They played a second hand. Again unspectacular. Jane handed the cards to Coyle's partner to cut. As she started to deal, Coyle said:

"I now bid six no trump. Put the deck down on the table, Miss Krausmeyer. Just take them off the top and deal them face up."

Coyle and his partner had a stone crusher between them. Donovan glanced at O'Higgins. The white smile was still plastered on his face, but his color had turned to a pale pea-soup shade.

"This business of arranging for slams requires dexterity," Coyle said, "but nothing on the order of the thirteen-spade holding. As you are aware, I didn't deal the hand. But I fixed it, two hands back. Let's deal one more." He again passed the deck to the player on his left. Coyle got the bid. Jane's partner led.

"Now watch closely," Coyle said. "Ordinarily you'd be paying no attention to the way I take in this trick. But, as I pick it up, I make the first and third cards high, if they aren't that way already. See? An ace and a queen. As I turn the trick down the ace is first and the queen becomes third. Not very difficult." They went on, Coyle clumsily exposing what he was doing. The fourth trick went to Jane and her partner. Coyle swept it up and laid it in front of Jane. Then he turned it over again. "You see, I made the same shift then. First and third cards high. A lot of players have the nervous habit of picking up tricks for their opponents. I notice it is a mannerism of Mr. O'Higgins." His eyes lifted to the house player's face. O'Higgins' smile was gone.

"But this trick is already in the right order, so I don't have to do anything about it. Now the hand is finished. I am supposed to make for Miss Krausmeyer. I gather up the cards quickly, without disturbing their order. I shuffle." He riffled the cards, holding them on a bias. Then he repeated in slow motion. "Actually I'm not shuffling them at all. Done rapidly enough, it looks and sounds like a clean shuffle. Now I crimp the deck."

He showed them what he meant. "I put a slight bend in the cards at the place where I want them cut. An innocent player will cut unwittingly at the right place. That's why I don't need a confederate. Now Miss Krausmeyer completes the cut. And what have we? First and third cards are high all the way through. My partner and I get them all! Slam!"

There was a flutter of applause, followed by an uneasy silence. Several pairs of eyes stared at O'Higgins.

"That's stage stuff!" O'Higgins said hoarsely. "If your partner misses cutting at the crimp, you're sunk. The other side gets the slam."

"Not at all," said Coyle. "While the deal was going on I casually picked up the first four or five cards and glanced at them. If the crimp had gone wrong, I would accidentally have exposed a card, making a new deal necessary. You can't lose." He pushed back his chair and stood up. "So, when a player makes a lot of slams, and you notice he shuffles on the bias and has nervous habits with cards, start watching your step. Thanks, O'Higgins, for letting me take your place. You'll want to go on with your game, no doubt."

"I think I'll call it a night," said the man who had been Jane's partner.

"How much do we owe, partner?" Jane asked.

"I don't know about you, Miss Krausmeyer," the man said, "but personally I'm going to hang it up."

"JUST a minute," O'Higgins said. "Are you accusing me of pulling this—this vaudeville trick?"

"I'm just not paying," the man said.

Joe Kling got slowly up out of his chair. "That's O. K., friend," he said. "Sign an I O U and you can pay any time you like."

"I'm not signing anything," the man said.

"Now, that would be a mistake, friend," Joe Kling said. "You lost fair and square."

"Fair and square! You saw just how we lost!" the man said.

"That's a serious charge, friend."

"He doesn't have to make it," said Coyle. "I make it." He stood solid as a chunk of granite, his gray eyes on Kling, unblinking. The click of cards at other tables ceased.

"Mr. Coyle," Kling said, very softly, "what did you come down here for, anyway? I know your style and tempo. You never leave your own place at night. You didn't come just to put on a cheap act."

"He can't prove anything!" O'Higgins said.

"Shut up, Manuel!" Kling waited. Coyle said nothing. "Well, Mr. Coyle?"

"I came to find out who in this place is an expert at sleight of hand," Coyle said. "Unofficially, Kling, I'm investigating a murder."

"So that's it," said Kling. His right hand moved up toward his coat lapel. Coyle and Donovan both stood perfectly still. "And where does sleight of hand come into your murder case?"

"I don't think I need explain to you," said Coyle. "I think you know."

Then a sound filled the room—the sound for which Donovan had been waiting all evening. It was the warning wail of the air-raid siren.

Is Coyle on the right track? Did O'Higgins steal Mona's gun for the murder of Quigley? If so, who did the killing? Don't miss the next chapter!

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* In case the reader thinks that Coyle's tricks are impossible, he has only to read of the feats of the famous card detective, Michael MacDougall, as told to J. C. Furnas in Gamblers Don't Gamble, published in New York, 1939, by the Greystone Press.

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

TAP ROOTS, by James Street.

Yes, its another Civil War novel or, if you live down that way, a story about the War Between the States. But if you've been conditioned by years of moonlight-and-roses confections this one may surprise you.

A few novels of recent years have demonstrated that individuals in that conflict were not all loftily inspired and that opportunists made money behind and around the lines. However, the impression has long been nurtured that the Deep South "rose as one man" to repel the Yank invader. Mr. Street of Mississippi has done a lot of research for his story of Hoab Dabney and his county empire. It throws new light on the situation.

Hoab Dabney was head of a turbulent family and boss of a valley which was one of the many centers of abolition sentiment in the South. Hoab and his sons and his daughters, the Indian patriarch Tishomingo, and the adventurer Keith Alexander are the figures who keep the plot moving toward the climax—the bloody fight in which a Confederate regiment crushed the old man's rebellion.

It's curious how few historical novelists, even good ones, can avoid occasional passages redolent of baking Smithfield. But Street's lapses may be forgotten in a fast-moving and interesting story. (Dial Press.)

CONTRIBUTION TO THE RED CROSS

BY FRANK RICHARDSON PIERCE

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

HE was a marked man from the moment he stepped from the Alaskan liner. The ruddy color of his weathered face, the fine lines about his eyes told of days on end in the raw winds, snow, sleet, rain, and fog of the Aleutian Islands.

He looked at the streets, the electric signs, the shop windows, and the people—particularly the people—as the cab hurried him to the Olympic Hotel. The clerk said, "Happy to see you back, Mr. Overton. You're looking fit."

A reporter standing in the lobby turned to his photographer. "That's Overton. The guy never passed up a bet in his life—a long shot on the turf, a low-priced stock, a mineral prospect, or driving a tunnel in some impossible place, it's all the same to him. Fong Lou, the China boss, is giving him the once-over. There's one smooth Chinese."

The reporter waved at Overton, then waited quietly until a dozen or so people had slapped his back and asked where he'd been. The engineer came over and gave the photographer his chance, then turned to the reporter. "You probably know more about the Aleutian Island defenses than any man who has come out," the reporter said. "How much of a story can you give us? Naturally, nothing that will lend aid and comfort to the enemy."

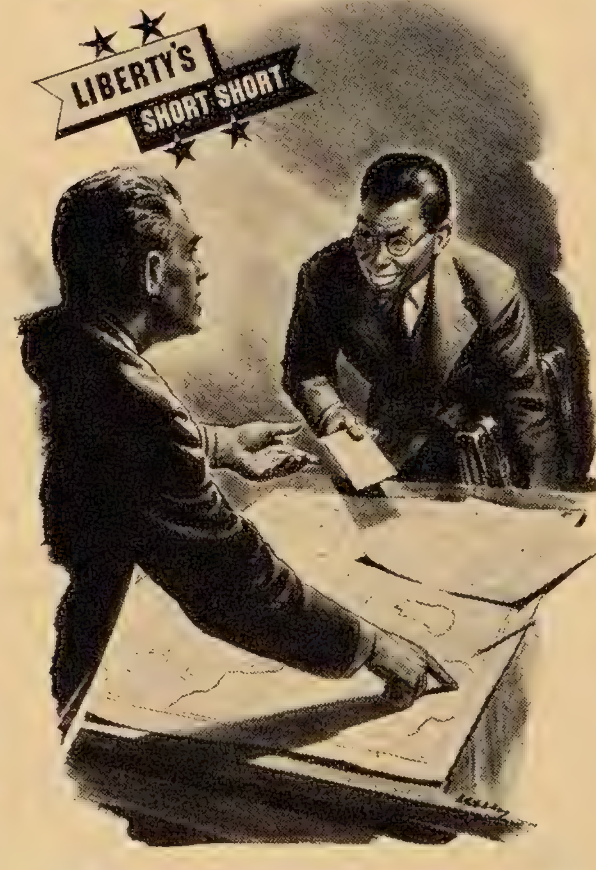
"I can't give details," Overton answered, "but I'll say this: If the enemy jumps the Aleutians, he'll find damned little aid and comfort."

OVERTON was out of the tub and in a lounging robe when some one knocked. He answered, and a bland Oriental wearing a China button bowed. "I am," he said in careful English, "Fong Lou, China boss. The China boss supplies labor to salmon canneries."

"I understand," Overton answered. "Come in."

"I thought perhaps you could tell me how the people feel about operating under war conditions." Fong Lou spoke guardedly.

Overton talked a few minutes, planted revealing questions, and weighed the Oriental's careful answers. Suddenly he got tough. "If you're here to offer me a proposition," he said savagely, "speak up!"



"These walls? They have ears?" the Oriental was coming into the open.

"My reputation for silence is established. And they aren't planting dictographs in my room. What is the deal?"

"Do you know the courses through Iliuliuk Bay to Unalaska and Dutch Harbor?"

"Yes," Overton said. They were sparring cautiously with their eyes, the Oriental wondering how far he dare go, yet lashed by the need of information. "You don't know much about Unalaska, do you?" The answer would govern Overton's next move.

"The men on whom we relied," the other explained, "were picked up when all Japanese were removed from the Coast."

"That, I believe," Overton said, "was one reason. You're no Chinese. You're Kanichi Uydea, the Coast's number one Japanese agent. Giving the F. B. I. quite a headache, aren't you? Your resemblance to a Chinese *is* amazing. Don't get alarmed. I'm not going to call the government lads." His face was tough again. "Let's talk business. What's a chart and the general information worth? I could fool you, of course, because this kind of work is out of your line, but you've my word a Japanese submarine could take the chart and dock at Unalaska. You've investigated my . . . word?"

"Thoroughly, and found it good. It isn't how much the information is worth to us. It's how much we can pay. Our sources of funds have been . . . disturbed," Uydea explained. "We could make it ten thousand."

"Talk it over with your people," Overton said. "If they'll go as high as twenty thousand, the information will be ready tomorrow afternoon."

OVERTON had completed the chart when Uydea came. He was accompanied by a nervous white boy who was ordered to remain in the hall. "The money's ready. Twenty thousand in one-hundred-dollar bills. Is this the information?" Uydea read the notations on the chart:

> Iliuliuk Bay. Northern entrance east of Ulkata Head. Extends southward to Unalaska. Northward of Spithead underwater ridge extending across bay. Least depths 7 to 8 fathoms. Kelp visible on ridge in mid-channel. Ridge behind village extending into bay useful as guide. Greek church another landmark, as are Coast Guard radio towers back of Rocky Point. Magnetic variation 15° to 17° in Iliuliuk Bay and Dutch Harbor. West shore of bay south of sand spit fringed with rocks. Keep at least ¼ mile off. Anchorage at head of bay 14 to 16 fathoms. Muddy bottom. Caution: Don't rely too much on compass variations.

"Very good," Uydea said, making frequent checks. "Very good!" he folded the chart, placed it in an envelope, stamped and addressed it, and handed it to the boy. "He'll telephone when it is mailed."

"You're taking no chance of being grabbed with that information," Overton drawled. "A wretched business, when men don't trust each other. Now . . . the money."

Uydea counted it, but waited until the messenger had telephoned before handing it to Overton. They bowed, not shaking hands, and Uydea departed. A few minutes later Overton put the money into his pocket and went downstairs. He made a telephone call, stepped briskly from the lobby, and returned a half hour later.

He was taking another bath when the F. B. I. men called. "On a tip," one said, "we arrested Kanichi Uydea, alias Fong Lou. He spilled the Unalaska-Dutch Harbor deal. You'd better come along."

"Of course. Explanations are in order. As soon as I dress." The F. B. I. men watched Overton dress. "Grabbing twenty grand of Jap dough was one bet I couldn't pass up," he said.

"Where is it?"

"Gave it to the Red Cross. Here's the receipt," he said. "By the way, *I* telephoned the tip."

"All of which may be true," the F. B. I. man said, "but selling confidential information to the enemy in time of war is treason."

"The information isn't confidential. You'll find it on page 338, United States Coast Pilot, Alaska, Part II, 1938, for sale by the Coast and Geodetic Survey and its agents."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

$5,000 WAR HEROES CONTEST!

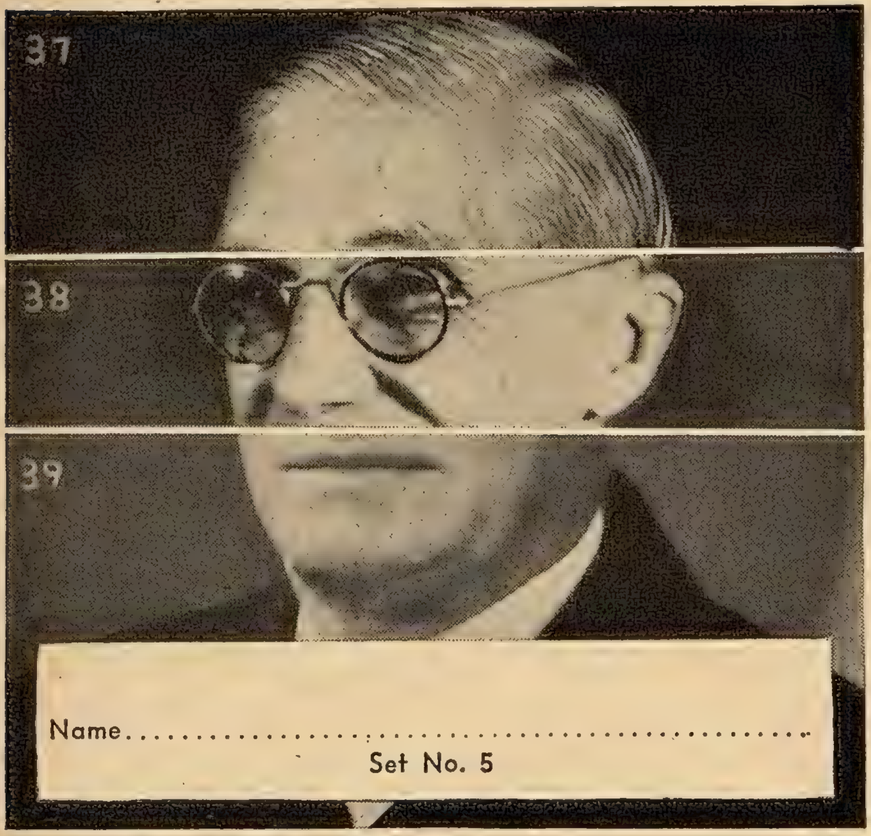
THE entire country's talking about Liberty's popular War Heroes Contest—this great game that pays off $5,000 in 237 big cash prizes! Keep moving along as the contest gathers steam—*you* can be one of the lucky winners! Here's the fifth set of gallant figures of the war. Can you name them?

HAVE YOU ALL FIVE SETS?

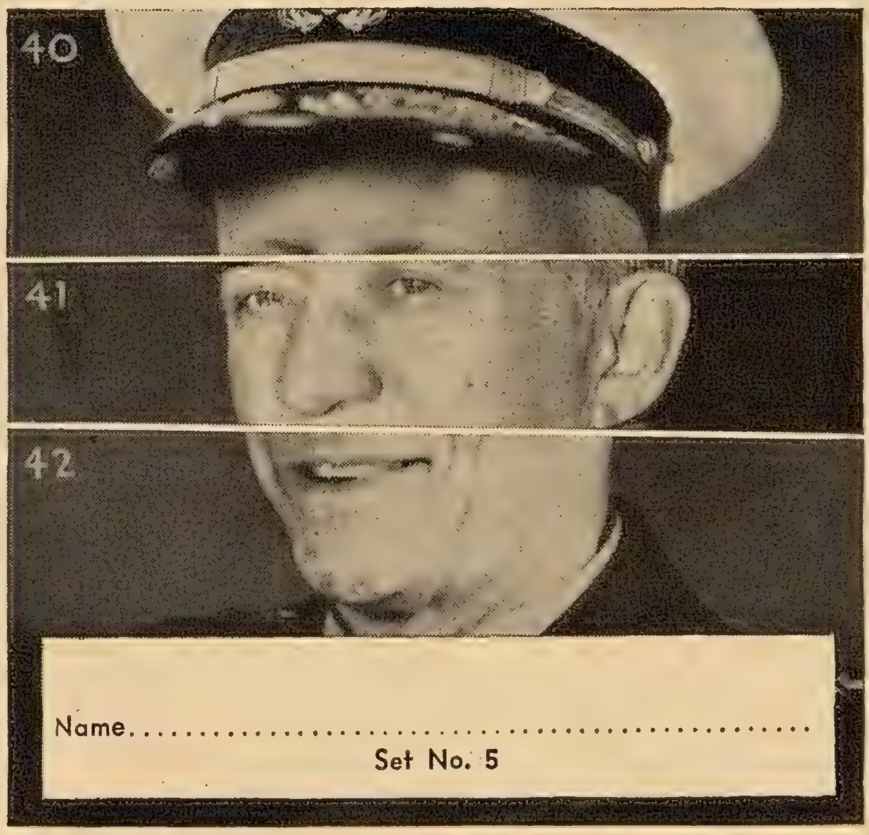
You should now have five sets of War Heroes—fifteen men in all. In the event that you missed an issue of Liberty and are therefore lacking some sets, write to the address in Rule 5 at once. Enclose ten cents (stamps or coins) to cover mailing and handling and we'll gladly send you reprints of previous sets. Remember, follow the rules carefully—they may lead you to victory!

237 BIG CASH PRIZES

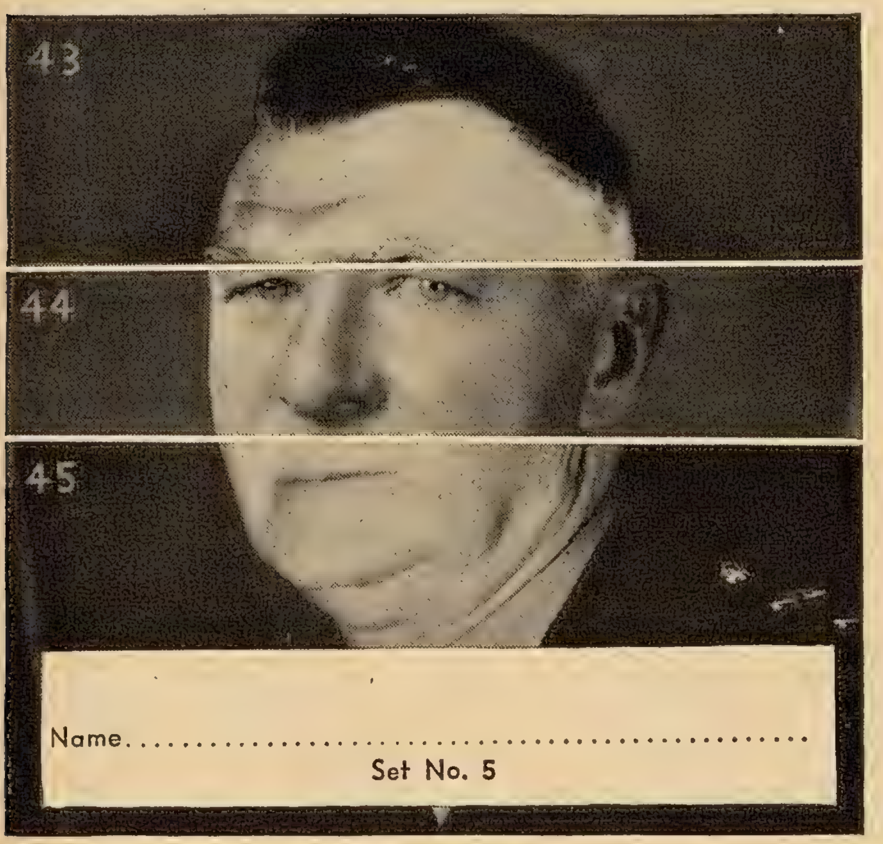
FIRST PRIZE	$1,000
SECOND PRIZE	500
FIVE PRIZES, each $100	500
TEN PRIZES, each $50	500
TWENTY PRIZES, each $25	500
200 PRIZES, each $10	2,000
237 PRIZES	$5,000



The forehead belongs to an excellent musician; the eyes and nose are of one born on "Devil's Elbow"; the mouth and chin are of one who speaks Hawaiian fluently.



The cap and forehead are of a native of Texas; the eyes and nose belong to a former builder of bicycles; the mouth and chin are of a student of Chinese literature.



The forehead is of a descendant of a 1632 Staten Island settler; the eyes and nose are of a naval officer's father; the mouth and chin are of a Scandinavian by birth.

CONTEST RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish a set of three composite pictures of persons who have gained fame in the prosecution of the war against the Axis Powers along either military, naval, diplomatic, war production, or publicity lines, or in other fields of vital importance in the conduct of the war.

2. Each set of pictures, when cut apart and correctly reassembled, will make a complete portrait of a person who has attained fame in the war effort as above stated. To compete, simply assemble the portraits and identify them.

3. For the 237 nearest correctly named and restored complete sets of portraits Liberty will award the $5,000 in cash prizes according to the accompanying schedule. Neatness will count. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

4. Below each reassembled portrait write the name of the person it represents.

5. Mail your entry by first-class mail to WAR HEROES CONTEST, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., WHEN YOU HAVE THE COMPLETE SET OF THIRTY PORTRAITS ASSEMBLED. No partial sets will be considered, and once an entry has been received no changes or additions can be made. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

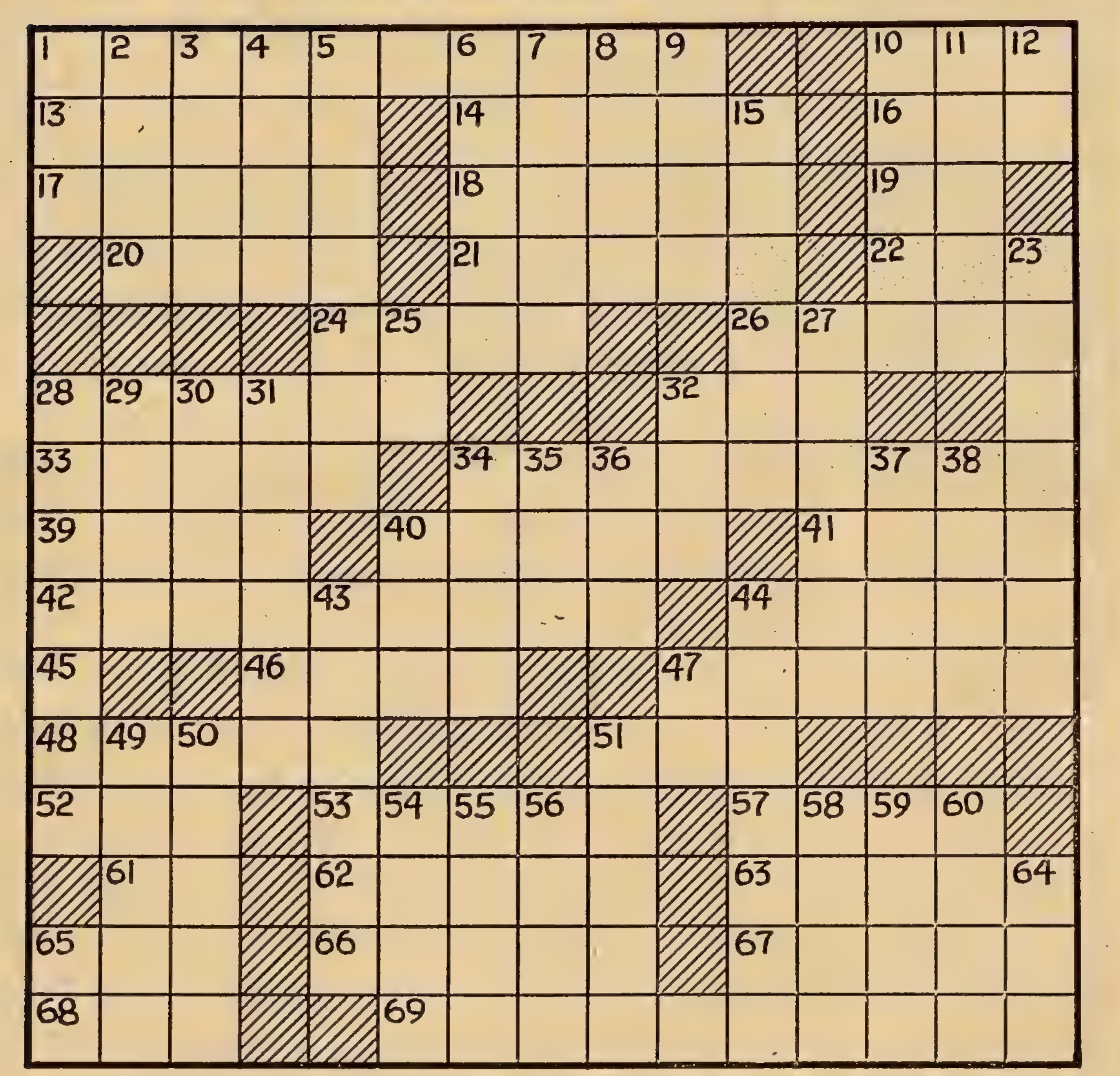
6. No contestant will be entitled to more than one award. Every one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

7. Accuracy and neatness will count, but elaborateness is unnecessary. Simplicity is best. No extra credit will be given for elaborately or expensively constructed entries. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding any entry.

8. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, September 9, 1942, the closing date of the contest. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 Great Irish general, fighting with Russians
10 The professor bird
13 It's clever and adjustable
14 What the overambitious use others' faces for in climbing the ladder of success
16 She who really drives but sounds driven
17 Here's a puzzler for you
18 Gal's name (she was a St. John)
19 It ain't ain't and it ain't wasn't but is is!
20 Sparking place
21 An underground for Flushing
22 • scrambled
24 If on Hedy Lamarr, they have It
26 Possessive person
28 When you hear them, they urge you to lead the sheltered life
32 That literary dame
33 There are only two of these, but they cause a lot of trouble
34 One airfield Tokyo will never bomb
39 Fried paper-of-pins
40 Parson's cussword, *cf.* "Wal, I'll be - - - - - !"
41 An edge on Kelly
42 Headquarters where our greatest generals settle their hindquarters to win the war
44 Wear one when shaking hands with Hitler, then burn it
45 Briefly, it's you
46 Your father's great-grandmother's grandniece—to you
47 Schnitzel
48 When they stand up, these disappear
51 Nonpoisonous rattlesnake of the deep
52 Get on the nerves
53 Blindfolded and hit bottom in a fraternal way

E	P	I	C	■	P	A	P	E	R	■	H	O	M	O
M	I	C	A	■	A	L	O	N	E	■	E	V	I	L
S	E	E	R	■	N	A	T	A	L	■	W	A	N	D
■	■	■	E	G	O	■	S	T	A	R	■	L	A	■
D	I	S	T	O	R	T	■	E	Y	E	■	■	R	A
E	R	E	■	T	A	R	A	■	S	M	O	K	E	R
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■	■	■	E	L	A	B	O	R	A	T	E	■	■	■
A	B	A	T	E	■	E	D	I	T	■	S	H	I	N
C	A	N	A	P	E	■	E	D	A	M	■	O	N	E
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■	A	S	■	R	I	O	T	■	A	W	E	■	■	■
O	D	O	R	■	D	R	A	W	N	■	N	A	N	A
R	U	L	E	■	E	G	R	E	T	■	A	G	E	D
B	R	E	D	■	S	E	N	N	A	■	L	O	B	E

Last week's answer

57 Name for the old man of the mountains
61 What the Duce is today
62 Pitchers with big mouths
63 The Man from Home; he's far, far away
65 Fun for our soldiers (abbr.)
66 This will continue to shine through the darkest hours, no matter how blue
67 Het up
68 Second only to the sword in might
69 Generally speaking, they do an awful lot

VERTICAL

1 Light sock
2 Man like god, and *vice versa*
3 Where Indians lived on the flat of the land
4 Unclose
5 City ways
6 What stenographers now do with an old sneaker
7 Their clothing bills are practically nil, men
8 Wised up
9 Absorb figures with the eyes (masc.)
10 Turnip with B. O.
11 Kind of paper Congressional speeches should be printed on
12 Member of the radical side of the line (abbr.)
15 Lamour's seen in some of the best places in one
23 He lies around with his eyes closed, seeing things and whistling in the dark
25 Young Squirts (abbr.)
27 Titillate the tonsils and get a trill out of it
28 Battery mate
29 He claims monkeys is der cwaziest peoples!
30 It'll take all your ingenuity to answer this (abbr.)
31 Caddie who carries your bag and trains you
32 When it gets in the sugar ration, it causes extreme passion
34 Summer opening to cool gam shafts (fem.)
35 It's feminine and possessive
36 He brays to der god Hitler
37 Cause of hot pants among men pressing suits
38 This wire was simply shocking
40 Unpopular bar
43 Psssts
44 He and Marshall had a bomb time of it recently during a visit from US boys
47 Briefly, you and I
49 Git up
50 Bombers, beware! Never do this to this!
51 Lizzie's uncle
54 What the speechless woman was
55 Japan soon find this equal this in hon. air
56 What the hesitant gal told the unwanted suitor (two words)
58 What he took as he went away
59 This flows through our national anthem
60 The club with the gifted tonsils
64 Little Teddies
65 What hon. Jap navy and air force soon find it problem to keep

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

Rum Carioca

West Indies
Rum Carioca
Puerto Rican Rum

86 PROOF

LARGEST SELLING RUMS IN THE UNITED STATES

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People are behind the headlines of events. Read articles *about* them and *by* them in Liberty.

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Relieve the itching caused by insect bites, athlete's foot and other skin troubles. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Quiets itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

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DO THIS

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then refresh and soothe them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE?
Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients — safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops in each eye. *Right away* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES AND REFRESHES

PROTECT YOUR BOYS IN THE ARMY FROM CROOKED GAMBLERS!

★

Gambling's biggest wartime boom is on—and every day's a field day for the professional card sharpers!

★

There's a way out for the potential sucker. That's listening to a fellow like John Scarne, recognized by magicians and gamblers alike as the world's greatest card-man.

★

And it takes plenty of skill to make a crook sit up and take notice!

★

Scarne now deals the tricks of the trade right off the top of the deck in one of the most gigantic exposes of card rackets ever *dared* to be published!

★

In almost unbelievable detail "Magicians of the Underworld" reveals HOW millions of army boys and war workers are being fleeced at the hands of card sharps.

★

Secrets such as "Old Bill", "Spreading Misery", "The Knee Holdout", mechanical devices are all served up in fascinating con-man lingo . . .

★

And spiced with many amazing, detailed anecdotes you'll never forget.

★

Read it in the big August
True Detective
Send it to your son, brother, friend or sweetheart in the service to protect him!
BUY YOUR COPY TODAY

"Voice of the People"

ANDY, YOU CERTAINLY STIRRED 'EM UP!

MONTEBELLO, CALIF.—Referring to Andy Dowd, Jr.'s letter in June 20 Vox Pop, saying that women's slacks waste men's pants material.

Well, Junior, if any man worries about his status in life simply because a woman dons a pair of slacks, he wasn't big enough to wear pants anyway! Men are not doing without cuffs to make slacks for the women, because few women's slacks are made of wool material anyway. But such men as you will never cease to bemoan the fact that you can't have trouser cuffs for portable ash trays.—*Charlotte Bigsby.*

ELGIN, ILL.—For girls working in defense plants two or three pairs of slacks are cheaper than silk slips and nylon hose. Even cotton hose are expensive and don't wear as well as slacks.

Mr. Dowd, Jr., I will give you my wool slacks for cuffs if you will buy my hose. —*Donna Veuve.*

MENA, ARK.—As one wag has said, "Girls who wear slacks should not turn their backs." And right he is, too, because some old meanie like Mr. Andy Dowd, Jr., might be waiting with a knife in his hand.

But what has femininity done, so far, for the fair sex? The little gals with ruffles on their petticoats sit at home reading a good book and the gals in slacks get all the attention.

Why, even Mr. Dowd notices them!—*Nina E. Watkins.*

TRY CALLING YOURSELF THESE NEW NAMES

OAKLAND, CALIF.—In June 20 Liberty Just Between Ourselves suggests that we should have a name to describe the people of the United States.

May I suggest that we think of them as Users? . . . It is a condensation of the initials U. S. It could be written like the telephone exchanges—that is, with the first two letters capitalized: USers.—*Frances M. Johnston.*

PERTH AMBOY, N. J.—How about Unisons? We are united as never before, we are sons of the U. S. or sons of the United States.—*Ray Viglione.*

ASBURY PARK, N. J.—I have frequently used the phrase, "I am a United States American." Let's cut out Italian American, Irish American, French American, etc., and be United States Americans.—*Milton T. Kamm.*

ARCADIA, CALIF.—Herewith, name for "We, the people"—Americanus (American-U. S.).—*Alice Scott.*

MINOT, N. D.—Suggest you call all citizens of this hemisphere "Hemispherians"—and the deuce with making any difference which country they come from.—*Roy Miners.*

HINGHAM, MASS.—My contribution is Unistaters or Normericans.—*Mrs. Mercedes Chappell.*

PORT JEFFERSON, N. Y.—Why not USAM (United States American)?—*John E. Murphy.*

WEST MONROE, LA.—I suggest Usians—pronounced "You Essians." It's short yet identifying.—*W. K. Hunt.*

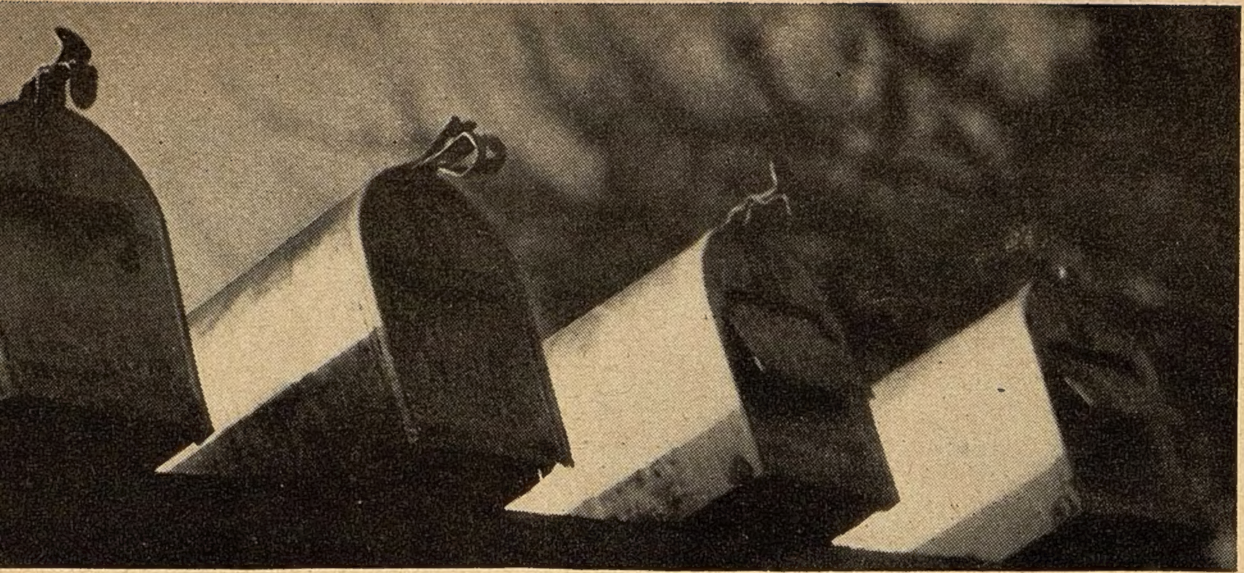
GOOD IDEAS—DON'T MISS THAT LAST ONE

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.—Sincere congratulations on Louis Bromfield's splendid article, Is John Citizen in the War? in June 20 Liberty.

If ever a writer hit the nail on the head, he has, and in a most able manner.—*Frank N. Wells.*

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I tingled to my toes with Mr. Bromfield's remarkable message. His voice is loud and clear. It revived my hope in humanity. Also Hitler's Dove of Peace—I believe that was the most illuminating article on Laval and Hitler I have ever read. Thank you.—*Miss John Citizen—K. Morris.*

CALDWELL, N. J.—I quite agree with Mr. Bromfield that "mass morale" has been talked to death. If there should be any abnormal laxity of morale, there are many means already available for curbing such laxity without having to legislate



any specific form of morale. It simply means a little individual introspection and self-discipline. I fear, however, that the heaviest "morale teasers" would be least likely to realize the efficacy of such an obviously simple remedy.—*Joseph J. Henderson.*

BERKELEY, CALIF.—Just finished rereading Louis Bromfield's most excellent article. In the opinion of this lowly citizen of our glorious America, Mr. Bromfield has said a mouthful—more power to the braw laddie! *Is* John Citizen in this war? I'll say he is—and *how!*—*R. B. MacRae.*

PEORIA, ILL.—We are deeply grateful for Louis Bromfield's article, Is John Citizen in the War? Mr. Bromfield has heralded the awakening of true democracy in this nation. He has told the truth as this nation sees it. The people are ready and moving.—*N. H. Hopkins.*

PINEY FLATS, TENN.—I am puzzled that so much effort must be made to convince Americans that they have something worth fighting for.—*Sam Hughes.*

BETCHA THEY KNOW IT NOW, SOLDIER

EGLIN FIELD, FLA.—Why not build a concentration camp for all girls who refuse to dance with soldiers? It's time some of these females with tilted noses were put in their place.

Let's change the routine—make the girls ask for the dance.

It's an honor to dance with a khaki uniform—or don't they know that?

Yours for more regular girls.—*Pvt. Harry Norton.*

DOES FOR A FACT! JUST AN OLD CANTOR CUSTOM, Y'KNOW

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—Eddie Cantor's article in June 20 Liberty is very comical and entertaining. He makes his comments timely and with humor.—*M. B. Shaber.*

HASN'T SHE THE WAY WITH HER, THIS EX—!

BERKELEY, ILL.—In the Colleen and the Yank (June 6 Liberty), Mr. C. P. Donnel gave us his description of the average colleen on a farm in rural Ireland. But, Mr. C. P., Jr., you went back in history at least one hundred years. The Irish colleen of 1942 does not believe in fairies or what have you at the age of twenty. Neither does she go shoeless. We must not give our American boys the wrong impression, else they may expect, on reaching Ireland, to find half-witted colleens. Give the Irish girls credit for advancement and progress and please this ex-colleen.—*Nora Connolly.*

"THE WORST THING THAT EVER HAPPENED . ."

MERIDEN, CONN.—I've just got to the end of Prohibition—Will It Happen Again? by Frederick L. Collins (June 27 Liberty).

Is there any way these vital truths can be driven into the brains of men and women who pray and shout for a return of the worst thing that ever happened in our U. S. A.?—*C. H. Childs.*

THERE MAY BE A HINT HERE FOR SOME OF US

PINE BUSH, N. Y.—Have just come in from seeing something to make a saint indignant.

In Pine Bush you must walk to get in or out unless you have a car. No trains, no buses, not even taxis. Walking home from the post office, I just saw a boy in uniform, on leave. It was raining, the ground was soaked. There stood our soldier boy, in the intersection of two main highways. I saw car after car pass him by. Not one stopped at his request to give him a lift farther up toward the mountains, where he was going.

Well, sir, after I had reached home, pretty wet, I saw that lad, bag in hand, footing it in the wind and rain toward the distant mountains. I saw cars overtake and pass him—and let him be.—*Elisa Ward Lindenberg.*

"The Moon Is Down," by Steinbeck, condensed in Reader's Digest

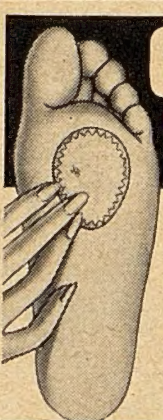
John Steinbeck's sensational new war novel tells why a liberty-loving people can never be permanently conquered. Almost 500,000 copies of this great book were sold in one month. Enjoy it condensed in June Reader's Digest. Following are six of 29 other fascinating articles in the same issue:

Page
ALL that happened at Pearl Harbor . 45
An Irish maid's recipe for happiness . 33
How Japs lost 30 planes to our 1 . . . 81
A lesson in selling I never forgot 79
Why gliders make 1 airplane do the work of 7 8
How women workers speed up defense production 102

The July issue of Reader's Digest is now on sale at all newsstands for 25¢. We will be glad to send you absolutely free a sample copy of the June issue—in which the articles listed above appear—so that you can find out for yourself how interesting and valuable Reader's Digest can be to you. Just write Dept. L, Reader's Digest Association, Pleasantville, N. Y. This offer good until July 31.

RECOGNIZED ADVERTISING . . .

Liberty maintains a special department for the purpose of checking carefully each and every ad appearing in the magazine. By this means we believe that all advertising claims may be relied upon. Buy with confidence!



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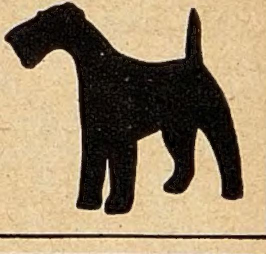
PAIN, BURNING or TENDERNESS on BOTTOM of your FEET?

Famous Doctor's Fast Relief!

Get New *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads if you have painful callouses, burning or tenderness on bottom of your feet. They give quick relief; soothe, cushion, protect the sensitive area. 630% softer than before!

Separate *Medications* included for removing callouses. Cost but a trifle

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



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—also kills Lice and Ticks
25¢ AND 50¢

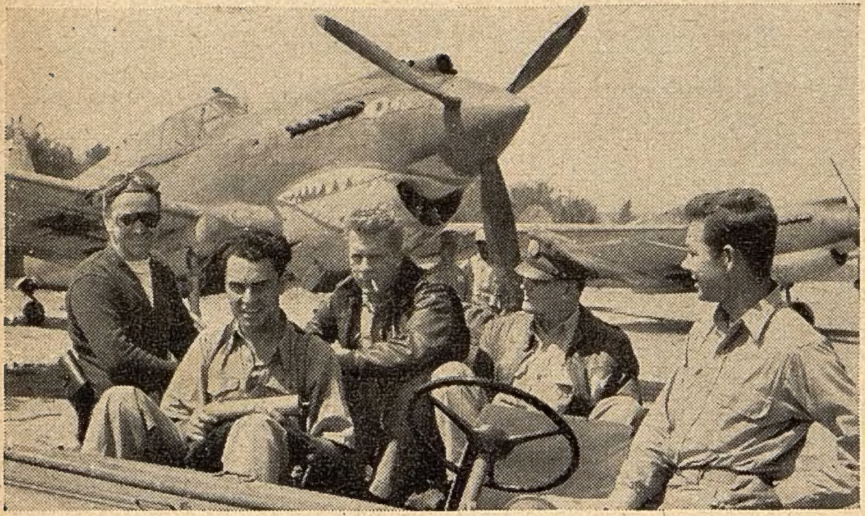
Now She Shops "Cash and Carry"

Without Painful Backache

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES



Walter Pentecost (extreme left) chats with a group of the Flying Tigers in the Orient.

ALAN HYND TELLS US ABOUT THE AUTHOR of the stirring series which begins on page 9 of this Keep-'Em-Flying issue:

"A few weeks ago I learned that Walter Pentecost, a one-time barnstormer who had spent a year in the Orient supervising the assembly and maintenance of P-40s for the Flying Tigers, had reached New York by way of India and Africa. I phoned him at his hotel and suggested that he might have a whale of a story to tell to the American public—a really important story. That night we started whipping the story together in New York, and in several days that followed we worked practically around the clock in what passed for a room in a Washington hotel. Pentecost had been called to the capital to give a firsthand report on the Flying Tigers to officials of the United States Army Air Forces, into which organization the Tigers will have been inducted by the time the story appears.

"Pentecost is a little guy, not much over five feet, with weight to match, and his hair is red enough to show in a blackout. He's hard-boiled, kind, and very painstaking. I know from other sources that he personally raised hell with the Nips on his time off, but he wouldn't let much of that get into the story. 'The boys who are doing the flying should get all the credit—they and the Old Man,' he said, 'and, no matter what's said, you can't give the pilots and Chennault too much credit. That would be impossible. If every one of them doesn't wind up with a Congressional Medal, they'll be gypped. I don't want to take away anything from the R. A. F. as a whole, or from the American Eagle Squadron in particular, but in my book the Tigers are in a class by themselves. In my barnstorming days I pulled a few tricks out of the bag myself and, brother, I know real stuff when I look at it, and the Tigers just have it, that's all. Funny thing, too. Most of them are scared as blazes when they go up, and they don't lose their fright until they go to work.'

"PENTECOST WAS BORN IN INDIANA, in 1911, and studied engineering at the University of Southern California. He always preferred running to walking, riding to running, and flying to riding, so his destiny was in the air. He did barnstorming, then worked in several aircraft plants, eventually becoming an authority on all kinds of pursuit aircraft at the North American plant in Inglewood, California. It was while he was employed there, little more than a year ago, that he was picked by representatives of the Chinese government to go abroad with the Tigers.

"Red preceded the Tigers to Burma, and when they got there, he came to know almost every one of them intimately. For every Tiger who has been killed in combat, roughly a hundred Japs have been killed by the Tigers. The score is now, roughly, seven Tigers and seven hundred Nips, although only about half of the Jap bags are official, as some of the scores were not witnessed or the planes went into jungles and could not be recovered.

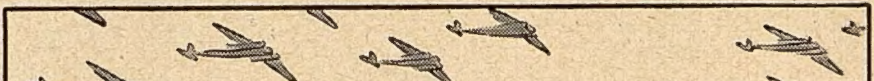
"Pentecost really sees red when he thinks about the congressmen who demanded unlimited gasoline cards during the recent rationing, and brass hats in and out of Washington who ride around in big cars with nice new tires in a world of red tape. 'A good tire often made the difference between life and death in Burma,' he says, 'when the Japs found the Tigers were short of tires, and started shooting at their rubber. And high-octane gas was worth more than gold. Yet unpatriotic, chiseling punks by the thousands did their part in the war effort recently by demanding an unlimited supply of gas so they could wear out rubber on useless joyriding. I'd like to arrange for every so-called man who pulled that stunt to get a load of what's going on in Burma and China—just for an hour. He'd never speak to himself again.'"

"NEW YORK'S SIMPLEST CITIZEN" is what Liberty called Archbishop Francis J. Spellman in 1940. The years since then have proven that we were right. As one admirer puts it: "Does he get around New York! You hear more about him anywhere around town than you hear about Mayor LaGuardia." And his "getting around" is done mostly on foot or in the subway or by bus. Despite his onerous duties, he is among his people constantly. His militant message on the page which faces this is no mere pontifical utterance. It is a call from the heart of a simple man to the living heart of every man and woman.

THESE ARE AMERICANS! We suspect Walter Pentecost and Archbishop Spellman would like each other.

The Editors

FALA *also says:* **"KEEP 'EM FLYING!"**



"More bad news for those Jap 'hospitals' and 'grammar schools'!"

What are we FIGHTING FOR?

by the Most Reverend

FRANCIS J. SPELLMAN

Archbishop of New York and Military Vicar of the Armed Forces of the United States

EIGHTEEN months ago I said: "If through indifference or negligence, if through penetration or permeation from without or corruption or disintegration from within, it shall come to pass that some day some conqueror of democracy shall stand at the tomb of George Washington in Mount Vernon and with mock reverence and double-meaning cynicism salute our country's father with these words: 'Washington, we are here to finish your work,' God grant that I, for one, shall not be alive to know it!"

Then, comparatively few Americans believed that America would be obliged to fight for her God-given rights. Today, however, there is no real American soldier who does not know that he must fight and, if necessary, die for the preservation of the principles which have had their noblest practical example in history in the government of the United States of America.

Long before the birth of our Republic, even from the very dawn of Christianity, the Church proclaimed, before the powers of paganism and the tyrannical absolutism of monarchs, that all men are equal in their natural dignity, their destiny, and in the right to recognition by all their fellow human beings.

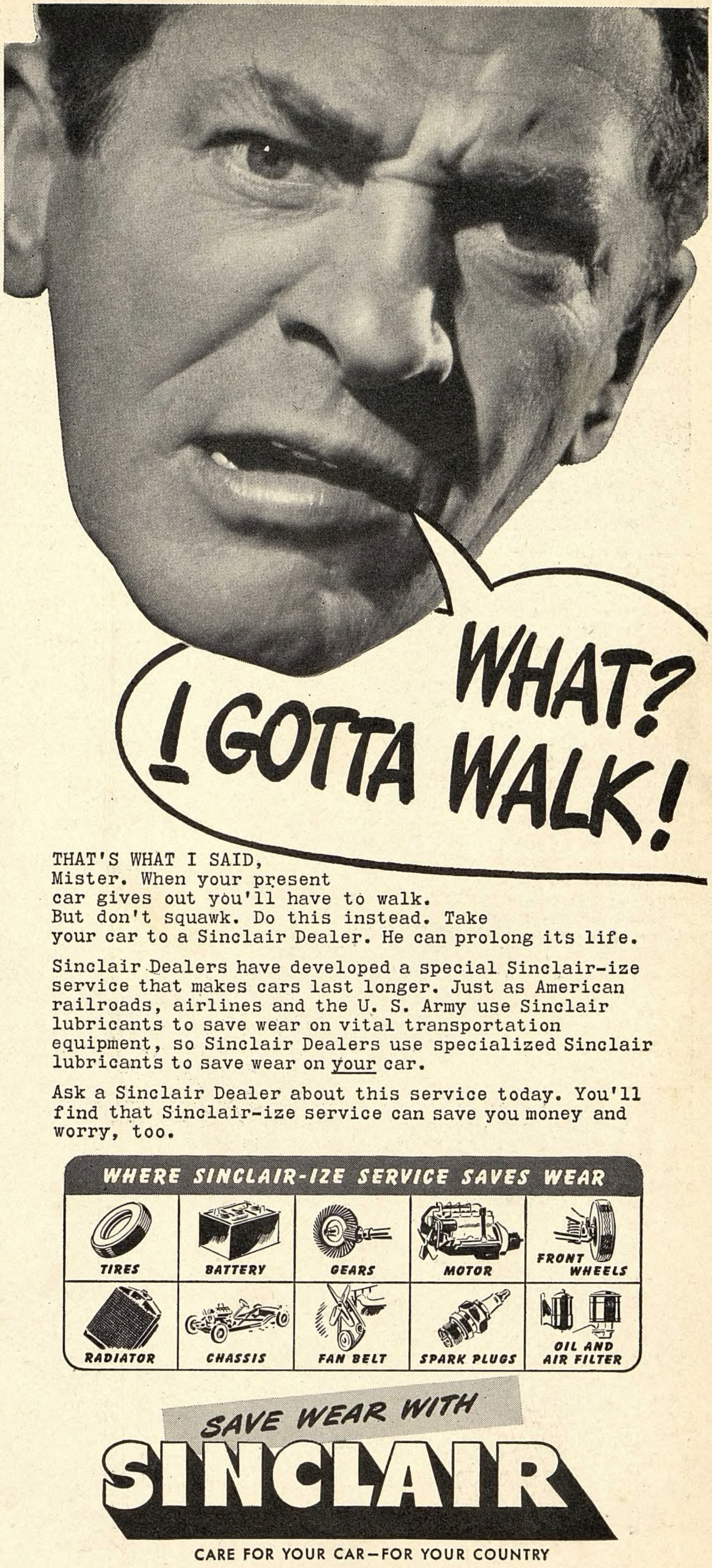
The creed of the founding fathers of our country, the creed of great-hearted, great-souled America follows from the truth that the individual has natural rights.

Yes, America fights for God-given rights, for her creed of religious freedom, industrial freedom, educational freedom, social freedom, freedom of speech and of the press.

I hold no enmity toward any people. Hatred has no place in my life. But I am one of one hundred and thirty millions of Americans and millions and millions of other persons who are at war against any system of government which would destroy the things we cherish most.

* * *

All moneys paid for this article were donated to the U. S. O.

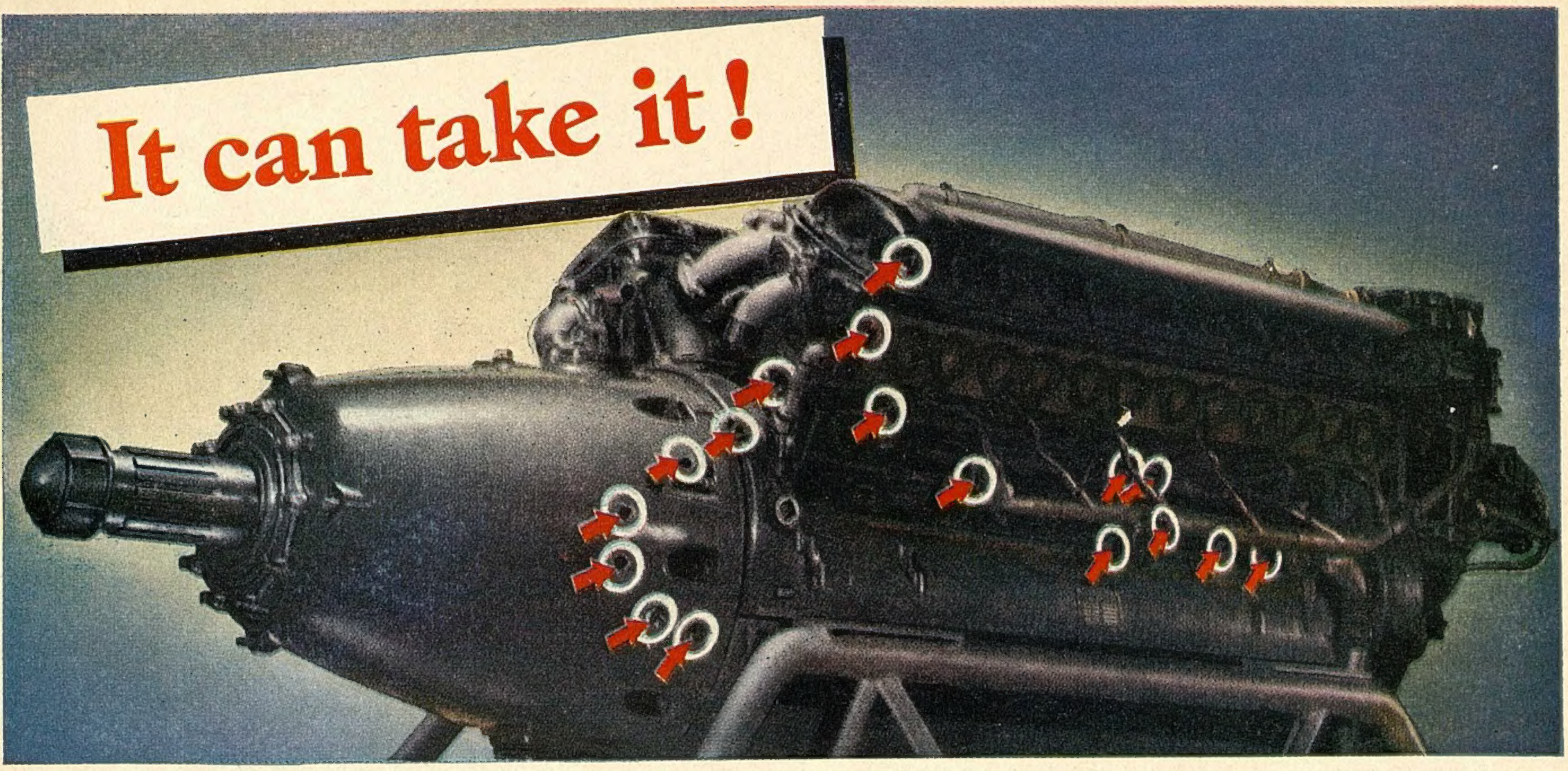


THAT'S WHAT I SAID, Mister. When your present car gives out you'll have to walk. But don't squawk. Do this instead. Take your car to a Sinclair Dealer. He can prolong its life.

Sinclair Dealers have developed a special Sinclair-ize service that makes cars last longer. Just as American railroads, airlines and the U. S. Army use Sinclair lubricants to save wear on vital transportation equipment, so Sinclair Dealers use specialized Sinclair lubricants to save wear on your car.

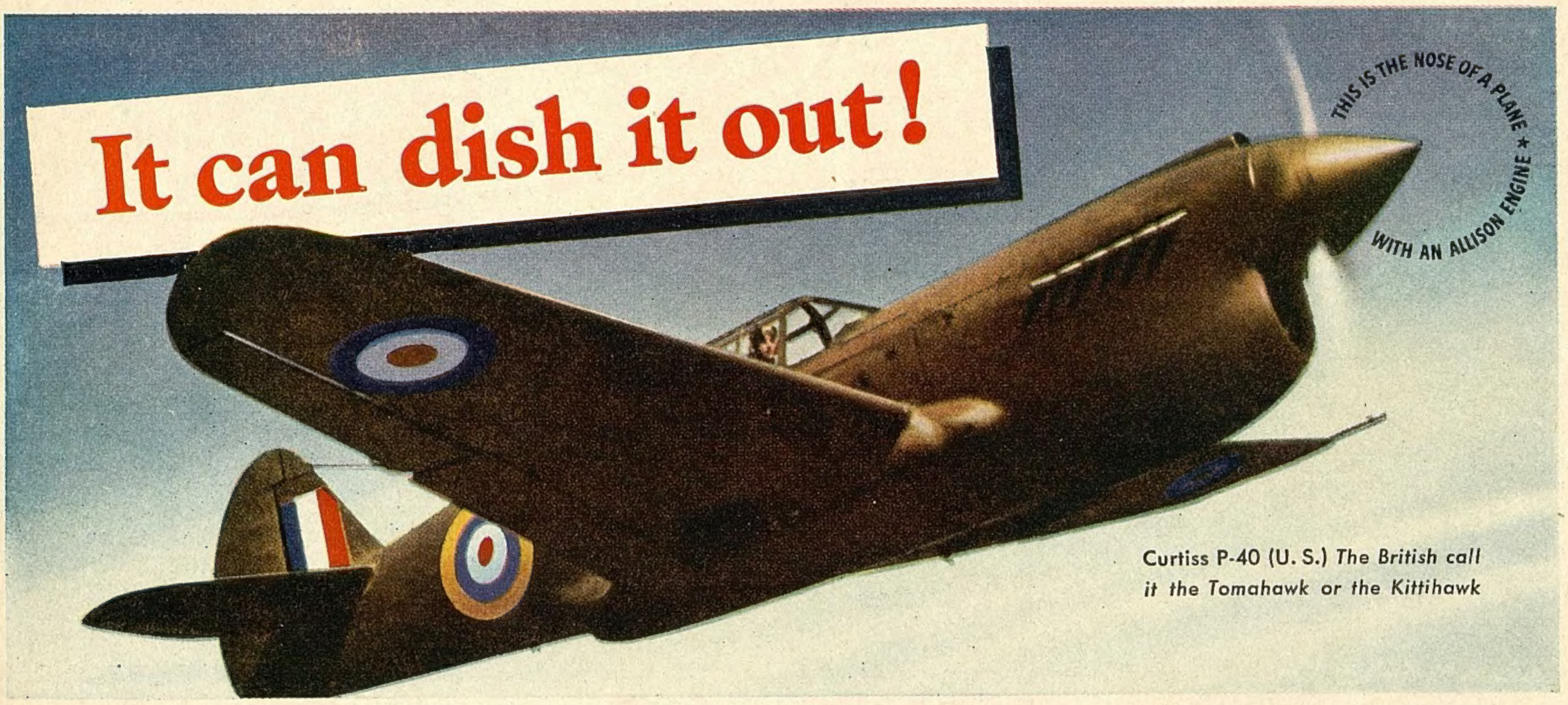
Ask a Sinclair Dealer about this service today. You'll find that Sinclair-ize service can save you money and worry, too.

It can take it!



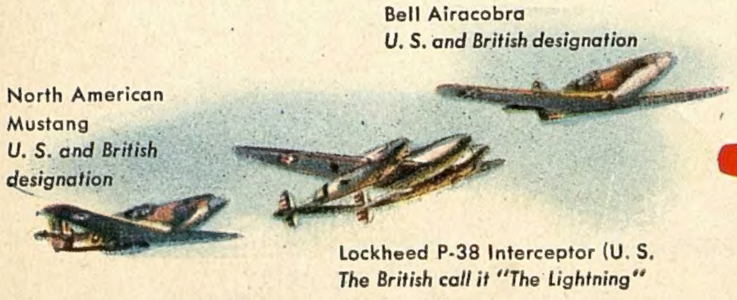
Here is positive evidence of the Allison engine's ability to survive an Axis dogfight — to take a hail of lead and keep flying. Punctured in seventeen places, this engine carried its plane and pilot back to safety at an R. A. F. air base in Libya. This engine, later returned to this country and now in the "Arms For Victory" Exhibit of General Motors in Detroit, gives dramatic proof that when the Nazis shoot up an Allison they can't count on shooting it down.

It can dish it out!


THIS IS THE NOSE OF A PLANE ★ WITH AN ALLISON ENGINE

Curtiss P-40 (U. S.) *The British call it the Tomahawk or the Kittihawk*

Qualitative superiority counts! From Africa, the Middle East, the South Pacific, Russia, the communiques report that nothing in the Axis air armada can match the sharp-nosed fleetness of this liquid-cooled engine. It's a matter of record that predates Pearl Harbor, how Allison-powered planes can dish it out.



Bell Airacobra
U. S. and British designation

North American Mustang
U. S. and British designation

Lockheed P-38 Interceptor (U. S.
The British call it "The Lightning"

LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRAFT ENGINES

Allison

DIVISION OF GM GENERAL MOTORS